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Virginia illustrated

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VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED :

CONTAINING

A VISIT TO THE VIRGINIAN CANAAN,

AND

**THE ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON
AND HIS COUSINS.**

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

•BY PORTE CRAYON.

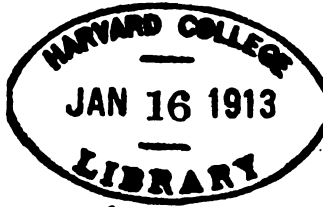
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THE VIRGINIAN CANAAN.

THE VIRGINIAN CANAAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY TO CANAAN.

*"Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis."*—MARTIAL.

IN Randolph county, Virginia, there is a tract of country containing from seven to nine hundred square miles, entirely uninhabited, and so inaccessible that it has rarely been penetrated even by the most adventurous. The settlers on its borders speak of it with dread, as an ill-omened region, filled with bears, panthers, impassable laurel-brakes, and dangerous precipices. Stories are told of hunters having ventured too far, becoming entangled, and perishing in its intricate labyrinths. The desire of daring the unknown dangers of this mysterious region stimulated a party of gentlemen, who were at Towers' Mountain House on a trouting excursion, to undertake its exploration in June, 1851. They did actually penetrate the country as far as the Falls of the Blackwater, and returned with marvelous accounts of the savage grandeur of its scenery, and the quantities of game and fish to be found there. One of the party wrote an entertaining narrative of their adventures and sufferings, filling a stout volume—which every body ought to read.

During the winter of 1852, several of the same party, with other friends, planned a second trip, to be undertaken on the first of June following. At that date, so fully was the public mind occupied with filibustering and president-making, that the notes of preparation for this important expedition were scarcely heard beyond the corporate limits of the little town of M——, in the Val-

ley of Virginia. Even in this contracted circle the excitement was principally confined to the planners themselves, while the public looked on with an apathy and unconcern altogether unaccountable. Indeed, some narrow-minded persons went so far as to say that it was nothing but a scheme of idleness, and advised the young gentlemen to stick to their professions, and let the bears alone. But, as may be supposed, all such met the usual fate of gratuitous counselors who advise people against their inclinations.

In the daily meetings which were held for five months previous to the date fixed for their departure, our friends discussed freely and at great length every thing that appertained, or that could in any way appertain, to the subject in view, from the elevation of the mountains and the course of rivers, down to the quality of a percussion-cap and the bend of a fish-hook. They became students of maps and geological reports; read Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" and "Le Guide et Hygiène des Chasseurs;" consulted Count Rumford and Doctor Kitchener, and experimented largely in the different kinds of aliments most proper for the sustenance of the human system. Mr. Penn, the author, copied at length a recipe for making cat-fish soup, assuring his friends that, when surfeited with venison and trout, this dish would afford them a delightful change. Mr. Porte Crayon, the artist, also furnished frequent designs for hunting-coats, caps, knapsacks, and leggins, modeled, for the most part, from those



EN GRANDE TENUE.

of the French army in Algiers. "For," said he, "the French are the most scientific people in the world; and as they have paid more attention to the equipment of their army than any other, every thing they adopt is presumed to be perfect of its kind."

The result of all this studying and talking was, that every one differed from his friend, and equipped himself after his own fashion. The commissary department suddenly concluded that biscuit and bacon were the most substantial, portable, and palatable articles of food known to the dwellers south of the Potomac, and accordingly made arrangements to have ample supplies of both ready for the occasion.



THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

With the opening spring the buds began to swell and the blue-birds to warble, and the zeal of our adventurers kept pace with the season, so that by the first of April all were ready, fully equipped, "straining like greyhounds in the slip." The intolerable vacuum between this and the starting-day might be graphically illustrated by leaving half a dozen blank pages; but as such a procedure might be misunderstood, or characterized as clap-trap, it may be preferable to fill up the blank by introducing the *dramatis personæ* who are to figure in the following narrative.

Mr. PENN, an author of some distinction, has already been mentioned. He is gaunt and tall, with distinguished air and manners, flowing and graceful gestures, prominent and expressive eye, indicating, according to phrenology, a great command of language. In this case, however, the science was at fault, for when Penn got fairly started in discourse he had no command over his language

at all. It poured forth in an irresistible torrent, carrying away the speaker himself, and overwhelming or putting to flight his audience.

Mr. DINDON, a fine, athletic sportsman, not a dandiacal popper at quails and hares, but a real Nimrod, a slayer of wild turkeys and deer, to whom the excitement of the chase was as the breath of his nostrils, and who sometimes forgot even that in his keen appreciation of the poetry of forest life. He was never known either to be wearied in a hunt or silenced in a debate.

Mr. JONES was somewhat inclined to be stout, not to say fat. Mr. J. was equally fond of rural sports and personal comforts. Ambitious of being considered a thoroughgoing sportsman, he kept the best dog and the most beautiful gun in the district. He frequently appeared covered with his hunting accoutrements, followed by his dog, and generally went out alone. Prying persons remarked that his game-bag was usually fuller when he went out than when he returned. Dindon, who was knowing in these matters, always said that J. was a humbug; that all this apparent fondness for the chase was a sham; that Jones, as soon as he got out of sight of town, found some shady place, ate the dinner that stuffed the game-bag, and went to sleep; when he woke, would drag himself through a thicket hard by, muddy his boots in a swamp, and return with the marks of severe fatigue and determined hunting upon him, and with whatever game he might be able to purchase from straggling urchins or old negroes who had been lucky with their traps. For the rest, Jones had some rare companionable qualities. He could give a joke with enviable point and readiness, and take one with like grace and good-humor.

The sprightly sketches which illuminate this unskillful narrative are the most appropriate and shall be the only introduction of our friend PORTE CRAYON. He has rendered the subjects with great truthfulness, and has exhibited even some tenderness in the handling of them. If he has nothing extenuated, he has, at least, set down naught in malice. Porte, indeed, modestly remarks that his poor abilities were entirely inadequate to do justice either to the sublimity of the natural scenery or the preposterous absurdity of the human species on that memorable expedition.

Mr. SMITH, a gentleman of imposing presence, of few words, but an ardent and determined sportsman, and a zealous promoter of the expedition, completes the catalogue.

Some time during the month of May, X. M. C. (for certain reasons his initials only are used), an accomplished and talented gentleman residing at a distance from M——, received a letter which ran as follows:

“DEAR X.,—We have fixed upon the 1st of June to start for the Canaan country. Our party will consist of Dindon, Jones, Smith, your old friend Penn, and myself. Can you join us? If so, give us immediate notice, and set about making your preparations without delay. I would recommend to you to procure the following equipments: a water-proof knapsack, fishing-tackle, and a gun; a belt with pistols—a revolver would be preferable, in case of a conflict with a panther; a hunting-knife for general purposes—a good ten-inch blade, sharp and reliable; it will be useful for cleaning fish, dressing game, and may serve you a turn when a bear gets you down in a laurel-brake. Store your knapsack with an extra pair of shoes, a change of raiment, such as will resist water and dirt to the last extremity, a pair of leggins to guard against rattlesnakes, and the following eatables: one dozen biscuits, one pound of ham, one pound of ground coffee, salt, pepper, and condiments. This will be the private store of each person; the public supplies will be carried out on horses.

“The place of rendezvous is the Berkeley Springs; the day the 31st of May.

“Yours in haste,

PORTE CRAYON.”

The corresponding committee had the gratification of receiving a favorable reply to the foregoing: “X. will certainly come.” All right; the party is made up. The last of May has come. Crayon, in full hunting costume, is standing on the portico of the great hotel at the Berkeley Springs. Messrs. Jones and Smith have arrived; their equipments have been examined and pronounced unexceptionable. Here comes X. What a pair of leggins! And there’s Penn with him, in a blue jacket out at the elbows, with a rod like Don Quixote’s lance.

“Ah, gentlemen! well met,” shouted Penn, as they approached. “You see before you a personification of Prince Hal, at a time when he kept rather low company.” Quoth Jones, “He looks more like Poins on a thieving expedition.”

“Ah! my fat friend, are you there? glad to see you. I have a rod here, gentlemen, that will make you envious. See how superbly balanced! what a spring it has! the very thing for brook-fishing, for whipping the smaller streams. And then see how easily carried.” Suiting the action to the word, he unjointed it,

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and slipped it into a neat case, portable, light, and elegant. "I procured one of the same sort for Smith when I was in New York. I will show you also a supply of artificial flies," continued Penn, drawing a leather case from his knapsack, "and a fine bug calculated for the largest sized trout."

Here he produced a bug, which renewed the astonishment and hilarity of the company.



"What is it for?" "What sort of creature is it?" "What does it represent?" shouted one and all.

"I have not dipped into entomology lately, but I have been assured that this bug is calculated to take none but the largest fish. No small fish will approach it, from personal apprehension; and no trout under two-and-twenty inches in length

would venture to swallow it."

"If I were called upon to classify that bug," said Jones, "I would call it a *chimera*; in the vernacular, *humbbug*!"

"Come to supper," said Porte. "We start at two o'clock to-night by the train."

The sun that rose fair and bright on the morning of the first of June found our fishermen just entering the United States Hotel in the town of Cumberland.

"Who the — are they?" inquired one of the matutinal loafers in the bar-room.

"Oh! they be some o' these Hung'ry fellers, I reckon," replied a gaping stable-boy.

"Right, boy, right!" said Mr. Jones; "quite right; here's a dime. Landlord, let us have breakfast in the shortest time imaginable."

The route from Cumberland to the Oakland depôt, on the summit of the Alleghanies, and the trip from thence by wagon to Towers', was as barren of notable adventure as it was fruitful in jokes

and hilarity. At Towers' they found their old comrade Dindon, who had gone ahead to procure guides, horses, etc.

"Well, what have you brought up?" asked Dindon.

"Eleven hundred and forty biscuit, twenty pounds of ground coffee, forty pounds of middling, and two hams; lard, salt, pepper, sugar, *et cetera*; all well packed and in good order. What have you done?"

"The eight loaves of bread are ready." "Good!" "The horses are ready." "Good!" "The guides are still to be looked after." "Hum! let us see the horses." "Andrew, bring out the animals."

Lame Kit and Old Sorry here made their first appearance on the stage, and were received with mingled laughter and indignation. Lame Kit's fore leg was as stiff as a ramrod; and old Sorry, among other defects, was blind and distempered.

"What an inhuman idea!" said Jones. "You don't really mean to afflict these wretched tackies with such loads of baggage as we have here?"

Dindon was aroused. "I'll bet a thousand dollars you haven't two such horses on your estate."

"No, I'll swear to it," responded Jones. "If I had, I'd have them shot within an hour."

"No, sir," rejoined Dindon, with heat. "I mean that you can't produce their equals for strength and endurance."

"I won't take advantage of you," said Jones, "but will offer you a more equal bet: that, if you load them with this baggage, neither of them will live to reach the banks of the Cheat River."

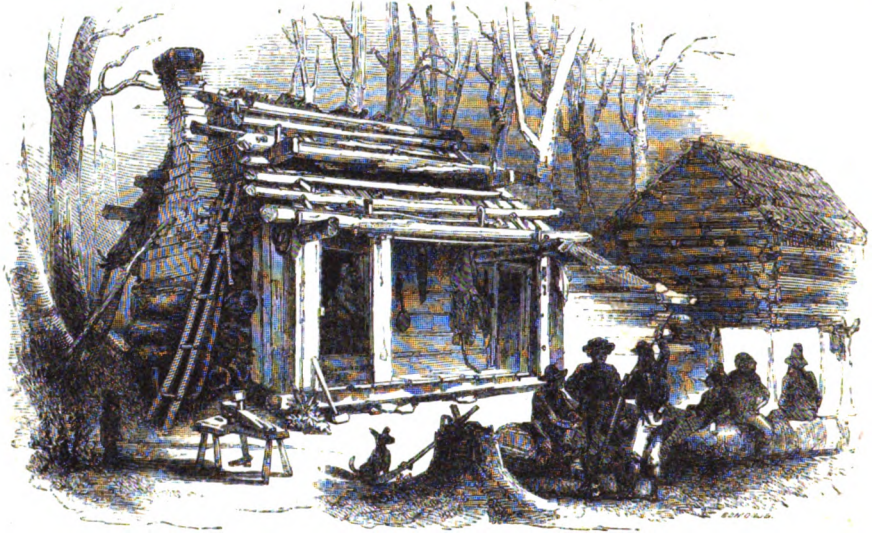
"That shows your judgment in horseflesh. But what can be expected of a man educated north of the Potomac? What can he know about horses?"

Jones assumed an attitude confronting Dindon. "I'd like to know," said he, "if Northern horses are not universally conceded to be superior to Southern?"

"Gentlemen," interposed X., "I foresee an interminable wrangle. We'll adjourn. Cough them down."

The following day was spent in engaging guides. Thornhill, an intelligent, energetic, good-tempered fellow, agreed to undertake the business. His dwelling was a specimen of rural architecture

not noticed by Downing, nor characterized by any of the writers on that subject. Porte declared it looked like the connecting link between a hut and a wood-pile; but, like the pearl in the oyster, the gem of disinterested hospitality is found as frequently in these humble abodes as in the proudest mansions of our good old State.



THORNHILL'S CABIN.

All things being arranged at Towers' for an early start on the third, Crayon and X. M. C. shouldered their guns and knapsacks, and started for Conway's, nine miles distant, on the route to the Canaan country. They were to engage Conway to accompany the party, and to be in readiness to join the main body as they passed in the morning. Crayon had traveled the road on a former occasion, and, as he pretended to considerable skill in woodcraft, confidently took the lead, and struck into the forest by a blind path. For four or five miles all went well, until the declining sun was hidden by the tall crowns of the firs, and the path became more and more indistinct. Crayon became thoughtful, and dropped behind.

"Whose dogs are these?" quietly asked X.

Crayon looked up, and saw two wolves standing in the path, within thirty paces of them, staring with amazement at the strange intruders. In the twinkling of an eye his piece was leveled, but the wolves, with equal celerity, had betaken themselves to the bushes.

“Well, you don’t say they were wolves? I supposed they were some of the neighbors’ dogs. What a mortification! I might have shot them both.”

“There are no neighbors hereabouts, X., and no dogs wandering about. The rule is to crack away at every four-legged creature you see, and the chances are that it is legitimate game. But we must be moving; night is coming rapidly on. Push on for Conway’s.”

Within the next mile Crayon came to a stand-still. “X.,” said he, musingly, “at what hour does the moon rise to-night?”

“Don’t know; haven’t observed; are we not near Conway’s?”

“My friend, it is useless to disguise matters. In fifteen minutes it will be pitch-dark. I have seen no trace of a path for the last half mile. This country looks strange to me. I couldn’t go back if I would, I wouldn’t go if I could; we should be laughed at.”

“This life is all new to me,” said X., with resignation; “but go on, and I’ll follow till death.”

“X., can you see a star, or any thing that might serve as a guide to prevent us from making circles?”

“No, I can see nothing but trees and bushes, and can hardly see them.”

“Follow on, then; we’ll try it.”

As they trudged on, the forest grew murkier and darker, and the undergrowth more dense and tangled.

“Where are you, Porte?” “Here; come on.” “Ho! I’m up to my knees in a marsh!” “Hist! did you hear that?” “Yes. Keep close, and don’t shoot, or we may kill each other. Be careful of your fire-arms, and depend on your hunting-knife.” “Good heavens! we are getting into a laurel-brake. Turn back, or we are gone.”

On they struggled, torn by briers, throttled by wild vines, and tripped up by fallen timber.

“Porte! stop. I’m ready to perish with fatigue; let us rest a while on this log.”

“X., did you ever sleep in the woods?”

“No, I never did.”

“Have you any thing to eat in your knapsack?”

"Not a mouthful; to lighten my load, I tumbled mine into the general provision-bag."

"I did the same thing."

"How unlucky! I will take this impressive opportunity, Mr. X., to read you a lesson in woodcraft. Never leave the camp without a day's provision with you."

"But are we likely to get to Conway's to-night?"

"The probabilities seem to be against it; but let us try again." Another hour of fruitless toil, and no hope.

"X., don't it seem to be getting lighter on our left hand?"

"Ho! by all that's jolly, I'm on open ground, and feel something like a beaten track under my feet."

A broad gleam of light shot across the wood like the sudden flash of a torch, revealing a long vista in the forest and the trodden and rutted surface of the highway.

"Whoop! whoop! hurrah! the moon and the big road—the big road and the moon. I knew it! I knew I couldn't be mistaken. Here's the stream. We're not a mile from Conway's."

The wanderers, notwithstanding their fatigue and knapsacks, indulged in a *pas de deux* and an embrace, then cheerily resumed their route. The moon rose higher and higher; anon they heard the bark of a dog—a long, welcome bow-wow. X. quoted Byron:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark."

Then they came to a clearing, with a double cabin in the midst. The chorus of dogs was at its full.

"Get out, ye whelps! Who's there?"

"Hallo! old otter, come out of your den. Here are friends."

The old man stuck his weasel face out of the door, and after a short scrutiny recognized Porte Crayon. "Well done," said he; "but I'm glad to see ye. I heard ye were in the country, but I didn't expect to see ye at this time o' night. But come in; ye must be hungry. Gals, get up, and find the gentlemen some supper."

The old man's buxom daughters tumbled out of a bed in a dark corner of the room, and soon the fresh-heaped fire roared and sparkled in the chimney, and the table was spread with the best in the house—cold bread and meat, fragrant glades butter, rich milk, and

maple beer. As they supped, they narrated their adventure with the wolves, at which their host chuckled greatly. A bed in the spare room of the cabin received the weary couple, who slept soundly until the morning.

“How delicious! What an invigorating atmosphere! What a magnificent forest is this that walls us round!” were their first exclamations on issuing from the cabin. When they had breakfasted, they took their seats upon a comfortable stump in front of the house, while Conway completed his simple arrangements for the journey.

“Is the fat gentleman in your company this time?” inquired he. “Well, I never expected to a-seed him agin. Is the big-eyed gentleman coming too? he that writ a book, I disremember his name. And the one with spectacles?”



CONWAY.

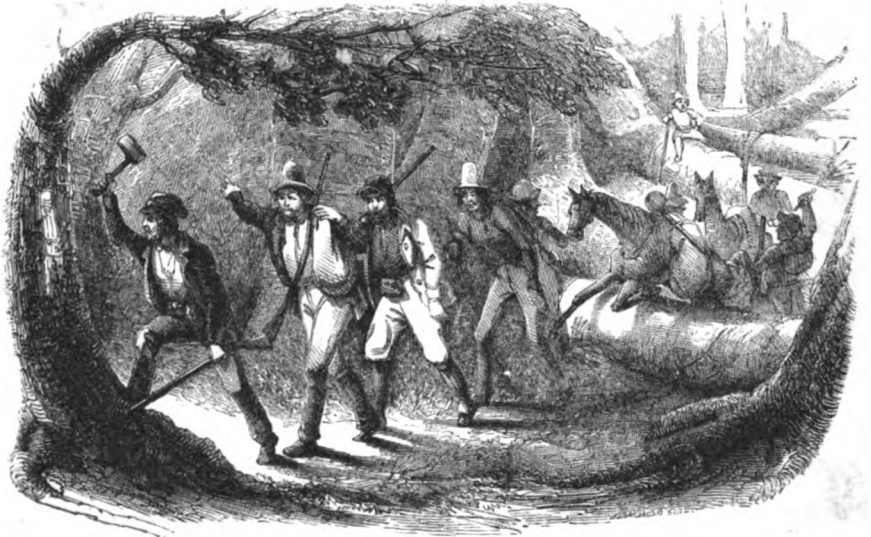
“Yes, they are all coming.”

Anon, loud voices are heard issuing from the depths of the forest, which gradually approach, until those of Jones and Dindon are distinguishable, and the words, confusedly mingled, “Northern

horses—Southern horses—trotters—thousand dollars—Eclipse ;” then a long string of expletives. The head of the column emerges from the wood: this is no other than the fat man, stripped to his silk shirt and pantaloons, with a great pack on his back and a sapling in his hand; he was a good personification of Orson of the Wood. He presently halted and faced about.

“Dindon, I say, hush! you have the advantage of wind in this argument, but not of reason. You know I am short of breath; I can’t walk and discuss at the same time; it is ungenerous to press it now; wait until we halt for dinner. At present I say, peremptorily, hush!”

The detachment from Conway’s now joined the march, and, whooping, laughing, singing, and wrangling, they wound along under the gloomy archway of the trackless forest. As they marched the party naturally fell into Indian file, with the baggage in the centre. Thornhill, with his tomahawk belted about him, led the van; Dindon, Crayon, and Penn followed; then came Lame Kit, led by Conway, and Old Sorry, conducted by Powell, a hunter who was engaged to go in with them to bring the horses out after they had reached their destination. Smith and X. M. C. formed the rear guard, and far behind lagged Mr. Jones, probably with the intention of avoiding useless discussions, and of mana-



THE MARCH.

ging his wind to the greatest advantage. After a march of six miles they entered a green glade of great beauty, watered by an amber rivulet, which they leaped with their packs and guns. This rivulet was the infant Potomac; that leap was from Maryland into Virginia. Now they breasted a mountain—a long, tiresome tug it was, that took the conceit out of more than one of the party who started fair that morning. On the summit they took a breathing-spell. This is the dividing ridge between the waters of the East and the West. In a short time they crossed another amber brook, a tributary of the Ohio, and one of the immediate sources of the Blackwater. About five o'clock in the afternoon they emerged from the dreary forest into another waving glade, and at the farther border Thornhill gave the welcome order to halt for the night.

Cheerfully our adventurers deposited their guns and knapsacks, and, after a brief repose, joined the hunters in heaping up dry logs and combustibles for the camp-fire. How the fire blazed and crackled! How grandly the smoke volumed up among the lofty tree-tops! The horses, relieved of their burdens, were tethered in the glade, up to their bellies in grass. While preparations for supper were going on, several of the party got out their fishing-tackle, and tried the little stream that watered the glade. It was alive with trout; and half an hour after, a hundred of the small fry were served up at supper with the biscuit and bacon. It was a meal that a monarch might envy. A good bed of hemlock branches was duly spread, the fire replenished with larger logs, and the weary party disposed itself to sleep as best it might, pillowed on log or knapsack. The excitement produced by the novelty of the situation kept X. awake. The gloom of the forest around was intense; the camp-fire blazed in the centre of a group of four lofty firs, whose straight and mast-like trunks were illuminated by its light for a hundred feet without the interruption of a limb, and whose tops interlaced and formed a lofty and almost impervious covering over the sleepers. X. raised himself upon his elbow and broke the silence:

“What a picturesque scene! What a couch! What a canopy! What sublime bed-posts!”

“Go to sleep, poet,” growled a drowsy fellow, “or you’ll be sorry for it to-morrow.”



THE ALARM.

Presently a noise was heard in the forest—a wild, unearthly cry, an incomprehensible sound. Every body sprang up. “What the deuce is it?” inquired the sleepers, rubbing their eyes. “Gentlemen,” said Dindon, deliberately cocking his rifle, “get your arms ready. I know that sound well; it is the cry of a wolf.” Again the terrible voice echoed through the wood, nearer and more distinct. There was a general clicking of gun-locks. Jones, who had made himself a comfortable nest at the foot of a tree, pitched into the centre of the group; Crayon sat the picture of

deliberate valor, with hunting-knife in one hand, revolver in the other, and a rifle lying across his lap; X. crept on all-fours to get possession of his double-barrel; Penn, in whose poetic bosom the joy of meeting with an adventure overbalanced every personal consideration, with nervous haste drew forth his book, and began noting down the incident. Thornhill and Powell, however, so far from evincing any anxiety, seemed bursting with suppressed laughter, while Conway sat smoking his pipe with imperturbable gravity. Here is an extract from Mr. Penn's note-book:

“*Camp No. 1, 10 o'clock P.M.*—Disturbed by a terrible cry, somewhat resembling this: Too-too—too-hoo—too-too—too-hoo. Supposed to be wolves or panthers. In momentary expectation of an attack. If we perish . . . *Half-past ten.*—Sounds ascertained to proceed from owls of the largest size, but not dangerous. Camp calm, and disposed to slumber.”

Next morning our adventurers were stirring betimes—refreshed the half-extinct fire, dispatched a hasty breakfast, and resumed their march before sunrise. This was a hard day for most of them. The broken sleep and unusual beds had not done much to repair the fatigues of the previous day; the hills were steeper; and the fallen timber cumbered the route so greatly, that they were frequently obliged to make long *détours* to find a passage practicable for the horses.

The bodies of these fallen giants afforded quite a curious spectacle as they lay prone and supine, singly and in monstrous heaps, frequently a hundred and fifty feet in length and eighteen in girth, coated with a rich covering of moss, and their decayed wood affording a soil for thickets of seedlings of their own and other species. Sometimes they were seen spanning a ravine at a giddy height, like suspension bridges, the parasite growth forming a parapet or hand-rail, as if for the safety and convenience of the passer. Sometimes the faithless surface yielded to the tread, and the astounded hunter found himself imbedded to the armpits in what he had supposed to be solid wood. The climbing of these barricades was one of the principal items in the fatigue of the journey, and any one who happened to look back on that day would generally see Mr. Jones astride of one of them, beseeching the party to wait a while. It would be well for the venatical reputation of

Mr. Jones if the events of this day could be effaced from the record, or covered by a black veil, like the face of Marino Faliero among the doges of Venice.

“Look at him,” quoth Dindon, triumphantly; “he pretended to underrate that lame mare, and now he’s glad to hang on her tail. He said she couldn’t carry her load to the Cheat River, and now she is carrying his knapsack and himself into the bargain. I suppose, Jones, you’ll now own you’re no judge of horse-flesh?”

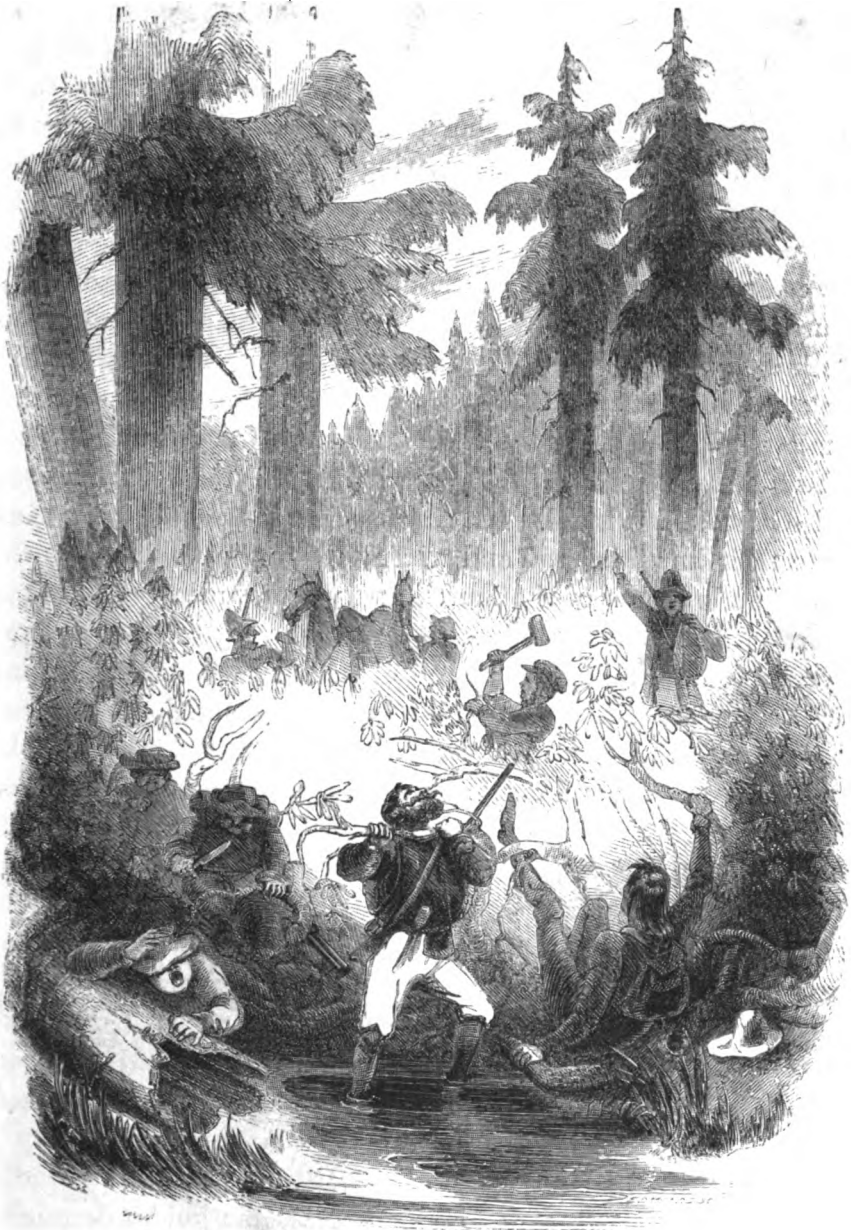


THROUGH THE WOODS.

“It’s too bad,” said X. “Let go, Jones. Have you no greatness of soul? Don’t you see the poor beast can hardly get along?”

But, deaf alike to satire or remonstrance, Jones kept his hold, until Kit, with a long-drawn breath, stood stock-still. “Thar’, now,” said the hunter, “I’ve been a looking for her to drop.” The mare was released, and Jones attempted to seize Old Sorry by the same appendage. He, however, being too blind to see the justice of such a proceeding, relieved himself with a kick.

The hunters had been dodging the laurel-brakes all day. They seemed to dread the passage, and would frequently go miles around to avoid it. They had stories of men who had spent days in them, wandering in circles, and who had finally perished from starvation; and they say when once fairly in there is no calculating



PASSING THE LAURELS.

when you will get out. Some of these brakes extend for many miles, and are so dense that even the deer can not pass except by finding the thinnest places; and when the experienced woodman is forced to cross, he always seeks a deer-path. The ponderous

strength of the bear enables him to traverse them more easily. In them he makes his lair; and our adventurers often found the laurel recently torn and broken by bears in going to and from their places of retreat. With the horses the passage could not even be attempted without a previous clearing of the way by the axe-men. Upon consultation, it was considered necessary to cross the brake before them, and the guides went into it lustily, while the rest of the company, one after another, dropped asleep. In about two hours the way was cleared, but it was with much difficulty that the horses could be induced to proceed. The guides swore like the army in Flanders; Kit's stiff leg would not yield to circumstances; and Sorry became several times so tangled that he had to be released by the axe. The footmen passed ahead of the horses, and soon found themselves in similar circumstances. They sank up to their knees in mud and water; they were throttled by the snake-like branches of the laurel, and were frequently obliged to resort to their hunting-knives to extricate a leg or an arm from its grasp. Ascending the stump of a riven hemlock, a striking picture presented itself. The laurel waved up and down as far as the eye could reach, like a green lake, with either shore walled by the massive forest, and out of its bed rose singly, or in groups of three or four, the tallest and most imposing of the fir species. The heads of our adventurers appeared and disappeared alternately as they struggled through; and, whether visible or invisible, the crackling of branches, the rustling of leaves, and a rolling fire of execrations marked their progress. All else was silent.

Toward evening a bear was seen, but so worn and spiritless were the adventurers that no one thought of pursuing it. All were anxious to reach the river that evening, as they had proposed. At length the ridge upon which they traveled seemed suddenly to terminate, and they heard, far below, the rushing of waterfalls. Here they came willingly to a halt, while the guides descended the mountain to ascertain their position. In the course of an hour they returned, reporting that the roaring was from the falls of the Blackwater, and that they now overlooked the site of the encampment of the last season. By this time it had grown so dark and rained so heavily that it became indispensable to look out for a

place of encampment. The men dispersed to look for water, taking care, however, always to keep within calling distance of each other. Water was soon found on the border of a laurel-brake, a most cheerless spot for a bivouac. The rain fell in torrents. The horses were unloaded, and a young birch cut down for them to browse upon, in default of grass. While some tried, apparently without success, to get together dry combustibles for a fire, others endeavored to secure the provisions, arms, and ammunition from the rain; while others sunk down on the spot where they halted, and, wrapping their blankets about them, slept in spite of every thing. A more cheerless prospect for a night could scarcely be imagined. With garments soaked, blankets wet, every leaf dripping with water, and the earth covered with moss and dead leaves, like a sponge thoroughly saturated; with limbs stiff with fatigue and shivering with cold, there seemed to be little chance of obtaining either rest or fire. Conway's woodcraft, however, triumphed over all difficulties. With knife and hatchet he peeled the bark from a fir about four feet in circumference. With this he sheltered the fire until it got headway, and then heaping on such wood as was most combustible, there was soon a cheerful roaring blaze that defied the rain. He next, with forks, props, and cross-poles, erected the framework of a shed, twelve or fourteen feet long, which was speedily covered with bark, and afforded a complete shelter. The ground beneath was covered with hemlock branches, shaken and dried over the fire, to serve at once for seats and bedding. Fried middling and hot coffee were then served round, and from a most forlorn and unpromising beginning our adventurers found themselves in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Jones was, as usual, an object of peculiar attention. On their arrival at the halting-place Jones observed a large hemlock, which threw out its roots like the arms of a sofa. Between them a plump cushion of moss, which had hitherto escaped the rain, seemed to invite him to a seat. Mr. J. accepted the invitation, and set about making himself as comfortable as possible. Upon examining the ground about him, it occurred that just over his seat would be a very proper place to build the shed, and he gave orders accordingly. Whether from a malicious suggestion of some one else, or some

sly waggery of his own, Conway took pains to locate the fire and shed at some distance off. Mr. Jones argued and remonstrated, but to no effect. The savor of supper enticed him from his lair for a short time, and he then found that the shed was so full there was not room for a ramrod. Mr. Jones was not a ramrod, nor was he to be outdone so easily. He took Conway aside in a mysterious manner, and whispered something in his ear. Conway went out, and soon returned with a superb piece of fresh-peeled bark, with which Jones was duly covered.

"Look here, gentlemen," said he, triumphantly, "you may now go to grass with your shed. I wouldn't change places with the man in the middle."

The shed replied with a shout of laughter and a storm of jokes.

"He's now fairly embarked in it," cried one.

"Looks more like he was embalmed," cried another.

"A mummy! or a mud-turtle lying on his back! Pharaoh the Fat! I'd like to see Gliddon unroll him before the Historical Society of Massachusetts."

"Rail on from your mud-hole, my good fellows; but take my advice, and reserve your wit, for it will require more than you have got among you to keep yourselves dry to-night. I am entirely impervious either to jokes or rain. Good-night."



THE MUMMY.

Unfortunately for Jones's comfort, the wind changed, and the rain poured upon him in rivulets; and shortly afterward groans and lamentations were heard in the direction of the mummy.

"It seems to be in pain. Some one had better look after it," said X.

Conway good-naturedly took a chunk of fire and went to the assistance of the sufferer. It turned out that the acrid sap from the hemlock bark had got into his eye; but it was soon over, and a deep sleep fell upon them all, which lasted until the wood-robin warbled a reveille on the following morning.



ALL IN MY EYE.

When they awoke it was still raining, and, from all appearances, had been raining hard all night. A thin vapory smoke rose from the extinguished embers, and all nature was dripping.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed Porte Crayon, as he combed the leaves and sticks out of his own flowing appendage, "by the beard of Mohammed! I have been sleeping all night in a puddle of water."

"The hydrostatic bed," said Mr. Smith, "is preferable to any other for an invalid."

"Well done, Smith; this is the first time we've heard from you since night before last. You must be getting better."

"Thank you, I feel much better, and will hereafter be a believer in the water-cure."

"Look here!" said X., sticking his heels into the air, while a stream poured from each boot.

"Bless my soul!" quoth Mr. Penn, emphatically, as he gathered up his legs and arms like separate pieces of lumber, and scrutinized the covering of the shed, "there must be a leak in this roof. The water has been dribbling into my left ear until it is so full I can't hear." Just then a drop took him in the eye. "There! blast the thing, I was sure of it."

"Conway! Conway! my good friend, come here," cried a sepulchral voice.

"Hark from the tombs—the mummy desires to be uncased."

"No; stand back! I don't want any of your aid. Conway,

good fellow, remove this confounded bark. Gently—there—now help me to bend my legs. Oh! ah! whew! thank you; let go now, I think I can stand alone;” and, after sundry efforts, Mr. Jones recovered the use of his legs sufficiently to carry him to breakfast, where, by a free use of fried middling and hot coffee, he lubricated his limbs into their usual condition of activity.

A council of war decided that the army was not in condition to move on that day; that they should remain under cover, and repose, while such as felt disposed should go out as scouts to explore thoroughly the surrounding country. Conway's talents were again called in requisition to extend and improve the comfort of their quarters. A pack of cards was introduced, and the day passed in careless jollity. During the forenoon, Porte Crayon, accompanied by Powell, went out to search for the Cheat River; but, after walking in idle circles for two hours, and becoming entangled in a laurel-brake, they were glad to get back to camp. Dindon, Thornhill, and Powell were more successful, and returned late in the evening with the report that they had found the Cheat, and had wounded an otter. This news gave great satisfaction; but their description of the stream differed so widely from the supposed location and size of that river, that the accuracy of the report was doubted by Mr. Penn and others who had been studying the geography of the country.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN CANAAN.

THE fourth morning proved a favorable one. The sun rose bright and clear, and our adventurers, refreshed in body and soul, resumed their journey with cheerful alacrity. After marching about a mile, an extensive laurel-brake seemed to offer an impassable barrier to their farther progress. Here the scouts of the previous evening informed them that the river flowed through the laurel some two or three hundred yards distant, upon which information a convenient spot was selected for a permanent encampment. Conway, Dindon, and Thornhill undertook to build the house, while the rest of the party started eagerly to explore the river and have a day's sport. After traversing the thicket, they reached a stream about forty feet wide and of inconsiderable depth, completely hemmed in by laurel and beautifully arched with evergreens, so dense and dark that it had a cavernous look.

"This stream is certainly not the Cheat River," said Penn.

Powell suggested that it might be the Canaan Fork.

"There is no such stream known to geographers," said Penn.

"It is the same," rejoined Powell, "that we ignorant hunters have been accustomed to call by that name, and it empties into the Cheat not far from here, I should say."

"By the maps this stream has no right to be here at all," continued Penn. "Either the maps or the stream must be mistaken. My map is a very correct map; I don't like to doubt its authority, but I suppose I must defer to the actuality of the stream. Here it is. Now for the exploration."

The party, headed by Crayon, straggled down the bed of the stream, sometimes waist deep, sometimes ankle deep, climbing or dodging the enormous tree trunks that bridged it at short inter-

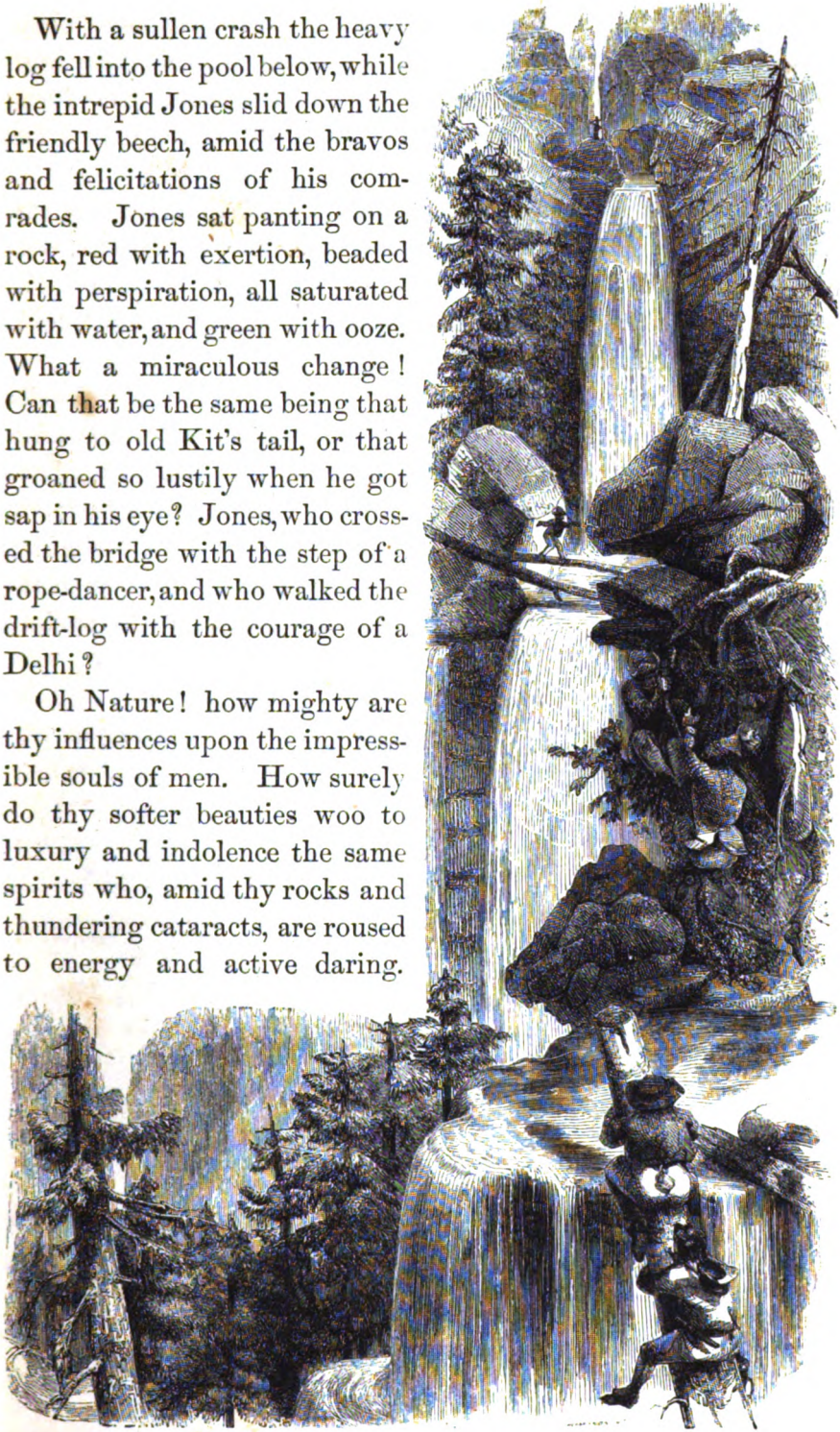
vals. On turning a rocky bend, the stream, with its green archway, disappeared as if by some trick of magic, and a bright open landscape of mountain sides and distant hazy tops suddenly occupied its place. Beneath their feet yawned an unfathomable chasm, from whose misty depths rose a confused sound of rushing waters. The hemlocks below looked like shrubs. Into this abyss the wild stream leaped, falling into a black pool scintillating with foam and bubbles. Here it seemed to tarry for a moment to gather strength for another and more desperate plunge; then another and another, down! down! down! and down went the explorers, shouting, leaping, sliding, and tumbling, catching the spirit of the scene, until they seemed as wild and reckless as the torrent. Tarry upon this shelving platform of rock and look up. A succession of silvery cascades seem falling from the clouds. The pines which we saw beneath our feet now rise clear and diminutive against the blue sky. Below, the stream still pours down the yawning chasm. We can see it foaming far down, until rocks and trees are dim in the distance. Here's a clear leap of fifty feet; what's to be done? Can we go no farther? The trunk of a fallen hemlock has lodged against the rocky ledge. It stands at a perilous angle, and its decayed surface is covered with green and slippery ooze. Who cares! down we slide, one after another. What next? A shorter jump. On the opposite side is a tangled thicket of rhododendron; to reach it we must cross a bridge fearful as the arch of Al-Sirat, a slender trunk that has drifted across the furious current. Hurrah! the Ravels could not have done it better. Now swing down the laurels—not all at once, or they will break. Push on, boys! that great foaming caldron below us must be the river.

“There seems to be no way but this,” said Porte, resolutely jumping upon a drifted trunk that projected full thirty feet over the ledge into the topmost branches of a lofty beech. He gained the tree in safety, and descended to the shore of the river. The others followed in rapid succession, although the dangerous bridge swayed and shook with each passenger.

“Jones, don't try it! Jones, you're too heavy. It shakes; it cracks; by heaven, he's gone!”

With a sullen crash the heavy log fell into the pool below, while the intrepid Jones slid down the friendly beech, amid the bravos and felicitations of his comrades. Jones sat panting on a rock, red with exertion, beaded with perspiration, all saturated with water, and green with ooze. What a miraculous change! Can that be the same being that hung to old Kit's tail, or that groaned so lustily when he got sap in his eye? Jones, who crossed the bridge with the step of a rope-dancer, and who walked the drift-log with the courage of a Delhi?

Oh Nature! how mighty are thy influences upon the impressive souls of men. How surely do thy softer beauties woo to luxury and indolence the same spirits who, amid thy rocks and thundering cataracts, are roused to energy and active daring.



FALLS OF THE BLACK FORK OF GREAT.

The Black Fork of Cheat,* where our party stood, was about two hundred feet in width, and poured its amber flood, at an angle of some seven or eight degrees, over a bed of monstrous boulders, and between mountain walls a thousand or twelve hundred feet in height.

"It looks to me," said X, "like the bursting of Barclay and Perkins's big beer-tub, you remember, that flooded half London, and drowned so many people."

"I wish to heaven it was beer," said Jones; "I think I could drink a barrel of it on the spot."

Such was the excitement and exhilaration produced by the discovery of these beautiful falls, that fishing became, for the time, a secondary object, and but few trout were caught. Penn and Smith, however, could not long resist the desire of trying their fine rods. Having uncased and fitted them up, they made a simultaneous throw. Smith's foot slipped, and he came down upon the point of his rod, splintering it to the last joint. Penn made a



FATE OF THE FANCY RODS.

* More recent explorations have ascertained that the river referred to in this narrative is the main stem of the Blackwater, which empties into the Black Fork of Cheat some 9 miles below. The streams spoken of as the Blackwater and Canaan Fork are nameless tributaries of the Blackwater River hitherto unexplored and unknown. Our travelers, it seems, did not reach the Cheat River at all.

magnificent fling; but, having forgotten to attach his line to the reel, three of the joints went over the falls, carrying with them the sea-grass line and that incredible specimen of entomology, the bug.

Having disposed of his rod to his complete satisfaction, Smith proposed to Crayon that they should make an exploration of the river, following its course downward toward the mouth of the Blackwater. They persevered in this undertaking until they had accomplished some two or three miles; but finding the route scarcely less difficult and hazardous than the descent of the falls, and having in the mean time emptied their haversacks, they concluded to return and rejoin their comrades. They found them waiting at the foot of the falls, tired of fishing, which had been unsuccessful, owing to the swollen condition of the stream.

The ascent of the falls was accomplished with more circumspection and with less danger than the descent. The precipices were avoided by scrambling up on the mountain sides through the laurel, and the explorers rejoined the building committee early in the afternoon. As they approached the spot, each one was big with the scenes and adventures of the day, and thirsting to begin the narrative of his personal experiences and exploits. They suddenly drew up, like men bewildered, and then gave a simultaneous shout of pleasure and admiration.

“Hurrah for Conway! Hurrah for Dindon! Hurrah for Thornhill! Well, this outdoes the wonders of the Canaan Fork!” exclaimed X.

Before them stood a neat and roomy cottage, complete at all points, with an open front, before which blazed a glorious fire; the baggage all securely and neatly bestowed, with shelves and fixtures for the cooking utensils, a rack at the fire for drying clothes, and, indeed, every comfort and convenience that could have been desired, and more than could have been reasonably hoped for. Conway sat philosophically smoking his pipe at the entrance; Thornhill was cooking supper; and Dindon, with a hospitable wave of the hand, desired them to walk in, make themselves at home, and take a bite of supper with him.

It was creditable to the exploring party that not a word was said in relation to their own adventures until the full meed of

praise had been bestowed upon the builders for the ingenuity and industry which they had manifested in the accomplishment of their work. The enjoyment of the evening, however, was dampened by the unfavorable accounts of the condition of the river, and the diminished chances for sport. That night the mercury in Porte Crayon's pocket thermometer stood at 32°, and, notwithstanding the well-nourished fire and comfortable shelter, it was impossible to sleep on account of the cold. That night also finished Mr. Jones. The reaction from the enthusiasm of the previous day, combined with the cold and loss of rest, brought the mercury of his spiritual thermometer below zero. Powell was about to start that morning with the horses for the settlements. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, Jones formally announced his intention of accompanying them. Without regarding the exclamations of surprise which this announcement called forth, he proceeded as follows:

“A decent respect for the opinions of the world makes it necessary that I should give my reasons for this step. They are briefly these: I came out here for sport and pleasure; I have found neither. I have been out five days, and have not caught five trout. I have been tired to death, and unable to sleep—saturated, frozen, devoured by gnats and wood-ticks.”

“And got sap in your eye,” suggested Dindon.

“And besides, instead of venison and trout, I have been gorged with fried bacon and biscuit until I am sick of seeing them.”

“Three times five makes fifteen,” said X. “He has been gorged just fifteen times, to say nothing of snacks and odd biscuits. Poor fellow! how he must have suffered!”

“And,” pursued Jones, in a louder key, “I pronounce the expedition a failure and a humbug, and, consequently, I will return with Powell.”

Several hasty remarks were half uttered, when Porte Crayon rose and affectionately addressed Mr. Jones:

“In expressing my deep regret at your sudden departure, let me assure you that I am heartily seconded by every one here present; a regret that would have been felt under any circumstances, but which is doubly felt when we remember the gallant and spir-

ited Jones of yesterday. And let me also express a hope that the acrimonious character of your remarks is the result of physical discomfort rather than of any unkind feeling toward this party or any member of it."

"Not a trace of it!" warmly responded Jones; "quite the contrary, I assure you all. I was wrong to say any thing against the enterprise; you all have enjoyed it, I have no doubt. But I will confess I'm not fit for this life. I'm—I am—friendship demands the sacrifice, and I'll out with the truth: I'm too confounded fat!"

A shout of approbation followed the avowal. "Jones, my dear fellow, your hand! Let's have a cordial embrace all round."

They started off—when Jones suddenly turned about. "Ah! X., my friend, come here. You were kind enough to make a calculation for me while I was speaking. It was civil of you. As

I am going home, and you will probably have a great deal of walking to do before your return, I'll make you a present of my extra boots. Adieu!"

How Mr. Jones walked till he was out of sight, and then mounted *Lame Kit*; how he had a surprising adventure with a hen-pheasant; and how he got safe back to the settlements, have nothing to do with this



MR. JONES'S LEGACY.

narrative, and, consequently, will be considered as not having been alluded to at all.

The parties who went out to try the streams again soon returned unsuccessful and disappointed, and betook themselves to "all-fours" for the remainder of the day. Conway, however, who had gone over to the *Blackwater*, returned with about a hundred and fifty fine trout. This lucky forage afforded the company a couple of hearty meals, and determined them to leave their present location, and seek a more favorable one on the *Blackwater*; not, however, without many expressions of regret at deserting their fine cabin.

On the following morning they marched about four miles, and came upon the Blackwater Creek about a mile above the falls. As they followed down the bed of the stream, a deer was seen to cross a short distance from them, which so excited X. that he



MR. X. HASTENS TO GET A SHOT AT A DEER.

made a rush to get ahead of the main body, and, if possible, to get a shot. Just as he was about attaining his object, he set foot upon a slippery stone, and pitched head foremost into the water. As he emerged again, his gun spouting from both barrels, he was hailed with shouts of encouragement: "There goes the deer! shoot! bang away!" X. politely requested the company to go to a place where cold water was

more of a rarity, and quietly took his position in the rear of the column.

The site chosen for the new encampment was on the brow of a cliff, within thirty paces of the great fall, a situation of unequalled beauty and savage grandeur. Surrounded by a tangled thicket of the rhododendron, canopied by the loftiest firs, the thunder of the cataract in their ears day and night, and its spray freshening the atmosphere they breathed, our adventurers passed the eight days that followed in the fullest enjoyment of the pleasures of forest life. Every day added to the treasures of Porte Crayon's sketch-book. The author reveled in a poetic existence, basking on moss-covered rocks, among foaming rapids and sparkling waterfalls; and if his haggard, unshaven countenance and dilapidated

wardrobe presented a strong contrast to his mental beatitude, it only exemplified the more strikingly the predominance of mind over matter, and the entire disconnection that sometimes exists between the ideal and the material world.

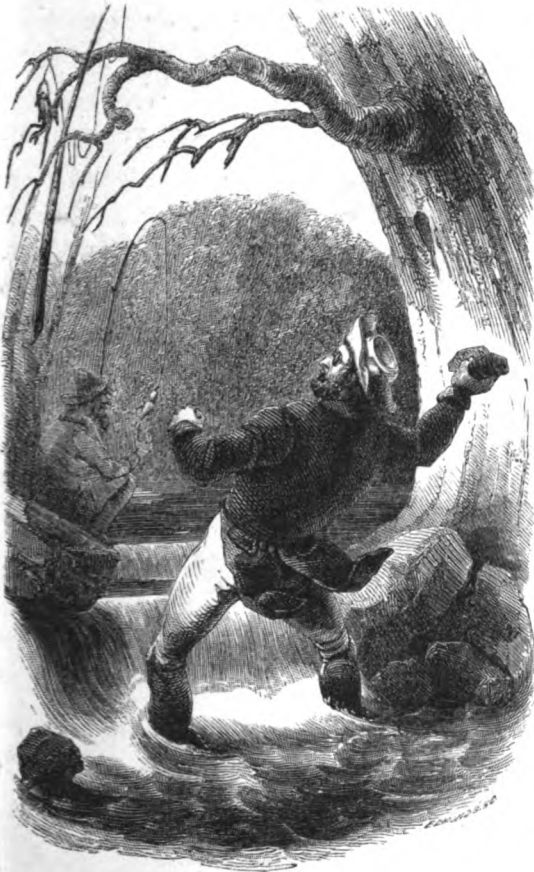
On the first favorable day after their location, X. M. C., who had not yet fleshed his maiden hook in the gills of a trout, went out with Conway to try his luck. After many unsuccessful attempts, he at length hooked a fellow, and drew him out of the

water with such a jerk (X. is possessed of great physical vigor) that rod, line, and fish were lodged in the overhanging branches of a tree. Here was a spite. The stream was wriggling with trout, and X. had just acquired the knack of hooking them; but his implements, and, worse than all, the first trophy of his skill, were hanging on the envious boughs. Now, if X. M. C. had any one trait that predominated over all others, it was determination. Missiles were plenty, and he straightway opened on the devoted fish a mingled shower of stones, sticks, and anathemas.

At the end of an hour

he succeeded in bringing him down, well dried, and slightly tainted.

"Well!" quoth Conway, who, from a short distance, had been the philosophical eye-witness of the proceeding, and who, during the time, had bagged some sixty of the finest trout, "well! I've

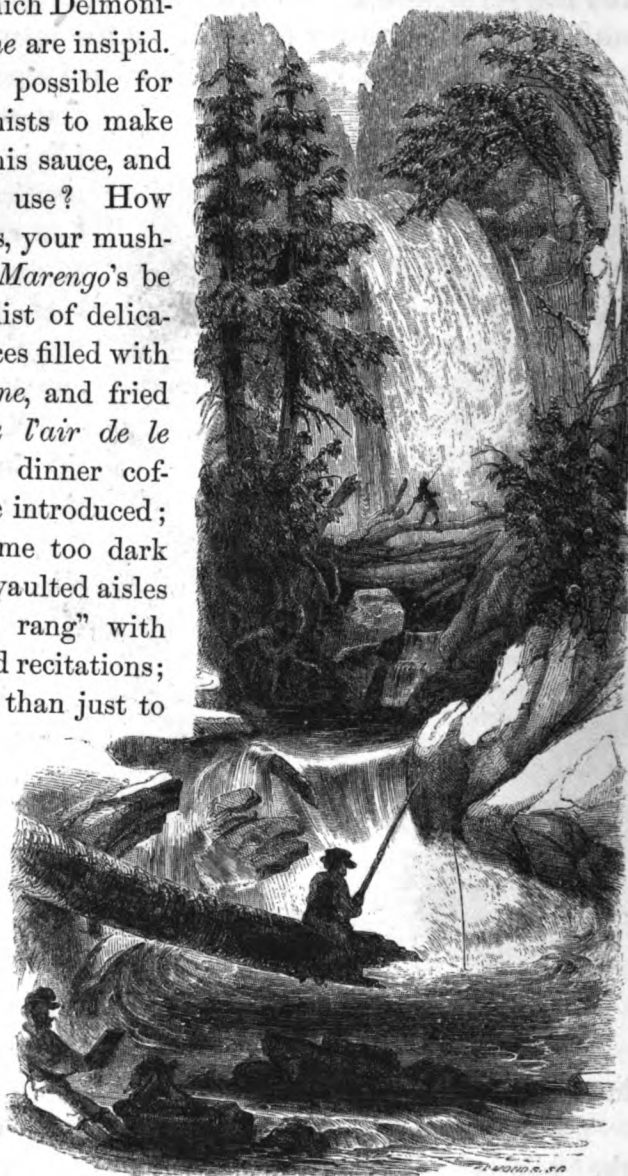


THE FIRST TROUT OF MR. X.

seed fish caught in a great many different ways, but I never seed 'em chunked out of trees afore."

About four o'clock in the afternoon our sportsmen generally gathered in for dinner. There is a kind of seasoning found in these mountain countries which gives to the coarsest food a savor, compared with which Delmonico's *chefs de cuisine* are insipid. Would it not be possible for some of our chemists to make an extract from this sauce, and bottle it for city use? How would your truffles, your mushrooms, your *à la Marengo's* be blotted from the list of delicacies, and their places filled with *sauce à l'Allegheine*, and fried middling, *sauté à l'air de le Montagne*. After dinner coffee and cards were introduced; and when it became too dark for all-fours, "the vaulted aisles of the dim wood rang" with songs, choruses, and recitations; and it is no more than just to mention that the neighboring bears had occasionally opportunities of hearing performances that would have challenged the admiration of the most gifted circles in the land.

On rainy days the camp had quite an air of domes-



FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER.

ticity. In the centre was the eternal party at "old sledge." The author, wearied with such trite amusement, conned his note-book in one corner; the artist, in another, arranged and retouched his sketches; while old Conway, with his jack-knife, passed his time in manufacturing wooden spoons, plates, and water-tight baskets of bark.



CAMP ON THE BLACKWATER.

Conway was the most accomplished of woodsmen: small in stature, narrow-shouldered, and weasel-faced; insensible to fatigue, to hunger, or the vicissitudes of the weather; a shrewd hunter, a skillful fisher, unailing in resources, he was ready in every emergency. He could build a comfortable house, and furnish it in a

day, with no other material than what the forest afforded, and no other tools than his axe and jack-knife. Nor was he destitute of the arts of civilized life. He could mend clothes and cobble shoes with surprising dexterity; and any one who has visited his cabin may have observed an old fiddle hanging beside his powder-horn and pouch. When in camp his pipe was never out; he smoked before and after meals, when at work and when idle. He talked little, but occasionally told a quaint story of his hunting adventures, or cracked a dry joke; and the sharp twinkle of his gray eye, when any thing humorous was in question, showed the keenness of his appreciation of good-natured fun.

Rainy days were also fruitful in debates, which a discreet person might have characterized as noisy wrangles; and, as usual, the vehemence of the debaters was great in proportion to the littleness of the subject. It must be confessed the range of questions was a wide one—any thing from the Constitution of the United States down to the propriety of a play at “old sledge.” The parties generally stood arrayed, Dindon against the field, the field against Dindon. One day Dindon was six in the game, and stood on the knave with another trump. Two consecutive leads brought down his jack, and he lost the game, but characterized his opponent’s play as absurd and contrary to Hoyle. The whole pack—not of cards, but of players—opened upon him. The dispute waxed hotter and hotter, Dindon waxed redder and redder, and finally lost all command of himself. He glared about him like a baited bear. Suddenly rushing forward, he seized Conway’s axe. The debaters scattered and dodged like rats in a pantry; but he deigned not to cast a look upon them, and strode out, upsetting the water-bucket and knocking over the clothes-rack in his progress. Presently he found himself *vis-à-vis* with an enormous hemlock, full fifteen feet in girth. Without considering the size and vigor of his opponent, he attacked him furiously. He knocked out chips as large as dinner-dishes, and the earth around was soon white with them. For a long time the combat seemed to be equal. The perspiration stood on Dindon’s forehead in drops as large as kidney-beans. The inhabitants of the camp stood around at a respectful distance, dodging the chips, and wondering. Anon

the lofty crown of the hemlock was seen to waver, the blows of the axe resounded with redoubled force, the trunk cracked and crackled, the gigantic forest king began to sink, at first slowly, then with a rushing sound, and, with a thundering crash like the broadside of a frigate, he fell, crushing under him like shrubs a dozen trees, each of which might have been the pride of a city park.



WRATH OF MR. DINDON.

Dindon wiped his cheerful and unclouded brow, and with an air of careless triumph slung the axe into a log. "There,

now!" said he; "some of you smart gentlemen may chop that fellow into fire-sticks, and carry them to the camp."

"By the body of Hercules!" exclaimed X., as the green wood rang with shouts of applause and triumph. "Shade of Milo! I here make a vow never to dispute with Dindon again on any subject; the fate of that hemlock has convinced me that he can never be wrong, and that the rest of us are but poor feeble mortals, after all."

One afternoon the attention of the party in the shed was directed to the external world by the increasing roar of the cataract. It had been drizzling all day, but for an hour or more the rain fell by bucketsfull. Some apprehensions were expressed for the safety of Penn and Conway, who were absent on a fishing excursion. Accordingly, the party all went down to the banks of the stream to look out for the absentees. The Blackwater seemed run mad; and the fall, swelled to treble its usual volume, made the very hills tremble. Quantities of drift were passing, and some shade of real anxiety clouded the faces of the watchers.

"Oh horror!" exclaimed X., "oh fatal day! there goes Penn's body! there! there! he's over the falls! he's gone!"

"Why," said Thornhill, "that looked to me like a forked stick."

“No,” insisted X., “it was Penn. I recognized his legs. I can’t be mistaken.”

Many kindly regrets were expressed, and eulogies pronounced upon his virtues, talents, and amiable traits, some of which the defunct had the pleasure of overhearing as he crept out of a laurel thicket, and followed up the path to the shelter, all forlorn and dripping.

“Why, here comes the gentleman now,” said Thornhill.

“Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!”

exclaimed X., throwing himself into a superb attitude;

“Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. . . .
A ghost of shreds and patches. I’ll call thee Penn.
Oh answer me; let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
How many fish you’ve caught—and where’s the Otter?”

“The Otter is coming on with the fish,” replied the ghost, in a sepulchral voice. “We’ve got about two hundred. In the mean time, hasten supper. I’ve had a narrow escape from drowning, and am now perishing with hunger.”

At that moment Conway appeared with his load of fish, which were hailed with acclamations.

“Disciple of Izaak Walton!” said X., embracing the dripping body of Mr. Penn, and squeezing him like a sponge in his grateful ecstasy, “may you live forever. Glorious Otter! what a fry we’ll have!” And Mr. X. forthwith repaired to the fallen hemlock, and furnished himself with the largest chip he could find, to serve as a plate for the anticipated supper.

While this was cooking, Mr. Penn seated himself on the end of a log at the fire, and narrated his adventure. He and Conway had been some distance up the Blackwater, and had been very successful. Mr. Penn was seated on a rock in the middle of the stream, and so intent was he on the sport, that he did not notice either the rain or the rise of the water. (As has been before observed, Mr. Penn has a remarkable gift of abstracting himself from worldly surroundings.) When the water began to pour over the rock on which he was sitting, he jumped up, and, to his amaze-

ment, found himself hemmed in by the foaming torrent. He made a plunge to gain the nearest bank, lost his footing, and was washed up like a piece of drift among some rocks. Here he found himself on the wrong side. The appearance of the stream was terrific, but the terror of an unsheltered and supperless night was greater. Presently he saw Conway on the other side, making unintelligible signs to him. He rushed into the water up to his arm-pits, but it looked like suicide to go on, and he struggled back to the bank. Then a large tree drifted by and lodged against the rocks, forming a temporary bridge that reached nearly across. The thought of supper braced him to the desperate venture, and he leaped upon the log. With his weight, the end upon which he jumped broke loose, and swung rapidly round like a flying ferry, bringing him within reach of the laurels on the opposite side. Penn grasped the bushes and saved himself, while the tree, loosed from its moorings, hurried on toward the falls.

“This I consider a very respectable adventure,” said Penn, handing over his tin cup for his second pint of coffee, and deliberately separating the rich salmon flakes from the spinal column of a large trout—deliberately, we say, for Mr. Penn was then on his fourteenth fish.

But all things must come to an end sooner or later. The party were all gathered under the bark roof, some smoking, others conversing in a more quiet and serious tone than had been usual among them. X. M. C. finally spoke out.

“Friends and fellow-woodmen,” said he, “our sojourn in the wilderness is about to end. We have promised to be at Towers’ on the 16th. To fulfill this promise, we must start homeward tomorrow morning. Owing to the early departure of Mr. Jones, we still have an abundance of provision, and might, if we were so disposed, remain a week longer; but the council seem to have determined on going. Well, let it be so. We have not realized all our expectations on coming out. We have killed neither bear, panther, nor deer. We have not even varied our diet with catfish soup—(nodding to Penn)—but we have manfully carried out the proposed objects of our expedition as far as circumstances permitted. We have explored the wilderness, fished in the Black

Fork of Cheat, seen the Falls of the Canaan, surfeited on trout, and braved the unpropitious elements unflinchingly. As for me, the impressions made by this sojourn will never be effaced—never, though I were to live as long as the great hemlock felled by the mighty Dindon.”

The return to the settlements was unmarked by any incident worthy of record. Accustomed to the forest, hardened to the toil, the difficulties of the march passed as matters of course; and an occasional unsuccessful shot at a deer, or the discovery of a bear's trail, only elicited a brief comment or a laugh. On the second day they breakfasted at Conway's, dined at Towers', and, twenty-four hours after, the heroes of the expedition into Canaan had resumed the dress, and, to all appearance, the habits of ordinary life. Yet, by a shrewd observer of character, they might still be distinguished from the common herd. There was a certain gallant swagger when they walked abroad, a lighting-up of the face when they met each other, or when the subject of hunting and fishing was introduced; an elevation of ideas, a largeness of speech, an ill-concealed disdain of the petty affairs of life, such as law, medicine, or agriculture; and for a long time, whenever they were invited out, even the heavy-handed and profuse housekeepers of their neighborhood seemed to have suddenly become close and thrifty, or to have made some unaccountable mistake in their calculations.

In the town of M—— were several returned Californians who had made the overland trip, dug gold and starved on the Yuba and Feather Rivers, and returned to their homes by the Horn or the Isthmus, with nothing to show for their trouble but a stock of hard-earned experience, and the hope of being heroes and story-tellers for the rest of their days. Alas! they happened in an unlucky time. Whenever one of them, thinking he had an au-



CALIFORNIANS TRUMPED.

dience in a bar-room or at a street corner, would commence *infandum renovare dolorem*, he was invariably trumped with, "Yes, that reminds me of the Blackwater;" and in five minutes' time the poor Californian would stand mute and abashed at supposing that he had ever been hungry in his life, or had ever seen any thing worth talking about.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

THE ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADVENTURERS.

“Who lones to line at home, yet looke abroad,
And know both passen and unpassen road,
The wonders of a faire and goodlie land,
Of antres, rivers, rocks, and mountaines grande,
Read this”
THOMAS MACARNESSÉ.

MISS FANNY CRAYON had just finished reading the foregoing narrative to a brace of attentive and delighted cousins, when, throwing the book upon the table with a pouting air, she put forth the following reflections on men and things :

“It is really neither generous nor just that men should arrogate to themselves all the privileges, while we poor girls are condemned to eternal needlework and housekeeping, or, what is still worse, a dull round of insipid amusements — dancing, dressing, and thrumming the piano. What opportunities have we of seeing the world, or of making heroines of ourselves? Instead of planning pleasant jaunts and inviting us to grace their parties, no sooner does the summer weather set in, than away they go with their guns, and such quantities of provision that one might think they were going to Oregon. Then in two or three weeks they are back again, with their clothes all torn and appetites that are a disgrace to civilization. To see them at table, you would suppose they had eaten nothing during their absence; and then such bragging all among themselves, they don't even give us a chance to talk; and if occasionally we manage to slip in a word edgeways,

it receives no more consideration than the whistle of my Canary bird."

"Indeed, Cousin Fanny," said Dora Dimple, "I think with you entirely. It would be so romantic and delightful for us to take such a trip. But then, with the rains and the wild animals, we should be so drenched and frightened."

"Well! I want to be drenched and frightened!" replied Fanny, with spirit; "I am tired of this humdrum life."

"Good gracious! what is to prevent uth from going if we choothe?" lisped Miss Mignonette, or, as she was generally called for short, Minnie May. "Let's make Porte Crayon take uth traveling or bear-hunting with him."

"Pshaw!" replied Fanny, pettishly; "Brother Porte used to be very kind and obliging, but of late he has become such a bear in his manners, and such a sloven, it's shameful! You might really suppose, from his talk, that he thought women had no souls; and as to listening to any thing they say—whew! he's entirely too high for that. The fact is, he got to reading the Koran some few years ago, and I don't think he has been quite right since."

"Nonsense! it's all affectation; he listens to me always," rejoined Minnie, with confidence; "and I'll go now directly and make him promise to take us somewhere. I can coax and flatter him into any thing." And, without more ado, she started on her embassy, while her companions followed on tiptoe to hear the result.

Porte Crayon sat with his legs comfortably stretched on a bench in the veranda which shades the front of the family mansion. Aroused from an apparently deep reverie by the rustling of a silk dress, he acknowledged Cousin Minnie's presence with a nod, and his hard face lit up with a smile.

"Cousin Porte," said she, abruptly, "we want you to take us somewhere." Mr. Crayon's only reply was a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Yes," continued she, resolutely, "Fanny, Dora, and myself want you to take us traveling somewhere with you in search of adventures." Mr. Crayon's eyebrows disappeared under the visor of his cap, and his mouth puckered up as if about to whistle. "Indeed, Cousin Porte," continued Minnie, coaxingly,

seating herself beside him, "we've been reading the *Blackwater Sketches*, and we're all crazy to see some wild life. I don't mean exactly that we wish to live in the woods like gipsies, or be starved, or exposed to the rain or wild beasts, or—Indeed, I don't know precisely *what* we want, but you are so clever you may plan us a pleasant trip yourself. Besides, it would be such a privilege for us girls to have you as an escort—you are such a genius, you know. Come, you can't refuse; it will be so delightful; we won't give you a bit of trouble." Mr. Crayon's countenance had by this time relaxed considerably. "With any ordinary person we would not wish to go," pursued the embassadrice; "but you know you are so talented, it would afford us such rare opportunities of improvement."



THE LISTENERS.

At this point Crayon heard some giggling inside of the hall-

door. "Stop, Minnie, that will answer; I'm sufficiently buttered. Now just ask specifically for what you want."

Minnie clapped her hands exultingly. "Come, girls, come; we've got him; he has promised; it's all arranged!"

Here the listeners made their appearance, and all three were so vociferous in their thanks that Crayon was fain to affect an air of sternness. "What's arranged? I've promised nothing."

"Why, Cousin Porte, didn't you promise to take us a jaunt, and to plan it all yourself? Didn't he, Fanny?"

"I didn't hear precisely," said Fanny.

"Didn't he, Dora?"

"Indeed," replied Dora, "it seemed to me he did; or, at least, he was just going to promise, and that's the same thing."

"To be sure," said Minnie. "Didn't you both hear him say, 'Just ask specifically for any thing you want, and I'll do it?'"

"Certainly," cried both girls, eagerly, "we heard him say 'specifically.' We did indeed."

"You did! Then my case is a bad one. It is proved by three credible witnesses, supposed by courtesy to be sane and in their right minds, that I said 'specifically;' and, being duly convicted of the same, it is in your judgments fairly deducible from the premises that I promised to take you somewhere on a pleasure excursion."

"There!" cried Minnie, "didn't I tell you? Bless me! what a lawyer Cousin Porte would have made if he had taken to the bar instead of the fine arts. But come on, girls; let us go and get our traveling-dresses ready. Cousin Porte is the soul of honor; he never broke a promise, especially one made to a lady."

And with the sweetest and most gracious courtesies the young ladies took their leave.

"Begone, you pests, and leave me to reflect on the absurd scrape I've got into."

A voice from the hall replied with a couplet from "Tom Bowline:"

"Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare."

"Hum!" soliloquized Porte, reseating himself; "what the deuce

have I done? Promised to take three women traveling. Ha! ha! they want to go to the Blackwater, do they? ho! ho! by all that's preposterous! Kid slippers—lace collars—silk dresses! If the sun shines, they're broiling; if the wind blows, they're freezing; never hungry except when every thing eatable is out of their reach; always dying of thirst when they're on top of a mountain; afraid of caterpillars, and lizards, and grasshoppers! Let me see; the first of October; snakes are about going into winter-quarters; well, that's one comfort, at least. And then their baggage? Each of them, to my knowledge, has a trunk as big as a powder-car. Finikin, frivolous, whimsical creatures, where do they learn the art of coaxing? They don't acquire it at all—it is a natural gift. If any man had approached me in that way, I should have felt bound to pull his nose; but that little lisping minx makes me promise what she pleases.

“‘Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.’

No, no, it was not that—I'm too old for that—but it was a piece of the most barefaced wheedling and imposture, and now they're doubtless giggling over their success.” Mr. Crayon shook for some minutes with silent laughter, and it was long before his countenance settled into its accustomed gravity.

While he is thus sitting, let us sketch him. In person Mr. Crayon is about the middle height, of slender make, but well knit and tough. His face is what would be usually termed “a hard one,” angular and sunburnt, the lower features covered with a beard, bushy, and

“Brode as though it were a spade.”

This beard he has worn from time immemorial. Old-fashioned ladies, who can't endure this savage taste, frequently tell Mr. Crayon he would be remarkably handsome if he would cut off that horrid beard. He laughs, however, *sotto i baffi*, in such a manner as to encourage the delusion, and modestly disclaims any desire to be remarked for his personal beauty. Crayon is neither old nor young,

“But on his forehead middle age
Has slightly pressed its signet sage.”

His dress is usually so little a matter of concern to himself, that it is, in consequence, the oftener remarked by others. At present his wardrobe in active service consists of a double-frilled shirt, a sack of Weidenfeldt's cut, stained corduroys, and a pair of stringless shoes, which exhibit to advantage his socks of gray yarn, darned with white and blue. This careless incongruity of dress is not altogether an eccentricity or individualism of Mr. Crayon, but belongs to the State to which he owes birth and allegiance. Nothing is more rare than to find a Virginian solicitous about his dress; and although he may sometimes affect the sloven, he is never a dandy.

An itinerant phrenologist, who had the faculty of discovering the springs of human action by feeling the bumps on people's heads, ascertained, while traveling through the State, that this characteristic is the offspring of a noble aristocratic pride, a lofty disdain of trivialities; and the candid expression of this opinion gave much individual as well as public satisfaction, and brought the shrewd man of science many a dollar. Indeed, in one instance we were personally cognizant of the dollar. A remarkably dirty gentleman of the legal profession, who, it was confidently believed, hadn't a second shirt to his back, borrowed a dollar of us to pay the aforesaid itinerant for saying the same of him and putting it in writing.

But to be fully impressed with Crayon's *personale*, he should be seen as he sometimes appears at a masquerade, in ruff and doublet, with a slouched hat and plume. One might then swear the great Captain John Smith had reappeared to look after his government, and ready, as of yore, to do battle with “Turk or salvage”—to thrust a falchion between the infidel ribs of Bonny-mulgro, or kick his royal highness, Opeckancanough, in face of his whole tribe, into the payment of the three hundred bushels of corn. We shrewdly suspect Crayon of nurturing a vanity on this subject, and have several times heard him allude to the resemblance himself.

While this sketching has been going on, our sitter has been

deeply philosophizing. "Man," thought he, "occupies a queer position in civilized society. By right of superior physical and intellectual endowment, by right of a direct appointment from Holy Writ, by the advice and consent of St. Paul, he is lord of creation. But of what avail is his empty title? He is practically no more than a nose of wax, to be modeled into any shape by women. What matters it whether he is tied with a hempen cord or a pink satin ribbon?—he's tied. What difference whether he is bullied out of his free agency or wheedled out of it?—the tyranny is equally odious, equally subversive of social order and of self-respect. Man can't even wear the clothes he may happen to fancy" (here Crayon glanced at his coat). "Hunting-jackets have a rowdy look, so Miss Minnie thinks—chick-a-dee. These Yankees are a wonderful people, full of energy and resources. They regulate the women up there; the men have the upper hand, as nature designed—at least I infer it, from the bobbery and noise the women are making there about their rights. Egad! I'll travel in that country some day to learn how they manage. But, after all," continued Crayon, breaking into soliloquy, "*che giova! siam nati a servir*, we on the south side can't help ourselves, and we might as well put the best face on matters. It is not so unendurable, neither, this bondage of the heart, nor yet so very unbecoming to a gentleman. In the days of chivalry it was the proudest boast of knighthood. What is it but the willing tribute from generosity to weakness? When a command comes disguised as a prayer, who would not obey? When a beseeching look compels, who can resist? O fair Southern land, long may thy daughters continue to reign, strong in their gentleness, imperious in their loveliness!"

Here Porte Crayon leaped from his seat as if electrified, and, clapping his left hand to his side, with his right he drew an imaginary glittering sword, and flourishing it about his head, went through the broadsword exercise in brilliant style.

"Cousin Porte," cried a voice from the window, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Porte, looking rather sheepish.

"Then don't do it any more. It looks too ridiculous for one of your age to be prancing and capering in that unmeaning way."

“Look you, Miss Minnie, mind your sewing, and don't be troubling yourself about my capers or my age. I'll pay her for this. I'll lead her into blackberry-thickets, stick her fast in marshes, and put lizards in her reticule. I'll tease and frighten her into a proper appreciation of herself. She need not then visit the capitals of Christendom to see by what small people the world is governed.”

During the week that followed Porte Crayon entered into the business of preparation for the proposed jaunt with alacrity and cheerfulness. He was in frequent consultation with the maps and Gazetteer of Virginia, and made copious notes therefrom, but was very silent and mysterious withal.

“Where are you going to take us, Cousin Porte?” Minnie often inquired.

“Never mind, child; stitch away at your traveling-dress; get yourself a pair of stout shoes, and don't ask me any more questions.”

“I'm afraid Cousin Porte doesn't enjoy the idea of making this trip with us?” modestly observed Dora.

“Fiddlestick!” said Minnie, in an under tone; “he's delighted. He has been in a fever ever since I proposed it to him. Just listen to his lectures, and make believe you appreciate them, and pretend to let him have his own way in every thing, and he's one of the kindest and most manageable creatures in existence.”

Crayon, who, with characteristic contempt of rule and order, was moulding bullets in the breakfast-room, looked up sharply.

“What was that I heard about lectures, and good, manageable creature?”

“Eh! good gracious! did you hear? I was just complimenting you to Dora, saying how kind you were. But, cousin, let me help you to cut the necks off those bullets: I can do it so nicely.”

“No; go along. You'll cut your fingers. I always am in a fever when I see a woman with a pen-knife in her hand.”

“Only hear! the vanity of men!” and Minnie quietly took the ladle out of Mr. Crayon's hand, and proceeded in the most adroit and pretty manner to mould up the remainder of the lead.

He looked on at first with amazement, which soon changed into unqualified admiration.

“Doesn't lose a particle of lead ; half of them have no necks at all. They are better than mine. Cousin Minnie, you're a wonder.”



BULLET-MAKING.

The old carriage having been revarnished, and the roan and sorrel sleeked up to the utmost point of good looks that the nature of the case permitted, Mr. Crayon reported to the impatient trio that on his part every thing was in readiness for the expedition with the exception of a driver. This important office had not yet been filled. Old Tom, Young Tom, Peter, and a dozen others, had successively been catechised, cross-questioned, and rejected.

“And why won't they do?” asked Fanny; “they are all skillful drivers.”

“Tut, Fanny, you know nothing about it. They would answer very well to drive you to church, but the selection of a driver for such a trip as I have in view requires the greatest tact and consideration. Leave the matter entirely to me—”

“As the only person in the world who has the requisite tact and consideration,” suggested Fanny.

Crayon gracefully bowed assent.



LITTLE MICE.

One morning a huge negro made his appearance in the hall, accompanied by all the negro household, and all in a broad grin.

“Sarvant, master,” said the giant, saluting, hat in hand, with the grace of a hippopotamus. “I’s e a driver, sir!”

“Indeed!” said Porte, with some surprise; “what is your name?”

“Ke! hi!” snickered the applicant for office, and looked toward Old Tom.

“He’s name Little Mice,” said Tom, and there was a general laugh.

“That is a queer name, at least, and not a very suit-

able one. Has he no other?” inquired Porte.

“Why, d’ye see, Mass’ Porte,” said Tom, “when dis nigga was a bōy, his ole miss tuck him in de house to sarve in de dinin’-room. Well, every day she look arter her pies an’ cakes, an’ dey done gone. ‘Dis is onaccountable,’ say ole miss. ‘Come here, boy. What goes wid dese pies?’ He says, ‘I spec, missus, little mice eats ’em.’ ‘Very well,’ says she, ‘maybe dey does.’ So one mornin’ arley she come in onexpected like, an’ dar she see dis boy, pie in he’s mouf. ‘So,’ says she, ‘I cotch dem little mice at last, have I?’ An’ from dat day, sir, dey call him nothin’ but Little Mice, an’ dat been so long dey done forgot his oder name, if he ever had any.”

The giant, during this narration, rolled his eyes at Old Tom,

and made menacing gestures in an underhand way ; but, being unable to stop the story, he joined in the laugh that followed, and then took up the discourse.

“ Mass’ Porte, never mind dat ole possum. Any how I ben a-drivin’ hosses all my life, and I kin wait on a gemplum fuss rate. To be sure dat name sounds sort a foolish ’mong strangers ; but you can call me Boy, or Hoss, or Pomp, or any ting dat suits ; I answers all de same.”

Having exhibited a permit to hire himself, Crayon engaged him on the spot, moved thereto, we suspect, more by the fun and originality indicated in Mice’s humorous phiz than by any particular tact or consideration. The newly-appointed dignitary bowed himself out of the hall, sweeping the floor with his cap at each reverence ; but no sooner was he clear of the respected precinct than his



OLD TOM AND YOUNG TOM.

E

elephantine pedals spontaneously commenced a grotesque dance, making a clatter on the kitchen floor like a team of horses crossing a bridge. During this performance he shook his fists—in size and color like old hams of bacon—alternately at Old and Young Tom. “Ha, you ole turkey-buzzard! I take you in dar to recommend me, an’ you tell all dem lies. You want to drive yourself, heh? And you black calf, you sot up to drive gemplum’s carriage, did you? Mass’ Porte too smart to have any sich ’bout him.”

Old Tom’s indignation at this indecorous conduct knew no bounds. He pitched into Mice incontinently, and bestowed a shower of lusty cuffs and kicks upon his carcass. Tom’s honest endeavors were so little appreciated that they only served to increase the monster’s merriment.

“Yah! yah! yah! lame grasshopper kick me,” shouted he, escaping from the kitchen; and making a wry face at Tom through the window, he swung himself off toward the stable, “to look arter his critters.”

A couple of pipes, with some tobacco, and a cast-off coat, soothed the mortification of the senior and junior Toms to such an extent, that they were both seen next morning actually assisting Mice in getting out the carriage.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO WEYER'S CAVE.

“SOMETHING new under the sun!” exclaimed Porte Crayon, on the morning of the 8th of October, 1853. • “A new era is about to commence in the history of women. The carriage has scarcely driven up to the door when all three are ready, *cap-à-pie*, to jump into it! I thought the last wonder was achieved when they got all their baggage into one trunk and two carpet-bags; but this latest development surpasses every thing that has gone before. Now fire away with your kissing and leave-taking, and let us be off.”

Considering the number of grandparents, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, babies, etc., who had assembled to see the party off, and who had each and severally to give and receive from each and several of our travelers from one to half a dozen kisses, it will scarcely be credited that the carriage got fairly under way in something less than an hour from the time of its first appearance.

But not so fast. “Stop! stop!” screamed a dozen voices from the house.

“Something important has been forgotten, surely.”

“Of course,” said Porte Crayon. “Whose head is left behind? Feel in your bonnets, girls.”

A negro girl is seen running after them with a large bundle in her arms, and holding up a great dumpling of a baby to the carriage window.

“Miss say you forgot to kiss little Mass' Bobby.”

“True! it was an oversight. Kiss him, girls. And, hark ye! Molly, tell them at the house, if any one else has been omitted, to telegraph us at Winchester, and we'll come back.”

“Bad to turn back now, Mass’ Porte, specially sence Aunt Paty done flung her shoe arter us for good luck.”

“Oh, if that ceremony has been performed, we must go on at all hazards.”

As the roan and sorrel patted the Winchester pike, making the stones ring again with their well-shod hoofs, plowman and wayfarer turned aside to see, housewife and maiden hastened to the windows to stare and admire. Mark them well, good people, for it will be many a long day ere you look upon their like again. Little Mice was so sleeked and buttoned up that he did not appear more than half his usual size; but his hands, encased in a pair of buckskin gloves, which at a moderate computation would hold half a peck each, did not seem to have undergone a corresponding diminution. His head upon his ponderous shoulders looked no larger than a good-sized apple, and was surmounted by a tiny Dutch cap, the effect of which was to increase, in appearance, the disproportion between the head and shoulders. His little bead-like eyes twinkled with delight, while his broad lips were forcibly puckered into an expression of respectful gravity; but, upon the slightest inattention on the part of their owner, and even in spite of his endeavors, occasionally they would relapse into their natural position—that of a broad grin. Beside this model of a driver and valet sat Porte Crayon—quite a secondary personage, by the way—in a substantial suit of gray cassimere, a black oil-cloth cap, hunting belt, leathern gaiters, and a short German rifle, which usually hung upon the dash-board of the carriage.

The three ladies occupied the interior. A spirited and accurate description of their dresses was promised the editor of these papers by one of the ladies; but that having failed to appear, he excuses himself from attempting any thing of the sort on his own responsibility. Men are generally bunglers when they undertake to write upon subjects they know nothing about. That their costumes were appropriate and becoming we can vouch, as also for the fact that they made them all with their own pretty hands during the week preceding their departure. Porte Crayon has drawn Fanny in a black velvet jacket and a skirt of blue mousseline. Minnie he sketches in a dress of some lighter material, fash-

ioned with a basque, and loose sleeves trimmed with ruffles. Dora wore a plain, close-fitting gown, with a row of buttons in front. All three had neat little straw bonnets, which they generally wore hanging on their shoulders, with the green veils attached to them streaming down their backs, thus giving the sun and wind a long-coveted opportunity of kissing their rosy cheeks at pleasure. Porte Crayon says this mode of wearing bonnets reminds him of a story told by some missionaries, who, zealous in the cause of civilization, distributed among certain savage tribes a quantity of axes, mattocks, hoes, and spades. On revisiting their friends the following year, they found them promenading in all pomp and dignity with these useful and not at all cumbersome implements hung about their necks by thongs of deer-skin.

Having disposed of the dresses and millinery, let us go on to the equally puzzling but far more agreeable task of picturing the ladies themselves.

Fanny Crayon has a remarkable face. A nose slightly aquiline, full chiseled lips, dark-blue eyes, dark brows, and fair hair. She is about the middle height, straight as an arrow, perfectly moulded, round and full, but active and graceful as a fawn. Her complexion is very fair, with cheeks of the richest rose. The characteristic expression of her face is earnest and serious, easily provoked to merriment, and not quite so easily provoked to wrath. In this we are aware she differs from most of her sex, and especially from all heroines of love-stories. But she has, nevertheless, what the world calls a temper of her own. Those blue eyes of hers will sometimes flash, and the rose in her cheek so predominate that the lily is entirely lost for a time. Well, well! her native spirit is so well regulated by good sense and good feeling that it rarely shows itself amiss. Fanny, at the age of five-and-twenty, is considered the most accomplished young woman of her neighborhood; for, besides her skill in millinery and mantua-making, she is already a famous housekeeper. Every thing goes on like clock-work under her management, and she not unfrequently condescends to do up the more elegant branches of this department with her own hands.

It happens sometimes during the mince-pie season that Fanny



THE VIRGINIA HOUSEKEEPER.

enters the kitchen with an apron white as morning's milk, and her sleeves tucked up, showing a pair of arms scarcely less fair. Old Tom rises at her entrance, respectfully knocks the fire out of his pipe, and lays it in its niche in the chimney. Aunt Dilly, chief cook, and her daughter Jane, first scullion, stand on either side, attentive to the slightest sign. "Tray, Jane," says the obsequious Dilly. "Flour, Miss—rollin'-pin, Miss—butter—mince-meat—brandy." The pie approaches completion. Jane holds her breath in admiration. The chief cook looks on in proud humility—proud of serving such a mistress, humble at seeing herself outdone by one of only half her age, and, sooth to say, not more than one third of her weight. The great bowl of egg-nog that foams at Christmas is of Fanny's brewage; and, when she does condescend, as she occasionally does, by way of special favor to somebody, to try her hand on a mint-julep, it is said to be unrivaled.

The walls of the paternal mansion were once ornamented with neatly-framed specimens of her skill in drawing and painting. There were kittens, and squirrels, and birds, and baskets of flowers, as an old aunt used to say, "as natural as life, and all drawn out of her own head." When Porte came home from abroad he

was thoughtless enough to laugh at them, whereupon Fanny quietly took them down and hid them; nor have the united entreaties of the family, nor repeated apologies from Porte, nor Uncle Nat's express commands, ever been potent enough to induce her to replace them. When Fanny dances (she never waltzed or polka'd), or when she rides on horseback, the negroes all declare "it is a sight to see her;" and when one of them wishes to compliment his dark-browed innamorata for her performance in a husking-reel or a kitchen hoe-down, he tells her she moves like Miss Fanny. But of all Fanny's accomplishments, none is so universally prized by her friends as her music,

"And of hire song, it is as loud and yerne
As any swallow sitting on a berne."

Then such a store of good old-fashioned songs! she could sing for a week without ever repeating a stanza. At one time Porte undertook to teach her some French and Italian airs, and found an apt and willing pupil; but Uncle Nat positively forbade her singing the foreign trash, insisting that it would spoil her voice and vitiate her taste.

Beside Fanny sat Minnie May, with a shower of rich golden curls, and cheeks as smooth and delicately-tinted as the lips of a sea-shell, with a slight but elastic figure, and hands so small that she never could reach an octave on the piano, and consequently never learned music. Whether she would have learned if she had been able to accomplish the octave is a problem that will never be solved, for she is nineteen years old, and her hands are not likely to grow any bigger. Indeed, Minnie is not accomplished, as the world goes, for she can't sing except a little in concert, and is equally unskillful in fitting a dress or compounding a pudding. If she reads much she seems little the wiser for it, for most probably romances and poetry receive the principal part of her attention. Her character is an odd compound of archness and naïveté, of *espièglerie* and sweetness. If she can't sing, her voice in conversation is like the warble of a blue-bird, in addition to which she lisps most charmingly. Unpretending and child-like in her manners, she has a quick and original wit, and reads character by intuition. To this power, probably, and to some pretty coaxing

ways, she owes the unbounded influence she exercises over every one about her. Even Porte's proverbial obstinacy is not proof against it. He flounders and fumes like a bumble-bee stuck fast in molasses, and is sometimes heard ungallantly to wish her to the deuce; "for," says he, "when she is about, I can't even choose what coat I may wear." Little Mice already begins to own her sway, when, in reply to some disparaging comments on the horses, he obsequiously takes off his rag of a cap and gently defends his cattle. "Ah! young Mistis, some hosses is naterelly lean dat way. Now dat roan eats my two gloves full of oats every time, but he's ribs always shows; dis sorrel, he put up different; can't count he's ribs indeed! Gin I has dese creeters in my hands a week, dey'll shine; mind dat, Mistis."

Dora Dimple was a sweet little body, with round, innocent eyes, which were, in truth, the windows of her soul, and she blushed when any one looked therein. The roses in her cheeks were ever blooming, and, when freshened by exercise or sudden excitement, they had a tendency to turn purple. Dora was but seventeen, quiet, modest, and sweet-tempered, and it never seemed to have entered her head that she lived for any thing else than to please every body and do as she was bid, like the good little girls in the Sunday-school books.

As they trotted along, chattering, giggling, and singing to the accompaniment of the wheels, no wonder that Crayon frequently looked back at his wards, and thought to himself, "After all, this looks as well as going out to the Blackwater. I dare say we'll have a merry time!" No wonder that Mice, with a superb flourish of his whip, observed, "Mass' Porte, dis is a very light-runnin' instrument; seems as if it would run along of itself."

The pleasant and hospitable town of Winchester, with its polished society, its flower-gardens, and famous market, savored too much of ordinary civilization to detain a party in search of the romantic and wonderful longer than was necessary to obtain the requisite supply of food and sleep. It was here that Porte Crayon first exhibited a programme of the proposed trip, which was received with such manifestations of approval and delight that he felt himself highly flattered. But our narrative must not lag by

the way. Whip up, Mice! up the Valley turnpike as fast as the horses can trot on a bright frosty morning. At midday the light-running vehicle, with its light-hearted inmates, was rapidly approaching the Massanutten Mountains. These mountains rise to a majestic height in the midst of the valley between the forks of the Shenandoah River, and about twenty miles south of Winchester. They lie principally in the counties of Page and Shenandoah, and the Eastern Massanutten forms the boundary between the two counties. They are parallel with the Blue Ridge, and run in a double range for some twenty-five or thirty miles, and then in a single range for about the same distance, terminating in Rockingham county as abruptly as they rise. The double range includes a romantic and fertile valley twenty-five miles long and about three in width, the level of which is several hundred feet above the Great Valley, and which is entered from the north at the Fortsmouth, one of the most famous passes in the Virginia mountains.



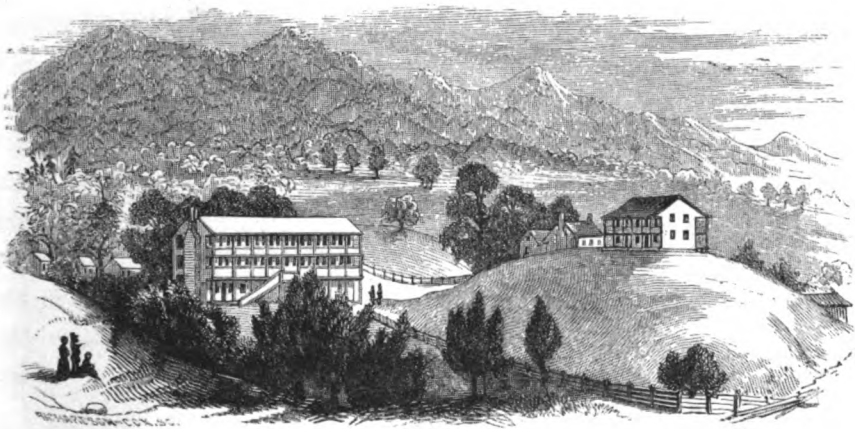
THE FORTSMOUTH.

A midday lunch under the shade of some maples, the fording of the crystal river, and the approach to this imposing pass, kept

the animal spirits and the expectant fancies of our adventurers keenly on the alert. Soon they were winding along the banks of a rushing stream, and there scarcely seemed room between its rugged borders and the impending cliffs for a narrow carriage-way. As they advanced they perceived the mountain barriers rising on either side, like perpendicular walls, to a stupendous height—the road and stream still crowding each other as they struggled along, and the gloom of the wild defile deepened by a tall growth of shadowy hemlocks. As the difficulties increased, our friends were fain to leave the toiling carriage to its assiduous and careful governor, and bravely take to the road afoot. How wild it was! how fresh and beautiful! The joyous stream seemed rushing to meet them with a free, noisy welcome, wimpling and dimpling, tumbling in tiny waterfalls into deep pools which sparkled with foam and bubbles. The girls, like wood-nymphs, ran here and there, gathering the rich and varied plants of the mountains, and such flowers as had survived the early frosts of autumn; while Porte Crayon, in the advance, regardless of the probabilities of game, the rifle at his back, or nerves of his fair companions, rent the air with shouts that made the mountains answer again and again. Perceiving at length that he was getting a little hoarse, his enthusiasm abated, and he left off. The stream crossed and recrossed their path so often that Minnie declared it was some spiteful Undine, who, in wanton mischief, was striving to detain them. “Not so, Cousin Minnie; but, rather, the water-sprite has seen something genial in your eyes, and meets you at every turn with the hope of beguiling you to stay and be her playmate.” But neither hinderance nor persuasion availed any thing. Here by a rustic bridge, there by an opportune drift-log, and, where neither lent their aid, by resolutely skipping from rock to rock, they kept on their way, Porte leading the troop, encouraging and giving directions, applauding each successful venture, and laughing loud when some unlucky foot dipped ankle-deep into the water. At the end of an hour’s walk, and about two miles from the mouth of the defile, they found themselves fairly in the Valley of Powell’s Fort, and here—the road becoming more practicable—they again betook themselves to their carriage. Porte Crayon could not

refrain from casting many regretful looks behind him. "What pictures!" sighed he; "what sketches! But we can't have every thing. Burner's is yet full twelve miles distant, and we must reach there to-night by the programme.

"*Vite! vite, conducteur!*" "Ya—as, sir," replied the obsequious coachman, looking somewhat bewildered, but licking it into the horses all the while. As they went on winding their toilsome way around the spurs of the mountain, a gorgeous sunset began to work its magic changes upon the extended landscape. But the sunset faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into darkness before they reached their destination. Here a hospitable welcome, a blazing fire, and a keenly-appreciated supper were followed by a deep, unbroken sleep of some ten hours' duration.



BURNER'S.

Burner's Sulphur Springs, or, as they are sometimes more properly called, The Seven Fountains, are, apart from their beautiful surroundings, worthy objects of scientific curiosity. In a small bowl-like hollow, and within a circle whose radius is probably not more than a dozen paces, are these seven fountains, all differing in character. The central spring is a fine white sulphur; within a few feet are two other sulphurs, differing in temperature and chemical analysis. A few paces distant are Freestone, Slate, and Limestone Springs, each decided and unmistakable of its kind. The seventh is called the Willow Spring, but we do not know what are its virtues and qualities.

Our friends took to the open air while the frost was yet sparkling on the ground, and, after ranging the hill sides until the girls were tired, Crayon determined to amuse himself making a sketch of Mr. Burner's premises. Having chosen his point of view on an open hill side, he found himself much annoyed by a brilliant sun which took him directly in the face. The girls, seeing his difficulty, with prompt ingenuity spread their broad shawls over some leafless bushes, and thus contrived, in a few minutes, a perfect shade and a highly-picturesque canopy. This unexpected and graceful service awakened in Crayon that grateful surprise which the Lion must have felt when delivered from the toils of the hunter by the Mouse. He laid down his sketch-book deliberately.



THE CANOPY.

“Pon my soul, girls, this is enchanting! I’m really beginning to think that women are not such useless creatures, after all.”

“How delicately he compliments!” said Minnie; “no coarse flattery—not he. It requires a shrewd refinement to extract the

honey from the flower. Isn't it worth while, girls, to make canopies, just to hear Cousin Porte speak so encouragingly of us?"

In the afternoon, the party, including Mice, went hunting, and, although they found some game, Porte Crayon, either from distraction, or over-anxiety to exhibit his address with the rifle, missed every thing he shot at. Minnie at length began to grow quizzical; at every shot she insisted that the birds were hit; she saw the feathers fly; hinted that the powder might be bad, or the sights accidentally knocked out of place. In all this she was earnestly seconded by Mice, who ran, like an over-anxious pointer, at every crack, to pick up the game. Finding nothing, he looked much perplexed and mortified, and finally suggested that the gun was bewitched; he had seen an old black woman looking at it very hard that morning before the party were up. The girls got into a titter, and Crayon bit his lips, but said nothing. A pheasant, a squirrel, and a couple of crows had already heard his bullets whistle by their ears, and had gone off in great alarm. Presently a fine rabbit sprang up, and after running about fifty yards, stood up to see who was coming. Porte took deliberate aim and fired, the rabbit disappeared, and every body but the rifleman ran to find him. On examining the spot they could see nothing; but Minnie, having slyly gathered half a dozen wild turkey feathers, which she found in the thicket, showed them triumphantly, exclaiming, "There! I was sure he was hit; look at the feathers."

Crayon quietly reloaded his piece, and commenced looking about for a lizard. Although this search was unsuccessful, he did not wait long for his revenge. As they neared the edge of the wood, a large black animal suddenly stepped out of a thicket. "Heavens!" cried he, whipping out his knife, "a bear!"

A trio of shrieks echoed through the forest, and Porte suddenly found himself bound neck and hands by three pair of desperate arms.

"Don't—don't choke me to death," he gurgled. "Help, Mice!"

"Why, Mistisses," said Mice, earnestly, "dat ain't no bar. Mass' Porte jis foolin'."

"Pshaw!" said Minnie, "it's only a great black ram. Oh, Porte, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"



THE BEAR.

“Indeed,” said Fanny, recovering herself, “I do wish it had been a bear. Such an adventure!”

“Ke, he! I ’specs, Miss, if he was a sure-enough bar, den you wish he was a sheep agin.”

After this excitement, the ladies looked nervous and fatigued, and requested Porte to conduct them home by the nearest route. Like a wise man, he enjoyed his triumph moderately. He was uncommonly good-humored and polite during the rest of the evening, and was contented that no farther allusion was ever made to the shooting of that day.

In passing from Burner’s to Woodstock—six miles distant—on the western descent of the Massanutten Mountain, our travelers were delighted with a magnificent view of the county of Shenandoah, which lay as it were a map spread out at their feet, checkered with field and woodland, dotted with villages and farm-houses, and watered by the north fork of the Shenandoah River, which

glistened in its doublings and windings like a silver serpent, inclosing many a fair and fertile meadow in its beneficent folds.

As for the town of Woodstock, it doubtless has, like many other little towns in Virginia, the merits of a singed cat, that of being much better than it looks. At any rate, our travelers did not tarry long enough to appreciate it, but, finding themselves once more upon the turnpike, pushed on rapidly. At noon they stopped as usual to refresh. At Crayon's request to serve something cold and without delay, the landlord looked considerably perplexed. After some circumlocution, however, he frankly acknowledged that there was nothing in the house—neither bread, nor meat, nor vegetables.

“We had a fine dinner, Sir,” said Boniface, apologetically; “but the stage-passengers were so delighted with it they left nothing. It was a splendid dinner, Sir, if your party had only got in before the stage.”

Crayon felt his curiosity piqued. “What had you?”

“A squirrel pie,” said Boniface, rubbing his hands; “a squirrel pie, and-er-ah a fine squirrel pie. The fact is, stranger, my old woman is sick, or I wouldn't have been caught in this fix. You know young women ain't of no account anyhow.”

This coincidence of opinion soothed Crayon's disappointment, and the party good-humoredly lunched on ham and sugar-cakes, which they found in their carriage-box, and went on their way rejoicing.

CHAPTER III.

WEYER'S CAVE.

FOLLOWING the valley road, they passed the night at New Market, and dined on the next day at Harrisonburg, the county town of Rockingham. One mile south of this place they left the turnpike, and drove twelve or thirteen miles, over a pleasant country road, to Port Republic, a forlorn village on the Shenandoah, whose only claim to notoriety is the fact that it is only three miles from Weyer's Cave.

"There, girls!" exclaimed Porte Crayon, pointing to a hill which rose abruptly from the broad meadow lands skirting the river, "there is Cave Hill!"

This news caused quite a flutter among the inmates of the carriage, and furnished a subject of animated conversation, until they drove up to a neat-looking country house at the foot of the hill. The prompt landlord met them at the gate with a cheerful welcome, and the interior of Mr. Moler's house proved as agreeable and well-ordered as the outside was neat and attractive.

"Will you visit the cave to-night, ladies?" inquired the host.

"To-night!" exclaimed Fanny, taken by surprise.

"Oh yes," lisped Minnie, "by all means; we have the full moon now, and it would be charming to visit it by moonlight. It shows to greater advantage"—turning to Mr. Moler—"doesn't it, sir?"

"Why, Minnie!" cried Dora, her eyes resembling moons in miniature, "the moon doesn't shine in there. Does it, Cousin Porte?"

"Good gracious! I forgot! the idea of going in at all confuses me so. Then the thought of a place where the moon don't shine, nor the sun—it's horrible! It never struck me before!"

The girls all became thoughtful, and it required no persuasion to induce them to defer the proposed visit until the morrow.

When they met again next morning around an early breakfast-table they seemed still more dispirited. They had had wonderful dreams, and the anticipated visit to the cave had begun to work terribly on their feminine fancies. Porte Crayon's countenance was austere and his manner mysterious, as if something of vast importance was about to be transacted. The proprietor looked grave, and exchanged meaning glances with Mr. Crayon, and their conversation was carried on in broken sentences of hidden meanings — dark hints, suggestive of nameless dangers and terrible things.

"I declare, this is dreadful! I won't go into such a horrible place! I wish to heaven I was at home!" exclaimed Minnie.

"Only to think," chimed Dora, "there are ladders to go down!"

"And," said Fanny, entirely forgetting the heroine, "dreadful bridges to cross, with awful pits on each side!"

"And," pursued Minnie, "all down, deep under ground, where the moon doesn't shine!"

"Nor the sun," suggested Dora. "Oh! we've traveled a hundred miles to see the cave, and now we'd go two hundred to escape."

Crayon here assumed a heroic tone and attitude. "It is too late, young ladies, too late to look back now. What would they say of us at home? Our memories will be covered with everlasting shame if any one of us fails to reach the uttermost limit of the cave. You, Fanny, that would be a heroine! You, Minnie, that wished to see a bear! You, Dora, that would go any where if Cousin Porte would only give you his arm! I'm ashamed of you. You're no better than a parcel of women!"

"Come on, girls," said Fanny, stoutly; "this is all nonsense. I'll go in, I'm determined, and I'll go first!" Fanny looked, and doubtless felt, very much like the Maid of Saragossa, when she was about to mount the fearful rampart.

"I'll go too," said Minnie, "until we come to the creeping-place; but I vow I will never creep under ground like a mole."

"And I," said Dora, "will go until we come to the ladders. Dear, dear, how my heart beats!"

F



LEONARD MOLER, THE GUIDE.



ENTRANCE TO WEYER'S CAVE.

Although Mr. Moler has some time since surrendered the office of guide to his son, a likely and intelligent lad, thirteen or fourteen years of age, he on this occasion agreed to resume it, in special compliment to the party. His appearance, enveloped in a long, shroud-like gown—originally white, but now stained to a brick-dust red by frequent explorations of his subterranean domain—a slouched hat, and a great key in his hand, seemed likely to dash again the reviving courage of the ladies. But Crayon energetically interfered. “Hush! every one of you. You’ll talk each other into hysterics in five minutes. Forward—march!”

A brisk walk of half a mile, partly along the picturesque banks of the Shenandoah, and partly ascending a steep zig-zag path, brought them to a small wooden building set against a rock in the side of the hill.

The key grated in the lock, and the bolt sprung back with a hollow sound. With what sensations of mysterious awe, with what sinkings of heart, with what

wild gushing fancies their young heads teemed, as they crossed the threshold of that dark doorway, can never be known or written, for few words were spoken, and those only such as were necessary for the preparation. Bonnets were discarded, and their places supplied by handkerchiefs; long skirts were tucked up, and light shawls selected from the contents of the knapsack which had been packed and brought up for the purpose. Meanwhile the guide lit the candles, and gallantly handed to each the tin shade which held the light. Porte Crayon stood in a corner of the room, his scoffing tongue was silent, and perhaps there may have been a shade of sadness on his face—but no one saw it. Twenty years before he had stood upon that same spot. How the retrospect of years will fill the soul with strange, unmeaning regrets, undefined, but deep. “Twenty years, twenty years! I was then a pale-faced, beardless boy, with a fancy fresh and untrammelled as theirs who stand now so serious, irresolute, and tremulous upon the threshold of this world of wonders, looking, indeed, as if they read upon the stone archway the fearful legend of the infernal portals:

“ ‘Voi ch’ entrate lasciate ogni speranza.’ ”

The guide moved on, and our friends followed in single file, Crayon bringing up the rear. Passing through the dark throat of the cavern, a somewhat straitened passage, and down an easy descent for a short distance, they reached a level flooring and more roomy passway. As they advanced it grew still wider, and anon groups of white shadowy figures seemed starting from the palpable darkness. Fanny stopped short, while Minnie and Dora grasped Porte’s arms convulsively, trembling like aspens.

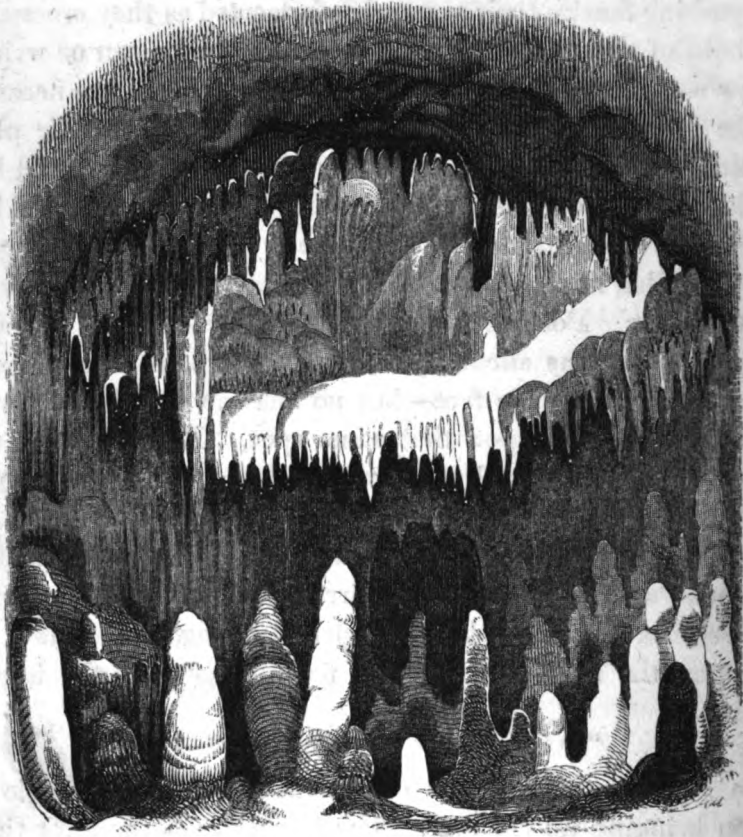
“What are they?”

The guide advanced, and turned his triple light upon the groups.

“This is the Hall of Statuary.”

“How strange! How wild! How wonderful! It reminds me,” said Crayon, “of the galleries of the Vatican by torch-light.”

On a nearer approach, the statues were seen to be but grotesque and shapeless stalagmites, more resembling petrified stumps than any thing else. Above them was a circular opening in the ceiling fifteen feet in diameter, fringed with sparkling stalactites.

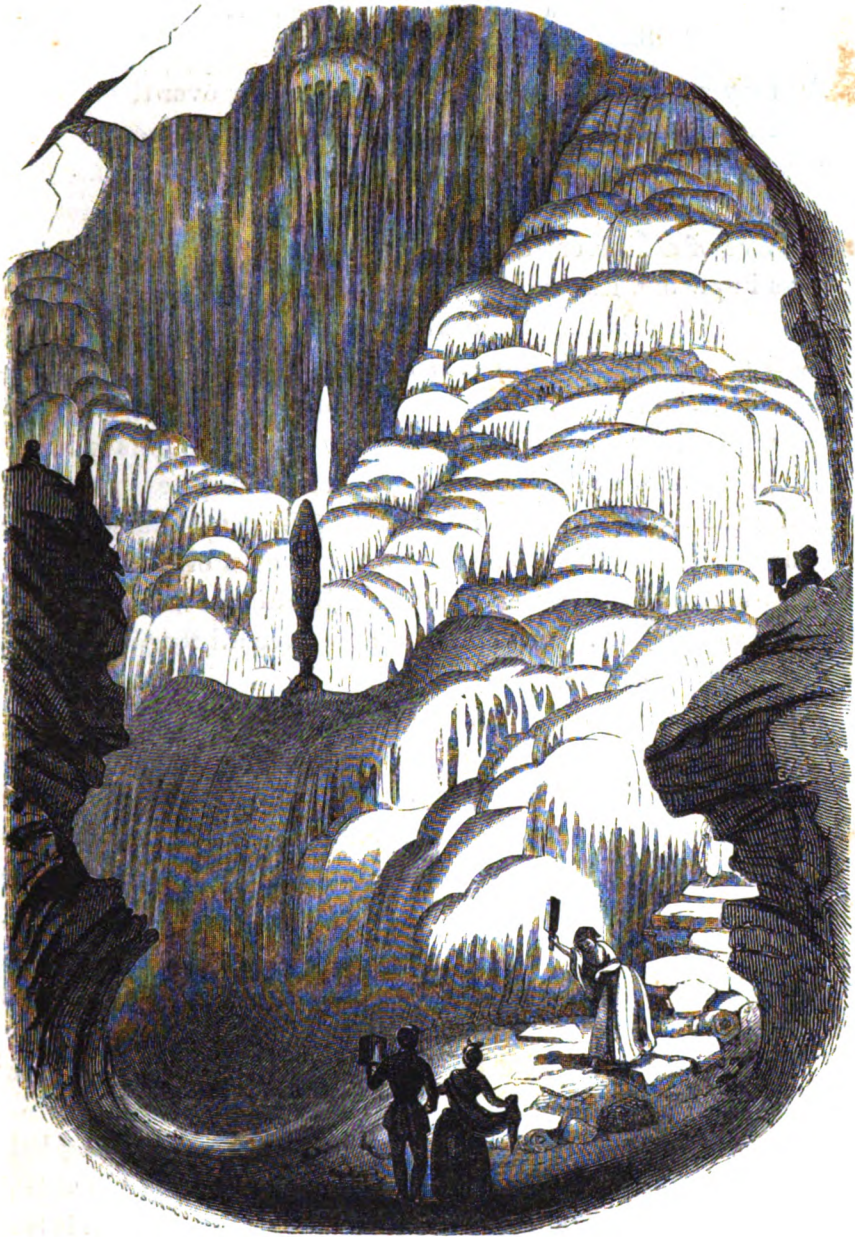


THE HALL OF STATUARY.

Through this opening was seen the interior of a dome, some thirty feet in height, draped and columned gorgeously. On one side was the similitude of an altar, with curtains and candlesticks upon it, and, on the other, it required but a little liveliness of fancy to see a cathedral organ, with its rows of pipes and pendent cornices. The guide withdrew the lights with which the dome had been illuminated, and resumed his march forward through a narrow passage and down a rude flight of some eighteen or twenty steps into a room of considerable extent.

“Now stand here; throw your lights forward, and look up. The Cataract!”

A stream seemed to leap from a great height, pouring its white waters in sheets of foam over a broken ledge of rock, and tumbling down to the feet of the amazed spectators. They held their



THE CATARACT.

breath as if listening to catch the roar of the waterfall, but not a murmur broke the death-like silence.

“The cataract, that like a giant wroth
Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once

By sudden frost, with all his hoary locks
Stood still."

As they gazed, feelings of awe came creeping over them, taking the place of admiration. The whole scene was so unearthly.

"Now you have but to face about upon the ground where you stand to illuminate a scene of an entirely different character, and suggestive of a different class of fancies."

Less imposing, less sublime, but excelling in beauty and splendor, a massive column of sparkling white, rich with complicated grooves and flutings, appeared rising from floor to roof. Around and half in shade were other columns of less striking form and color, supporting the ribbed and fretted ceiling. This glittered far and near with snow-white and sparkling stalactites, now richly fringing the stone roof-ribs, now hanging in dense masses, covering the spaces between. The richest arabesques of a Persian palace, or the regal halls of the far-famed Alhambra, are but poor and mean in comparison. Doubt and terror were all forgotten. The girls were wild with wonder and delight.

"'Tis the work of fairies!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Or the enchanted palace of some magician," said Minnie.

"Oh dear!" said Dora, "they look like beds of silver radishes, all growing through the earth with their roots hanging down."

"And there," said Fanny, "is a round waiter of frosted silver, half filled with beautiful shells."

"And here," said the guide, "is something we must not overlook. What does that look like?" he inquired, directing their attention to an angular nook.

"As I live," exclaimed Fanny, promptly, "there is a great shoulder of mutton hanging on the wall!"

"I perceive," said the guide, pleasantly, "that the young lady knows something of housekeeping. This fine room is called Solomon's Temple, and this corner, for the sake of consistency, is Solomon's Meat House."

"I should have thought," said Porte Crayon, "that the magnificent and all-accomplished Solomon would hardly have committed such a crime against good taste as to hang his meat in such a temple as this."



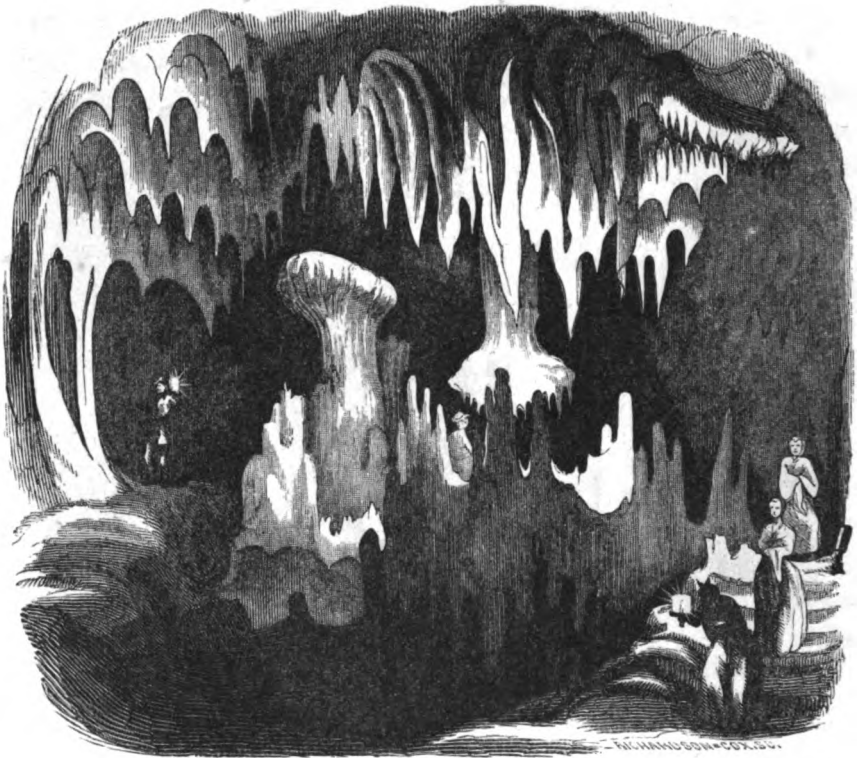
SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

“And yet,” replied the guide, “a greater than Solomon placed it there.”

“True, true. In the midst of her sublimest passages, Nature will sometimes step aside to play the *farceur*.”

Ascending a stairway similar to that by which they entered, and on the opposite side of the Temple, our travelers pursued their marvelous journey, not in profound silence, as at first, for the sentiment that paralyzed their tongues had given place to pleasant confidence and eager curiosity.

Again they call a halt, while the guide nimbly leaps from point to point, illuminating, as he goes, the wonders of the Cathedral. In the centre of this room hangs a mass of spar which bears a fancied resemblance to a chandelier, while beyond it rises the pulpit, an elevated circular desk covered with the most graceful folds of white drapery. On the opposite side is a baldachin, enriched with glittering pendent crystals, and the whole ceiling is hung



THE CATHEDRAL.

with stalactites, dropping in long points and broad wavy sheets, some of a pure white, others of a clay red, bordered with bands of white, or with darker stripes of red and brown. These stone draperies are translucent and sonorous, emitting soft musical tones on being struck; and the heavier sheets which tapestry the side-walls respond to the blows of the hand or foot with notes like deep-toned bells.

With interest and confidence increasing at every step, our adventurers went on; not caring who was before or who behind, they climbed up and down ladders, crept through narrow passages, and looked fearlessly down into the awful pits that yawned beside the way, passing through many apartments which, if found isolated, might have been accounted among the wonders of the world, but here, being secondary in interest and brilliancy, were hastily viewed and left behind. The largest of these is called the Ball-room, from the fact that its hard clay floor, a hundred feet by forty

in extent, served indifferently for dancing, at times when the cave was illuminated and visited by large numbers of persons, as was formerly the custom in the months of August and September. These annual illuminations have been discontinued by the proprietor, because the smoke from so large a number of candles sullied the purity of the sparry incrustations, and visitors not unfrequently, taking advantage of the license which prevailed, would break and carry off whatever of the curious and beautiful they found within their reach.

Another room of smaller size, called the Senate Chamber, is remarkable for a broad gallery projecting midway between the ceiling and the floor, and corniced with stalactites like the icicles that fringe the eaves on a winter's morning. At length they came to a passage so straitened that it required some management and some creeping on all fours to get through. This accomplished, they went down a steep, narrow stairway of fifteen or twenty feet descent. This stairway is called Jacob's Ladder. A square rock, covered with an incrustation resembling a table-cloth, is called Jacob's Tea-table, and an ugly-looking pit near at hand is Jacob's Ice-house. By a peculiar twinkle of Porte Crayon's eye, any one who knew him might perceive that he was about to indulge in some comments on this whimsical collection of property accredited to the Patriarch; but what he intended to say was lost forever to the world by a sudden signal from the guide.

"Hist! be silent for a moment. I hear an unusual noise behind us. There must be some one in the cave besides ourselves. Listen!"

"Yes! yes!" they all heard something, not like voices in conversation, but half stifled grunts and groans. Now it approaches nearer still, accompanied by a sputtering and scratching like the noise of a cat in a cupboard.

"It is coming through the narrow passage. What can it be?"

"Possibly some animal that has taken refuge in the cave, and is following the lights."

"Oh mercy!" twittered Dora; "perhaps a bear!"

At this awful suggestion the girls huddled together like a covey of partridges.

"Stand off!" said Porte Crayon, fiercely, feeling for his knife. "Don't take hold of me."

The knife had been left behind. What was to be done? All kept their eyes intently fixed on the mouth of the narrow passage. Presently a huge hand, holding a dim candle, protruded from the



"LE FANTÔME NOIR."

aperture. A hand without an owner has always been an object of terror since the times of Belshazzar. It was evidently not a bear; and the fears of the party, relieved on the score of a material enemy, began to turn toward the immaterial. They stood speechless and aghast, staring at that awful, superhuman hand. Soon, however, the phiz of Little Mice appeared to claim the prop-

erty, but all ashen with terror and red with mud.

"*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus,*" said Crayon, curtly.

"It will be a 'nasty ridiculous muss," said the guide, "if he should stick fast."

It was for some moments doubtful whether the body could follow the arm and head; but Mice, having marked the lights, and recognized the laughter which greeted his appearance, gave a Titanic heave, as if he would lift the roof off the cave, and broke through, sacrificing his coat, and at the imminent risk of upsetting Jacob's Tea-table.

"Master and Mistis, are you da? ugh—ugh! Oh Lord! dis is a mizzible place!"

The narrow ladder scarcely afforded room for Mice's enormous shoes, and in his haste to join his protectors he was near tumbling over the parapet. "A very narrer lather," said he, half soliloquizing. By this time the group below was shaking with laughter.

"Oh, Mistis," said Mice, devoutly, "now I believes dere is a torment, sence I seen dis place."

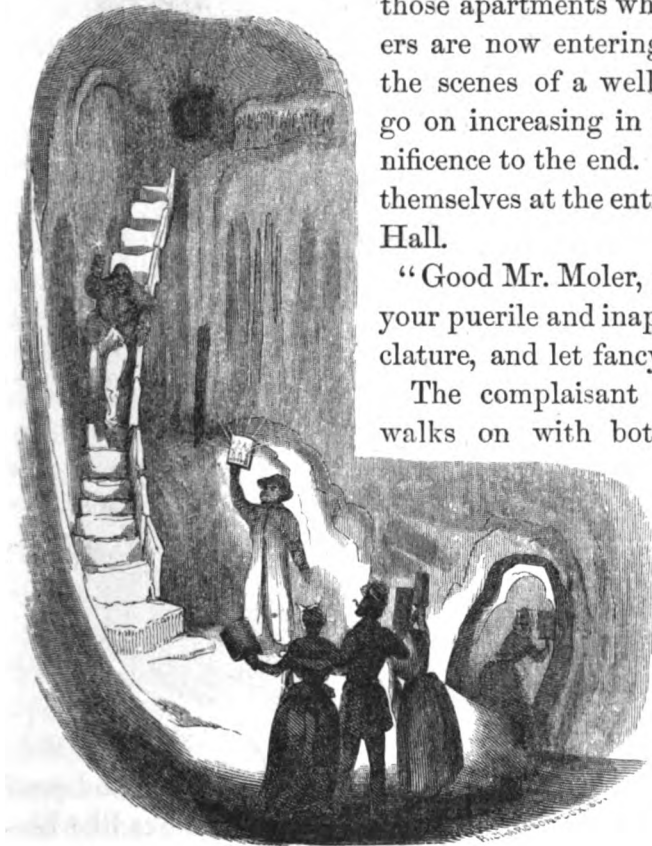
“What, in the name of torment, induced you to venture in here alone, you inconceivable blockhead?”

“Why, Mass’ Porte, you see, I hearn you was all gone in, an’ I thinks any wha’ de young missusses can go I can go too. Den when I come in a piece it git so dark and lonesome I begin to git feard-like. Den I seen sich things standin’ about, and I hearn things like big bells. I think den I gwine right straight down below. Ugh! it was mizzible. I am glad I found you, sure enough.” And, during the rest of the exploration, Mice stuck closer to his master than his sense of respect would have permitted any where on the earth’s surface.

If the first chambers through which they passed excelled in the rich profusion and brilliancy of their ornaments, they are thrown far in the background by the superior grandeur and sublimity of those apartments which our adventurers are now entering, and which, like the scenes of a well-arranged drama, go on increasing in interest and magnificence to the end. Now they group themselves at the entrance of the Great Hall.

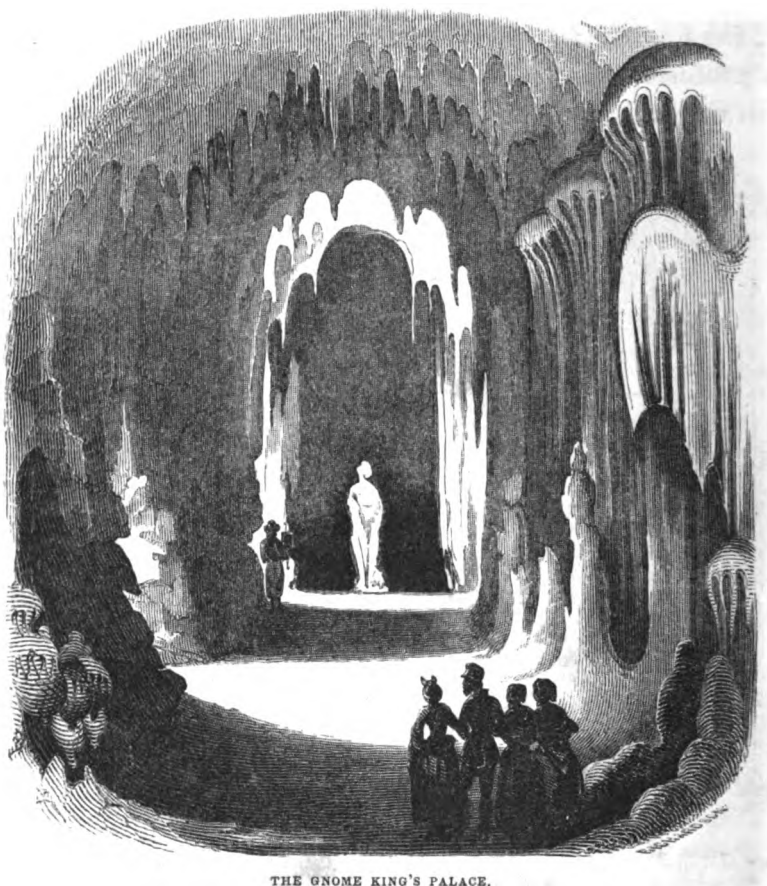
“Good Mr. Moler, permit us to drop your puerile and inappropriate nomenclature, and let fancy run riot.”

The complaisant guide bows, and walks on with both hands full of lights. At every step strange and beautiful objects flash into being. Pillared walls, hung with long, sweeping folds of tapestry; banners flaunting from overhanging galler-



JACOB'S LADDER

ies; canopied niches filled with shadowy sculpture; the groined and vaulted ceiling dimly appearing at a majestic height, and long pendants dropping from out of the thick darkness that the feeble torches can not penetrate. Then the white, startling giant, which imposes so completely on the senses that it is difficult to conceive it was not sculptured by the hand of man, and pedestaled where it stands, precisely in the centre of the Hall. Then the weird towers that rise beyond on either side, so draped and fluted, whose tops are lost in the upper gloom. This must be the Palace of the King of the Gnomes, and the gigantic figure there is his seneschal.



THE GNOME KING'S PALACE.

“Girls, you are not afraid of him? Let us advance and send our compliments to his swart majesty. Now this looks like hospitality. Here is a clear, dripping fountain, and, as I live, a glass tumbler to drink from.”

"I wonder," said Minnie, "if the seneschal put the glass here?"

"It looks like Wheeling glass," said Fanny; "and it is more probable Mr. Moler put it here, I dare say by the seneschal's orders."

"How strange!" said Dora. "On examination, it no longer resembles a statuè, but a great shapeless stalagmite, and it looks more terrible even than at first."

"True," quoth Minnie;

"'Tis like some Bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creation of misguided whim.'"

They pass on by the statue and the towers, but before leaving the Hall turn to observe some candles which had been left burning at the other extremity. The distance appears immense; by actual measurement it is two hundred and sixty feet. Still other rooms, whose ceilings reach the imposing height of ninety or a hundred feet, and this last is the grandest of them all. It is the nave of some vast Gothic cathedral, which has been ingulfed by an earthquake, and lies buried half in ruin.

"It recalls to me," said Minnie, "a Moorish legend: how that in the caverns of Granada ten thousand Moorish knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, were shut up by enchantment, and stand like statues of stone awaiting the hour of their deliverance. Look at them, Porte; do they not resemble Moorish knights, all in linked mail, with their long cloaks and pointed helmets?"

"Bravo, Minnie! well fancied; and there in the distance is the throne, where sits the unhappy Boabdil, stern and solemn, awaiting but the touch of this talisman to step down among us. Here, Minnie, take this seal ring, and go touch his hand!"

"Oh, Porte! put it up. I would not touch one of them for the world. I've fancied until I half believe what we've been talking about."

At the extremity of this long aisle, where the ceiling is ninety feet in height, stands the largest detached mass of concretion to be found in the cave. It is shaped like a tower, an oval thirty by thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty or forty feet in height. Its surface is covered with irregular horizontal ridges and with perpendicular plaits or flutings—a style of enrichment which might be introduced advantageously in some kinds of architecture. On



THE ENCHANTED MOORS.

one side a sheet of drapery falls from the top of the tower nearly to its base, in folds that a sculptor might imitate but could never excel. After wandering for half a mile through these subterranean halls, where Nature has poured out, "with such a full and

unwithdrawing hand," her mingled stores of the beautiful, the fantastic, the awful, the sublime, you seem here to have reached the culminating point of grandeur. Then turn an angle of the rock and advance a few paces, when your lights flash upon the gaping oyster-shell.



THE OYSTER-SHELL.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step," said Porte Crayon. "What an absurd freak!"

Mice examined the premises with such minuteness that one might have supposed he was looking for the oyster. "High!" said he; "it must a took a monstus man to a-swallowed it. But I believes in any thing now, sence I seen dis place."

Here they were informed they had reached the end of the cave; and, having refreshed themselves with water dipped from an alabaster fountain, covered by a transparent pellicle of spar, they resumed their lights, and commenced retracing their steps toward the realms of day.

On their return they deviated from the course by which they had entered, and visited several side rooms, each exhibiting some new phase of beauty, grandeur, or surprise. The Bridal Chamber, on your first entrance, appears but a gloomy vault of naked limestone, until the light, like a magic talisman, reveals one of the most curious and beautiful objects in the cave. It resembles a sheet of white drapery thrown over a gigantic round buckler, and falling in classic folds nearly to the ground. Some ingenious person has fancied that it looked like a bride's veil hanging over a monstrous Spanish comb, and hence the name of the room.

Porte Crayon and his companions were dissatisfied with the name, and desired the proprietor to change it.

"With pleasure," said he. "Suggest an appropriate one, and the room shall be rebaptized upon the spot."

Having puzzled their brains for some time to no purpose, the



THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

critics acknowledged themselves in a predicament. They gave it up. It was determined, however, that Crayon should take a drawing of it, and give the world an opportunity of taking the matter under advisement.

Near this is the Music Room, the interior of which is nearly filled with broad sheets of incrustation falling from the ceiling to the floor, between which one might walk as through the mazes of a labyrinth. These sheets, like others which they had seen, were translucent and highly sonorous. When lights were placed behind them they glowed like candent metal, and at every blow gave out deep, rolling notes, which filled the cave like the peal of a church organ. On singing with this accompaniment, the effect was singularly pleasing, the voice being broken into tremulous quavers by the overpowering vibrations.

On their return by the way of the Great Hall, it was proposed to put out the lights, that they might enjoy the poetry of darkness and silence for a while. The guide stationed himself at a distance, the girls formed a group around Crayon, and Mice seated himself near enough to touch Porte's boot with his hand, which he assured himself of by actual experiment before the lights were doused.

"Now, girls, endeavor to hold your tongues, and be inspired with solemn awe."

A nod of acquiescence was the answer.

"Out with the lights!" And in a moment all was dark. Porte felt his arms simultaneously pinched by three little hands, and at the same time a huge grasp took him by the boot-leg. The silence was only broken by the suppressed breathing of the company, distinctly audible, and the not unmusical tinkling of water dropping far and near, ringing in the darkness like fairy bells. The attempt at silence soon became oppressive to the ladies, and Minnie, in a stage-whisper, began to express her disappointment in regard to the darkness.

"Dat's a fac'," said Mice. "I 'spected to a seed it good deal darker."

"I can see more now," said Dora, "than I could when the candles were lighted."

True enough; pillared aisle, swath roof-rib, and candent column floated before their vision, distinct, but changing as a dream.

"It is owing to some excited condition of the optic nerves," said Porte, "which I will explain more thoroughly when we get out. Meanwhile, as the performance does not seem to give satisfaction, and we can neither hear silence nor see darkness, as we expected, let us light up and proceed."

As they revisited the different points of interest on their return, there was a general disposition shown to linger and look again, as if the curious appetite was unsatiated still, and the faculty of wonder still untired. They slowly traveled on, however, and at length observed a soft, greenish tint upon the floor and walls of the cave, which had the appearance of paint or delicate moss. This coloring gradually grew greener and brighter until they found

themselves re-entering the wooden vestibule, through the openings of which the bright, blasting light of midday streamed. So strong was the contrast that it required some minutes of preparation before it was agreeable to venture out. On referring to the watches, it was ascertained that their visit had lasted nearly four hours, and yet no one had felt the slightest symptom of fatigue, physical or mental.

But the sight of the familiar things of earth soon reminded them that it was dinner-time, and they cheerily retrod the path to the hotel.

After dinner Porte Crayon took his sketch-book and pencils, and, with the proprietor's son for his guide, returned to the cave; and it is to his persevering labors during that and the three succeeding days that we are indebted for the accurate illustrations which give point and interest to what would otherwise be but a loose and unfinished description of "Nature's great master-piece."

Indeed, but for the sketches, the disheartening task of description would probably not have been undertaken, for how can mere words portray scenes which have no parallel among the things of upper earth? How can the same conventional forms of speech which have been used a thousand thousand times to describe mountains, rivers, waterfalls, buildings, thunder-clouds, sunset, and so on, to the end of the catalogue, be combined with sufficient skill and refinement to delineate subjects and sentiments so new and incomparable? Language fails frequently in conveying correct impressions of the most commonplace objects, and in the hands of its most skillful masters is sometimes weak, uncertain, false. Combine it with the graphic art, and how the page brightens! Well have our fathers called it the art of Illumination. Most books without illustrations are but half written; and with the increased and increasing facilities of art, the reading public will soon begin to demand it as their due, and pass by with disdain the incomplete narrative which is given only in words. This must and will become, *par excellence*, the age of Illustrated Literature.

The details of Porte Crayon's experiences in subterranean sketching are not without interest. On going into the cave, generally after an early breakfast, he took some one with him to as-

sist in carrying in candles, and in illuminating the different apartments. This accomplished, he sent his companion out, and had the cavern to himself, with his thoughts for company.

“I had visited the place,” said he, “when a mere boy, and supposed the keenness of my appreciation of its wonders would have been blunted by that circumstance, as well as by the years of travel and adventure that have followed. I was gratified to find I was mistaken. It seemed, rather, that time and cultivation had mellowed the sensibilities and increased the power of vision. Nor did familiarity with its details diminish my astonishment; on the contrary, at each visit wonder seemed to grow upon me. So different from what we are accustomed to see, so infinite in its variety, every flash of light developing some new field wherein the imagination might revel, every change of position suggesting some new theme for the fancy to seize upon. Had there been a concealed spectator near when I was endeavoring to choose a point from which to make a sketch, he must have been highly amused at my ludicrous indecision. I arranged my candles and rearranged them. I ran up and down. I could not choose, and was forced frequently to laugh aloud at my own absurdity. I lay flat on the soft clay floor, with my sketch-book before me. I perched myself on the round head of some giant stalagmite. I climbed up the walls, and squeezed myself into damp niches. More miserable than the ass, I had a hundred bundles of hay to choose from, and the regret at what I missed seemed to overbalance the satisfaction I felt in the sketches actually made. Not unfrequently I forgot my drawing entirely, and would sit looking with all the intensity of eyes and soul, as if endeavoring to comprehend more fully the wonderful creations by which I was surrounded. Canst thou read, O philosopher, what is written on these eternal tablets? The percolation of water through limestone strata for ten thousand years—and nothing more?”

“The last sketch I made,” continued Crayon, “is a most singular one. In arranging the lights to show the huge mass called the Magic Tower to the greatest advantage, I observed two gigantic figures standing in deep shade, but strongly relieved against the illuminated wall. They stood so statue-like, and so complete



THE MAGIC TOWER.

was the illusion, that I felt some hesitation in representing them, fearing that I might be suspected of condescending to an artistic trick. Although wonderful stories are often prefaced in the same manner, it rarely happens that any opportunity of telling them is neglected, notwithstanding the risk incurred in the reputation of

the teller. So here go the statues, at all hazards. While I was at work upon them, two boys entered with a pot of hot coffee, which had been sent to me by arrangement. Both started with surprise, and remarked on the giants, as they called them. By my pocket thermometer I ascertained the temperature of the cave to be about $53\frac{1}{2}$ degrees Fahrenheit, and, although I sometimes remained in it from eight to ten hours at a time, I never felt the slightest discomfort from the darkness or any other cause. One morning, having risen before daylight, I went to work at a point not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet from the entrance. Here I suffered greatly from the cold, as the external air was at that time in the morning very frosty, and I was near enough to feel its influence."

The length of the cave in a straight line is about sixteen hundred feet, but the aggregate of all its branches and windings is near three thousand. It is said to have been discovered in 1804 by one Bernard Weyer, a hunter, while in search of some lost traps. Crayon, however, tells us he was credibly informed that Weyer was not the actual discoverer, but some one else whose name he unfortunately forgets. It makes no difference. Not all the historians nor indignant poets who have written, or will write, can ever restore to Columbus the lost honor of naming the New World; and Weyer's Cave will be called Weyer's Cave till the end of time, in spite of any right or knowledge to the contrary.

During the period of Mr. Crayon's entombment the ladies began to grow restless, and seemed likely to fall a prey to ennui. As often as he returned to the hotel, he promised a speedy termination of his labors; and as often as he re-entered the cave, he forgot them and all the rest of the superficial world. One evening he was surprised and gratified to find them in a state of high good-humor; and, in answer to his apologies for detaining them so much longer than he had promised, he was assured that they would cheerfully remain a day or two longer if he wished it; they could amuse themselves very well, and were in no hurry to get to Staunton.

"And now, Cousin Porte," lisped Minnie, "we want your judgment on a question of taste."

Porte Crayon, charmed by their complaisance, and flattered by the appeal, signified his readiness to sit in judgment.

“While you were in the cave,” continued Minnie, “we were perishing with ennui and for something to do. We ordered the carriage and drove to Port Republic, where we made some purchases, and we want you to decide which is prettiest;” and thereupon each of the young ladies drew from her work-basket a wax doll, and held it up for Porte’s inspection, producing, at the same time, sundry bits of gay-colored calico and cotton lace. “Mine,” said Minnie, with great animation, “is to be dressed in red, and Dora’s in green, and Fanny’s is to have a black velvet polka!”

“And so,” said Porte Crayon, recovering his utterance, “you’ve deliberately gone back to playing with doll-babies!”

“Why Porte! How absurd! These are not for ourselves; they are intended as presents for the children at home. You certainly do not suppose that we could be amused with dolls?”

“Certainly not,” replied Porte. “I beg your pardon. I was frightened. Indeed, I am glad it is explained. But you were so earnest and so gleeful.”

“Well, and have you not often told us that the secret of happiness was in always having something to do, and in doing that something with zeal and cheerfulness?”

Mr. Crayon was mollified at hearing himself quoted. “Every thing that I say is not thrown away,” thought he; “some of it sticks.”

“And now, Porte, that’s a good cousin, sit down, and tell us something more about the cave while we carry on our sewing.”

Crayon drew up his chair complacently. “This, young ladies, is a favorable occasion to explain to you my theory in regard to the optical delusions in the cave when the lights were put out. The optic nerves—” “I say, Fanny, hand me the scissors.” “Are you listening?” said Crayon. “Certainly; you said *nerves*.” “The reason why, upon the first extinguishment of the lights, the intensity of the darkness is not appreciated, is—” “Now, Minnie, would you advise me to trim this skirt with white or black?” “Are you listening to me?” inquired Crayon, with some heat of manner. “To be sure we are, and very much interested; you

said is." "The reason, then, of this phenomenon is, that the optic nerves—" "Oh! Dora, don't for the world cut that *bias*; you'll waste the green calico!" "Now, seriously, young ladies," said Crayon, reddening, "I am endeavoring to give you some scientific information which may be highly useful, and will be at least ornamental, if perchance in society this subject should be introduced—" "How elegant! oh! oh!" exclaimed Minnie; "it will be charming. It will be too sweet in this red dress. Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle," sung she, dancing the doll over the work-table in an ecstasy of delight. "May the deuce take them all!" said Porte Crayon, rising indignantly, and stalking out of the room. "Such is the fate of all who, in the simplicity of their hearts, volunteer to benefit or instruct the world!"

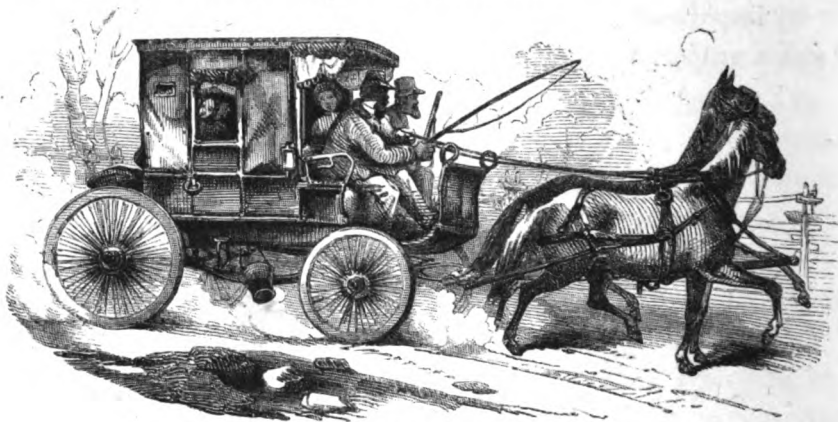
Presently he burst into a good-humored laugh. "After all, didn't Chief-justice Marshall play marbles after presiding in the Supreme Court—ay, and enjoy the game, too, as much as any of the boys?"

Crayon put his head in at the open door. "Girls, I ask pardon for my impatient exclamation just now. Amuse yourselves while I seek a subject for another sketch."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIONS OF STAUNTON.

ONCE more upon the road! The horses, seemingly tired of inglorious ease and golden oats, trotted along at a jolly pace, expressing their satisfaction in alternate snorts; the coachman flourished his whip with such hearty good-will that the fuzz flew at every crack; the girls chattered and sang in a manner betokening the highest exhilaration. Porte Crayon alone sat pensive and abstracted. His voice mingled not in the gleeful chorus; and to Mice's frequent exclamations, "Mass' Porte! da's a squirrel; Mass' Porte! da's a crow," he paid no attention.



EN ROUTE.

Presently a light hand tapped him on the shoulder. "Cousin, are you asleep? or what has befallen you?"

"I am not asleep, Cousin Dora, and the cause of my hidden grief can never be made manifest. I fear it is beyond the comprehension of you girls."

"Indeed!" cried they, indignantly; "what unparalleled assumption! as if any secret was beyond our comprehension."

"Pish!" said Fanny, "I would not give a brass thimble to hear one of Porte's secrets. I suppose he has lost a favorite lead-pencil, or something of equal importance." And, so saying, she looked out of the carriage window with as much *nonchalance* as she could assume.

"I always did despise secrets," said Dora. "I never read one of those mysterious novels but I turned over the leaves to find out the secret before the characters in the book knew it."

"But, Cousin Porte," said Minnie, with her most winning smile, "it seems to me that, when persons are traveling together, all the joys and sorrows of the trip should be common property, and that it is selfish, or at least ungenerous, for any one to appropriate exclusively either the one or the other."

"So pretty a speech, cousin, deserves a better return than I shall be able to make; for, in truth, like Canning's poor Knifegrinder, I have no secret to tell. Indeed, if I had not been taken off my guard, I should have been tempted to invent one to satisfy you."

"Now," said Minnie, "I suspect you are wishing yourself back in the cave."

"That was a shrewd guess, Miss Minnie, and very near the truth; for I have been ill satisfied with my success in subterranean sketching, and would fain have had a few more trials. But it is just as well as it is, probably, for if I had remained a month, I do not know that I should have succeeded better. When I compare the soul-filling grandeur of the originals with these bits of scratched and smutted paper which I have taken so much pains to elaborate, I begin to feel a sort of contempt for my art."

"Why, brother!" exclaimed Fanny, with warmth, "the drawings are beautiful. We all recognized them. Mr. Moler recognized them. Any one who has seen the cave would recognize them at first sight."

"But, Cousin Porte, you draw portraits so well," said Dora, encouragingly. "I would much rather excel in likenesses than to have a talent for caves."

"Ah! pretty cousin, I failed more ingloriously in sketching you the other day than I have done in the cave."

“Mass’ Porte picters off a hoss ’mazin good, anyhow; he tuck dis sorrel so pat, I think I see him switchin’ he’s tail.”

“Truly,” said Crayon, with an air of satisfaction, “a little well-timed self-depreciation has brought me abundance of sympathy and consolation. I feel quite refreshed.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” said Minnie; “and truly glad, on your account, that we have got away from the cave. I began to be apprehensive lest you might share the fate of a mocking-bird I once heard of.”

“What was that? Tell us about the mocking-bird.”

“Well,” said Minnie, “an acquaintance of mine in the lower country had a mocking-bird whose powers of song and mimicking were marvelous, even among the talented race to which he belonged. From his cage, that hung in an upper window, he heard and reproduced, with variations and improvements, the notes of all the feathered tribe, from the chattering of the wren that built her nest beneath the window-sill, to the cooing of the dove that haunted the locust grove. He had even been known to make recognizable attempts at imitating the gobble of a famous turkey-cock that strutted about the yard, and it was universally conceded he could do every thing but talk. One unlucky day a smart-looking negro rode up to the house, bearing a note from his mistress to the mocking-bird’s mistress. As he tarried at the door for an answer, to pass time he commenced whistling. Now it seems the boy was also a genius in his way. He whistled like a flageolet, and, at all the dancing-parties, Christmas revels, or huskings, he was the acknowledged leader of the orchestra—fiddle, bones, and tambourine all playing second to his magnificent whistle. At the first notes which struck his ear the bird’s eye sparkled; he raised himself upon his perch, and thus continued spellbound until the strain ceased. His mission finished, the lackey went his way whistling. Then the mocking-bird set himself firmly on his legs, and swelling his throat, began a warble. It was a failure. Again he strove, and again stopped, disgusted and dejected. A third time he gathered up his strength, and poured forth a super-avine trill. He ceased; the white film closed over his eye, and with a shivering flutter of his wings he fell from his perch—dead!”

“Ugh!” said Mice, giving vent to his pent-up feelings, “he bu’st he’s heart a-tryin’.”

“Poor thing!” said Fanny. “I know how he felt; I heard Jenny Lind once. It was not envy, nor jealousy, nor self-depreciation; but it seemed as if those undefined longings of the soul, those dreams of happiness and perfection, were for a moment about to be realized; then the delusion passes away, and for a while after common life appears intolerable.”

“How eloquent she is!” muttered Crayon. “There the genius of song got entirely the upper hand of the practical housekeeper.”

“Porte, get out with your nonsense!”

“And,” continued Minnie, “suppose that Porte, overcome by his high-wrought feelings, had perished in the cave, and become a great stalagmite, like—like—who?”

“Niobe, incrustated all over with carbonate of soda—”

“Of lime,” interrupted Crayon.

“Or, like Lot’s wife, a pillar of chloride of something or other.”

“A pillar of salt,” suggested Dora.

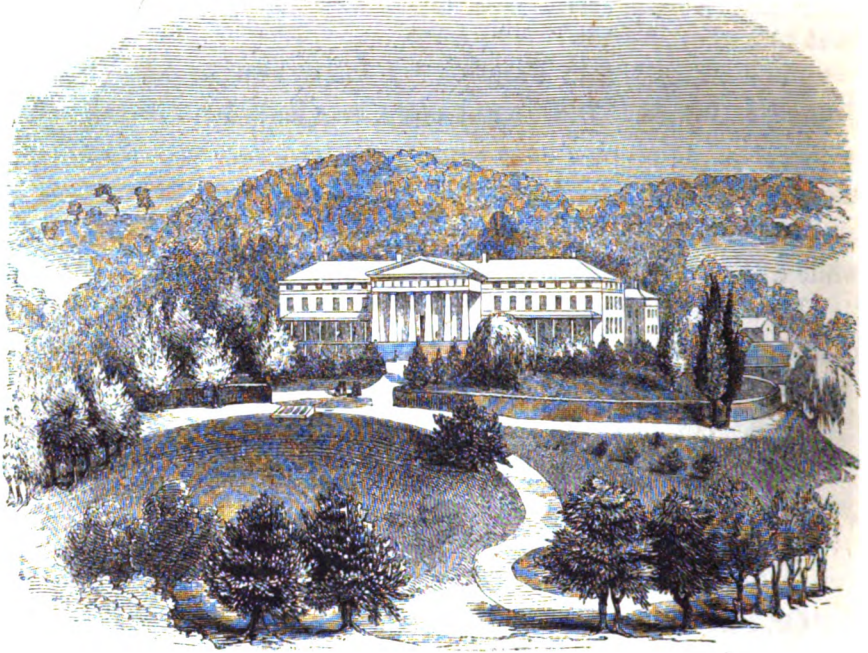
“True enough; so it was. There goes the chemistry!” cried Crayon. “The laboratory will be blown up directly.”

“And, as Porte tells us,” cried Minnie, “the stalagmite would grow, and grow, and grow, until it reached the roof of the cave, and resemble a tower, which the proprietor, with his usual aptitude in naming, would undoubtedly call the Tower of Genius, and which would be admired and wondered at through all time.”

“And if such a thing had happened,” quoth Crayon, “you, dear cousin, would have wasted away like Echo, until there was nothing left but the tip of your tongue, which, like the soul, I firmly believe, is destined to be everlasting. And, by the grace of fortune! there’s Staunton.”

“Where? Let us see!” cried they all at once.

The approach to the town of Staunton, by the road from Weyer’s Cave, is quite imposing, especially if the view and its surroundings happen to be lighted by a brilliant autumn sunset, as in this instance. On the right, the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb stands out in bold relief from its background of rich foliage, its Doric portico being one of the best specimens of architecture to



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

be seen in Virginia. On the left are the extensive and commodious buildings for the Insane; and on the surrounding hills a number of pretty edifices—academies, seminaries, and private residences—exhibiting far more architectural taste than is usually found in the smaller Virginian towns.

As the authorities had not been informed of the approach of our travelers, there was no public demonstration on their entrance into the town. But, in recompense, there was a considerable amount of staring on private account, especially among the colored population. And they flattered themselves, as they descended from their carriage at the door of the principal hotel—Crayon in his hunting costume, and each of the girls with a book in her hand—that there was an unusual commotion among the loungers. The idea of making an impression was not altogether ungrateful to our friends, as they well knew that Staunton was renowned all over the State for its cultivated society.

“Hark ye, girls,” said Porte Crayon, making an emphatic gesture with his finger, “no doll babies here!”



RECEPTION IN STAUNTON.

“Certainly not,” replied they, in chorus.

“The idea of carrying the books,” pursued he, “is a good one. In connection with my sketching, it gives a superior air to the party, suggestive of the literary tourist, or something of that sort. While I don’t admire pretension in any thing, there is a certain modest, yet dignified manner of suggesting, rather than asserting one’s claims, that goes far among strangers.”

At this discourse Dora appeared really alarmed. “Mercy on us! I hope no one will take me for a literary body. I’m confused at the bare idea. I sha’n’t know what to say. I shall be afraid to open my mouth.”

“Bless your innocent eyes, Cousin Dimple, don’t be alarmed. No one would ever suspect you for a moment. But prattle away in your usual amiable and artless manner, and, believe me, you will be none the less admired.”

Here Crayon scrutinized his wards, and then cast an oblique glance at his own figure in the parlor glass. “I don’t think,” said he, “that a person of ordinary knowledge of the world would be apt to take any of us for literary characters. But we must endeavor to keep up appearances, at any rate.”

On the following morning an untoward event occurred which gave great vexation to our friends, and showed that, however plausible Crayon's observations might appear, yet, upon the whole, those are least liable to mortification or misconstruction who live and travel without any pretension whatsoever.

On sallying forth after breakfast to see the town, the girls in full costume, each with a magazine, and Porte Crayon with his sketch-book, they marched up street in high good-humor. On turning into the principal street, they saw an object that brought them to a halt. This was no other than that marplot scoundrel, Mice, dressed in his holiday suit, with a ruffled shirt of red calico,



THE LITERARY VALET.

a June-bug breast-pin, a brass-headed cane, like the club of Hercules, and, to crown all, a number of "Harper" under his arm. As he swaggered along at a leisurely pace, his face beaming with exalted complacency, he was an object of general attention. Occasionally he paused to address a condescending question to some "common nigger," to salute some turbaned damsel of his own race at an opposite window, or to cast a look of ineffable satisfaction at his goodly shadow, which entirely overspread the narrow sidewalk.

Crayon is a philosopher (one of a multitudinous and lofty school), who looks on the varying events of life with admirable calmness and equanimity when every thing goes to please him, but who, when disappointed or thwarted, behaves very much like common people; for, as Crayon sagely remarks, "It is not well for any individual to be entirely cut off from human feelings and sympathies." On this occasion, had his coach-

man been within reach, he would undoubtedly have caned him. As it was, his perception of the ridiculous got the better of his wrath; and venting his feelings in a jumbled paragraph (which he afterward told the girls was a quotation from *Furius Bibaculus*, the Roman satirist), he turned about and hastened back to the hotel.

"Waiter," said Mr. Crayon, "go into the next street, and when you see a big, foolish-looking negro parading about with a book under his arm, tell him to come down and get out my carriage, as we wish to take a drive."

"Yes, sir," replied the grinning waiter. "I know him."

As the streets were very dusty during the remainder of their sojourn in Staunton, our friends generally went out in their carriage.

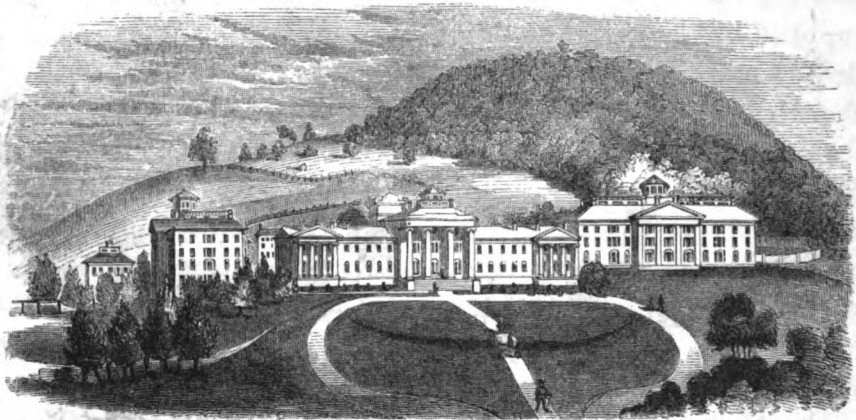
They were highly gratified by a visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, a near approach to which did not disappoint the expectations excited by the distant view. The grounds are already improved with great taste, and, from their peculiarly fortunate location, are susceptible of improvement to an almost unlimited extent. The buildings are extensive, well arranged, and imposing. Our friends took great interest in the exercises of the different classes of deaf mutes, and saw with wonder and delight how the missing faculties seemed, in some cases, to be more than supplied by the ingenious and skillful cultivation of the remainder. An air of cheerfulness and home-like contentment pervaded the whole establishment, and it is not a matter of surprise that the pupils generally leave their *Alma Mater* with reluctance. While there they are unconscious of misfortune, surrounded by companions and guardians with whom their intercourse is free and unrestrained, and carried on in a language as graceful and expressive as the most cultivated forms of speech. A part of the establishment is devoted to the Blind, a considerable number of whom are at present under instruction.

On the return of our party, the conversation naturally turned upon what they had seen. Minnie May observed that if she had the choice of misfortunes, she would prefer being blind; "Because," said she, "I am naturally fond of talking, and one's friends

would read aloud all the new works, and Cousin Fanny would sing for me; and besides, there is a touching interest which attaches itself to the blind, which does not belong at all to the deaf mute. A woman, after all, is a helpless, dependent creature; and this misfortune, in rendering her more so, increases in a still greater degree her claims to attention and protection." Fanny agreed to some extent to the foregoing, remarking that the cultivation of music, and the increased susceptibility to its charms, might compensate in some degree for the loss of sight. She appreciated the pleasure of conversation, the fireside in winter, and the veranda in summer, but she was by no means prepared to admit that women were such helpless or dependent creatures. Moreover, she thought a deaf and dumb lady could keep house quite as advantageously as one that had the use of her tongue, and that, upon an average, the servants got along as well without scolding as with it. Dora yawned, and said, for her part, she would be very well contented to remain as she was, but she did think she would like to have little feet, like a Chinese lady.

"Mice," said Crayon, abruptly, "don't you wish you were white?"

"Bless your soul, Mass' Porte, I'se better as I is. I'se a pretty good nigger, but I ain't got sense enough to be white."



HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

The Hospital for the Insane consists of a double range of brick buildings, extensive, elegant, and handsomely located, although its

position is not so commanding as that of the Asylum, nor are the grounds about it in so forward a state of improvement. This work, however, is in progress, and will be carried out in a style commensurate with the extent and importance of the institution.

Of the visit of our friends to the interior of the establishment they have never said much. They of course saw the public rooms, the cooking apparatus, and the chapel for the use of the patients, which is furnished with a fine organ, all of which are entirely unexceptionable. Porte Crayon, however, was a good deal vexed with his wards for their persevering curiosity in wishing to see the unfortunate inmates of the Hospital. Having used moral suasion to no purpose, he privately bribed their conductor to tell them that the patients were not permitted to see or to be seen of strangers.

Having thus disposed of the lions of Staunton, our travelers resumed their journey, and, leaving the general direction of their route, took the road to the northwest, toward the Chimneys, some sixteen miles distant. Several miles on their way they passed a man engaged in a controversy with a mule. As the presence of witnesses generally serves to aggravate a quarrel, so, upon the approach of the carriage, both mule and man became more violent in their demonstrations. As well as could be ascertained from their actions, the man wanted to go to Staunton, and the mule seemed willing to go any where else, even preferring the alternative of going backward over a bank ten feet high rather than yield his point. The quarrel growing out of this diversity of opinion or of interest seemed likely to last some time, as the mule was a stout, healthy animal, and the rider a sinewy, long-legged, sun-burned farmer, with a choleric and determined expression of face. The ladies united in desiring Porte Crayon to stop the carriage, that they might see the result of the dispute. This, however, he peremptorily refused to do, alleging as a reason that there was no calculating the time they might lose in waiting, and, besides, that politeness forbade them to be impertinent witnesses of the misfortunes of their neighbors. "Moreover," said he, "judging from the condition of things when we passed, you would most proba-

bly overhear, before long, a number of indelicate and profane expressions, improper for female ears."

But Minnie was unwilling to give up the point, and insisted that the poor man might get hurt, and that it would at least be civil to stop and send Mice to his assistance.

"By no means, cousin. I can appreciate your kind motive, but the man in question probably would not—certainly not in his present state of mind. Sympathy, in a case like this, only serves to increase the evil. I know something of these things by personal experience," said Crayon, with a wise wag of his head.

Anon he leaned out from his seat, and looked back with great interest.

"What's the matter? Can you see him yet?" exclaimed the girls, looking through the peep-holes in the back of the carriage.



THE CONTROVERSY.

There, indeed, they caught the last glimpse of the unhappy couple, in the same spot where they had first seen them; the mule seated in the middle of the road on his ultimatum, and the rider, burning with rage and grief, standing astride of him, holding on by one ear, and pummeling him lustily with his disengaged fist.

"Well, Cousin Porte, as politeness forbids us to laugh at the unlucky countryman, suppose you amuse us by the recital of some of your adventures—the experiences in mule-driving, for example, which you hinted at just now."

"Welladay, girls! it has been fifteen years or more since I rode one of them, and, to tell the truth, I have never cared to repeat the experiment. On that well-remembered occasion I was one of a riding-party, consisting of some eight or ten young people of both sexes, bound for a picnic on top of the North Mountain. When the party assembled at the rendezvous, I appeared mounted on a mule. The girls giggled, as a matter of course, and the

men criticised my perverse eccentricity, as they called it. I, however, defended my *monture* with great vehemence. The ancient kings of Israel rode mules; knights and ladies in the chivalrous ages ambled on mule-back; the great Mohammed rode one; and why should not Porte Crayon bestride the likeness of Alborac? As the little animal trotted along with great sprightliness, I began to get credit for some judgment in my selection, and one youngster, who was mounted on a bone-setter, begged me to exchange with him. This offer, in the pride of my heart, I refused disdainfully. On fording the Tuscarora at the Old Church, we reined up to water our beasts. Alborac junior drank deep of the limpid wave, and, when he had finished, suddenly roached his back, and pitched me plump over his head into the midst of a flock of geese. I remember perfectly well how I felt when I rose out of the water. There was the cursed beast sipping away with the most cheerful and unconcerned expression of countenance, and making no attempt whatever to run away.



A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS.

“I hastily swallowed a large gulp of fury and water, and mounted the animal again, endeavoring, at the same time, to appear as little incommoded as was possible under the circumstances. ‘Ha, ha! ha, ha!’ said I, forcing a hearty laugh, ‘I got a little ducking!’ There was no response, but such faces as I could catch a glimpse of appeared all purple with constraint. ‘He! he! he!’ I

snickered again, ‘I got a funny fall.’ No one replied. ‘What the — prevents you from laughing?’ cried I, in a fury. ‘Nobody’s killed!’ A chorus of shouts and shrieks followed, long, loud, and unrestrained. I wouldn’t have minded it, but Cousin Julia was there, and that infernal fellow Frank Williams. Cous-

in Julia could scarcely keep her saddle for laughing; in fact, she laughed all the way to the North Mountain. Every silly, pointless speech furnished occasion for such extravagant and disproportioned merriment, that it was impossible not to perceive what was at the bottom of it. I had at least the satisfaction of perceiving that Frank was as much annoyed with it as I. The creature was in love to that degree that he could neither laugh himself nor endure to see Julia laugh. By the way, I can't imagine a more disgusting condition for any one to be in. They can't appreciate fun in any way, and are totally unfit for general society.

"When we got to the top of the mountain, and were riding along its wooded crest in search of the spot for the view and the picnic, Williams rode beside me. 'Crayon,' said he, 'I am heartily sorry for your misfortune.'

"I replied, tartly, that I was not aware of having met with any serious misfortune, or of standing in need of any one's sympathy, and especially of his. Frank reddened, and, without more words, rejoined my cousin. They exchanged a few sentences in an undertone, and presently she whipped up her horse and joined me. 'Porte, my dear cousin, you seem to be hurt. Frank—that is, Mr. Williams—did not intend to wound your feelings, and, indeed, I am extremely sorry—' 'Cousin Julia, stop this stuff. It's bad enough to be thrown by a mule, ducked, and laughed at for an hour and a half without intermission; but to be insulted in this manner, I won't put up with it. As for your Mr. Williams, he shall hear more from me.' And, to cut short the conversation and relieve my excited feelings, I gave my beast two or three sharp whacks across the rump. One would have been enough. He bolted like a shot, and, when I found myself, I was hanging to the limb of a scrub oak, unhorsed, and the breath nearly knocked out of my body. I was so bewildered by this '*hey, presto!*' movement, that, although I hung only a few feet from the ground, I had not sense enough to get down myself, but was lifted down and set against a tree by one of the party.

"Like the man of Islington's second leap into the quickset hedge, this second mishap, aided by an apologetic glass of toddy brewed by Cousin Julia, entirely restored me to my good-humor,

and, by the time the cloth was spread, I felt as well, soul and body, as I did before I ever mounted the accursed mule.

“‘Williams, a word with you.’ Frank approached me rather stiffly. We walked toward a laurel thicket a short distance off. I observed Cousin Julia’s eyes following us uneasily. ‘Frank Williams, I have had an unlucky day of it—I have been ducked, laughed at, and, finally, hung on the limb of a scrub oak like a scarecrow. I have borne the laugh with reasonable fortitude; but politeness and sympathy, under such circumstances, are beyond



REMINISCENCE NUMBER TWO.

human endurance. Let me apologize—’ ‘No,’ said Frank, ‘I must apologize—’ ‘I was ill-tempered,’ I insisted. ‘I was a fool,’ said he; and we both laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks.

“By this time Cousin Julia had joined us. ‘What are you two laughing at?’ inquired she, with evident surprise and pleasure. ‘Only some funny explanations we’ve been making,’ I replied. ‘Then, sir, you owe me an explanation for your uncivil haste in riding off when I was talking to you;’ and, as she made this allusion, she bit her lips, convulsively striving to avert an approaching paroxysm. ‘Indeed, Miss Julia, I shall make no explanation whatever to you; you have diverted yourself sufficiently at me and my misfortunes to-day to clear all scores, and leave me still your creditor for a considerable amount; but Frank—oh no, I mean Mr. Williams—is dying to make some explanations to you.’ ‘What do you mean, *Porte*?’ said she, suddenly forgetting her merriment, and blushing scarlet. ‘Oh! nothing at all,’ I replied, hastening to rejoin the company, and chuckling at my wicked device for stopping Cousin Julia’s mirth.”

"Well, what became of them?" asked Minnie, with interest.

"Pshaw! They walked off somewhere, and didn't return until we had eaten up all the dinner. Some of the girls were considerate enough to save them a few sandwiches and a piece of pickle; but they didn't want any thing to eat. Frank, on being rallied about his loss of appetite, did take a sandwich; but, after nibbling a mouthful or two, he quietly slipped the remainder to a pointer dog. However, he did not refuse a thumping swig of toddy; and then, seizing my arm, dragged me off to take a walk with him, and made me the custodier of such a string of mawkish confidences that I returned with the deliberate intention of making him drunk.

"As soon as my cousin laid eyes on us she divined my intentions, and gave me such a look! What an expressive eye Cousin Julia had! Language was really of no use to her, her eyes spoke so handsomely and eloquently; every glance was a paragraph. That look entirely unnerved me; it read thus: 'Dear Cousin Porte, can you be so ungenerous as to take advantage of poor Frank's soft condition? You know, when a young gentleman has just been accepted, he is open to any folly or extravagance that may be suggested. Don't do it, for my sake; don't make him drunk.' Having first secured a glass of toddy for myself, to nerve me to the sacrifice, I slyly upset the pitcher on the grass. You may imagine how I was berated and reviled. Dick Spindle, who was already in a state of juvenile exhilaration, expressed his regret that the mule had not broken my neck before I got there. The girls, however, thought the accident was not amiss, and Cousin Julia gave me a look and grateful pressure of the hand that was entirely satisfactory."

"And what became of the mule?" asked Fanny.

"How absent I am. I forgot the mule entirely."

"We all forgot the mule toward the conclusion," said Dora; "and I think, cousin, your mule story was near turning into a love story."

"Bless me! child, what better could I do? The story had to run its course. My hero kicked up and ran away before the story was finished. He left me hanging in a tree with a couple of stu-

pid lovers on my hands. I have got myself out of the tree, disposed of the eatables and drinkables, and left my lovers very happy. What more can any reasonable person ask?"

"I believe," said Minnie, "that Porte was in love with Cousin Julia himself."

"Is that the only moral you can extract from my story, little humming-bird?"

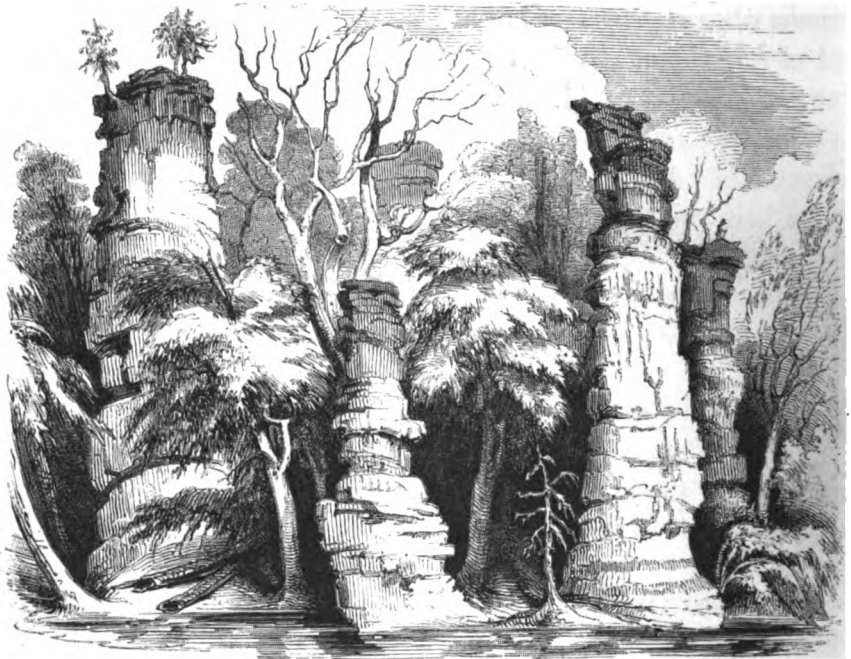
"And that Frank married Cousin Julia, of course."

"Frank did," replied Porte Crayon, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "At that day Frank was a brilliant young man. He had a riding-horse that could out-rack Pegasus, was a jolly sportsman, chock full of adventure, and the life of all dinner-parties and dances. Now he is the most commonplace of farmers, growing fat and rich, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and green baize leggins. He rides his old brood mare to town, with a colt trotting after him; has become a squire of the county, and goes to the Legislature. Poor Frank!" sighed Porte Crayon, feelingly, "that he should have sunk to this! And yet he don't seem aware of his degradation: he brags like a Kentuckian. '*Vita conjugalis altos et generosos spiritus frangit, et a magnis capitationibus ad humilimas detrahit.*'"

CHAPTER V.

THE CHIMNEYS AND THE WARM SPRINGS.

AND thus they beguiled the time in pleasant chat until some two hours after midday, when they found themselves within sight of the neat little village of Mount Solon. The inn to which they were directed—the only one in the village—was a very modest-looking establishment altogether, and was kept by an old palsied man, who appeared as if he might have known better days. Ascertaining here that the object of their curiosity was only about two miles distant, they left their baggage and an order for supper with the landlord, and drove on.



THE CHIMNEYS.

After jolting over a rocky, uneven road for a short time, they at length had the satisfaction of seeing the black tops of the Chimneys towering above the trees in the distance. At this point our travelers left their vehicle, and proceeded on foot, by a path leading through a barn-yard, to the base of the rocks, about two hundred yards from the main road.

This curious group of natural towers rises at the point of a limestone hill, which juts out like a promontory into an extensive alluvial bottom. There are seven of them, some seventy or eighty feet in height, their bases washed by a small stream, and their whole appearance reminding one of the ruined stronghold of some feudal baron surrounded by its neglected moat. To those whose fancies are more exclusively American, they look like the chimneys of a deserted iron foundry, and, altogether, the picture presented is in a high degree unique and interesting. From no point can all the towers be seen at one view. The northern one is the tallest, the most completely detached from the hill, and in all respects the most perfect. Its round, regular stratifications, gradually narrowing toward the top, show like successive galleries and

cornices, such as are represented in the old pictures of the Tower of Babel. This structure is about eighty feet in height, and thirty in diameter near its base. It is tunneled below by a wide archway, through which is the most convenient approach to the bases of the other towers; and, from one point of view, this huge mass appears supported only upon two pillars.

The southern group, consisting of three towers, united for about half their height, is also perforated by a cavernous passage, narrow at each entrance, but opening to a chamber of



THE GREAT TOWER.

some size in the centre. None of the Chimneys are completely detached from the hill; and the view from every quarter is intercepted by a heavy growth of timber, much to the annoyance of the artist.

Although these rocks are highly picturesque, curious, and not wanting in grandeur, our travelers, having lately seen objects of such surpassing interest, expressed their gratification here in moderate terms, and were soon seated under some opportune apple-trees, discussing their lunch with a zeal and earnestness which neither custom nor daily repetition had in the smallest degree abated.

Not so Mr. Crayon. He spent his time walking curiously about, examining the towers and caverns at all points. Having made several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the rocks, he at length succeeded in reaching the summit of one of the lowest, which is joined to the hill by a natural wall several feet in thickness, and reaching more than half way to the top of the tower. Thinking this no great feat, and perceiving that the ladies were too much engaged to look at him, he came down and betook himself to his sketch-book. Having taken his position at some distance out in

the meadow, to get a better view of the southern group, he was in a short time surrounded by all the dogs on the plantation, bull, ring, and bobtail, who barked and clamored until they were tired, and then trotted off, surprised and disgusted at the imperturbability of the artist.

The sketches being completed, and the curiosity of all parties satisfied, our friends returned to their carriage. It was unanimously agreed that, although they had been much gratified by their visit, yet there was nothing about the Chimneys to excite enthusi-



PORTE CRAYON SKETCHING.

asm—in short, they were wanting in the quality of sublimity. Porte went on further to observe that he preferred the homely name of “The Chimneys” to the more elegant appellation of “Cyclopean Towers;” for, although an admirer of the classics in the abstract, and understanding fully the propriety of the name as applied to this style of architecture, yet he had always felt averse to mixing associations drawn from the Old World with American scenery. The most striking characteristic of our scenery, when compared with the European, is its freshness, observable even in the appearance of the rocks, and the charm of the impression is always disturbed by any association with the old mythology. The family of the Cyclops was Sicilian, and was disposed of long before the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. Let them kick and sprawl till Doomsday under their mountain tomb. We doubt if the introduction of distinguished foreigners is of much advantage in any way to us on this side of the water.

Miss Dora expressed a doubt whether there were ever any such persons as the Cyclops; but Crayon assured her that he had seen the place where they were buried.

Arrived at the barn-yard, they found their horses still engaged in munching some remarkably fine oats, which had been served up in an old pig-trough. Crayon complimented his man on his thoughtful attention, and desired him to go and pay the farmer for the feed.

The coachman replied that, having a suspicion that the horses might get hungry, he had taken the precaution to bring a supply with them, which he had procured from Mr. Moler’s barn at the Cave Hotel.

Not recollecting any charge for extra oats at that place, a suspicion began to insinuate itself into Mr. Crayon’s mind.

“What? why; here’s a bushel more in the carriage-box! You scoundrel! have you been stealing, and feeding my horses on surreptitious oats?”

“No, indeed, Mass’ Porte, dese ain’t dem kind; dese is de best oats I seen sence I left home.”

And Mice went on to declare that the oats in question fairly belonged to the horses, as they had not eaten their full allowance

while stabled at the Cave Hotel, and he had only taken what he thought they ought to have eaten. He moreover added, by way of strengthening his defense, that the horses relished these oats especially, and that Mr. Moler had such a pile of them in his barn that he would not have missed ten bushels, if any one had seen fit to take that quantity. Notwithstanding this clear explanation, Crayon would have given his coachman a severe reprimand, but they all got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and one should never attempt to moralize without a sober countenance.

Fanny, being the first to recover her gravity sufficiently, reminded Mice of his devout belief in a place of future punishment, expressed while in the cave. This belief he reaffirmed, but felt assured that he "wasn't gwine to be saunt dere because he took good care of his hosses." Porte Crayon then mildly but firmly suggested that, whenever there should be need of a fresh supply of oats, he should be informed, and they should be acquired by purchase in the regular way, as our government *formerly* acquired territory. Mice acquiesced, of course, promising faithfully to attend to the matter; but looked, at the same time, as if he thought this arrangement involved a very unnecessary and absurd expenditure of money.

Our adventurers were on the road next morning before sunrise, while the fields were yet white with frost.

"This is an improvement, girls. How well you all look this morning! This is the glorious time for traveling. The horses move gayly, and puff clouds of smoke from their nostrils like two steam-engines. Now the sun begins to show his red disk above the hills, and gilds the mountain-tops rising to the westward of us."

Dora's eyes sparkled as she suddenly plucked Crayon's sleeve. "Hist! cousin, there's a pheasant!"

"Where? quick! point him out!" whispered Crayon, unslinging his yager.

"There! don't you see? On that old log among the pines."

Mice had stopped the carriage upon the first intimation of game, and was looking intently into the bushes. "Da he is! I sees him! big as a turkey-gobbler. Good Lord, Mass'Porte, shoot quick: he gwine to fly!"

“Be quiet, you blockhead! I see him now. A fine cock, with his neck stretched and his ruff up.”

Bang went the rifle; whir—r, whir—r, whir—r went the pheasants in every direction from among the grape-trees, where a large company of them were breakfasting.



PHEASANT-SHOOTING.

“Fotch him!” shouted Mice, tumbling out of the carriage, and rushing into the bushes. Presently he returned, his face illuminated with a triumphant grin, carrying the bird by the legs. “Bullet tuck him right through the neck;

mizzible good brile he’ll make; fat as butter.”

The whole company were now on the alert. “There’s a pheasant! No, it’s a ground squirrel.” “There’s one in the grape-tree!” Bang! down he tumbled, whirring and fluttering among the dead leaves. The girls clapped their hands, and were so full of the sport that the carriage could scarcely hold them; and when Porte Crayon missed a shot in his haste, they were quite outrageous upon him. He reinstated himself, however, by shooting two more birds shortly after. “We’ve now come to an open country, and there will be no more pheasants this morning,” remarked Crayon.

The girls were quite vexed, and insisted on going back over the same road. “How blood will show itself, in spite of every thing!” cried the delighted Crayon. “All our family take to hunting as naturally as sparrowhawks.”

The appearance of the Augusta Springs diverted the attention of our travelers from the subject in hand; and as it was a pleas-

ant, rural-looking spot, they determined to tarry for half an hour to see what was to be seen. This place is twelve miles distant from Staunton, and is more frequented by visitors from the neighborhood than by those from a distance, its name abroad being overshadowed by its more celebrated rivals in the counties of Bath and Greenbrier. The water is a sulphur, and is said to possess some value as a remedial agent. The girls here purchased a spotted fawn's skin from an old lady, for the purpose of making Porte Crayon a bullet-pouch, to be presented as a testimonial of his skill in shooting pheasants.

About two miles from these springs our friends struck the Lewisburg road, which passes the mountain at Jennings's Gap without a perceptible grade. From this point the country becomes more wild and rugged in its features. Mountains rise on every side, forests of pine and hemlock border the way, and limpid streams pour over rocky beds, murmuring of deer and trout. Human habitations become fewer and farther between, ruder in their character, and frequently ornamented on the outside with trophies of the chase—deers' horns, raccoon and bear skins, and turkeys' wings. At this season, too, the road seemed to be deserted by travel. Occasionally, indeed, they met a lonely teamster, who, after exchanging with Mice their characteristic salute, a crack of the whip, passed on his snail-like journey toward Staunton.

The horses made good speed that day, although the meridian sun was hot and the road dusty. Cloverdale was reached at length and left behind. It was still far to the Bath Alum, and the sun was rapidly declining. The mountains rose grandly, deep blue, with sharp-drawn outline against the glowing west. Still the tired horses jogged on, fetlock-deep in dust. The pine forests grew taller and gloomier in the fading twilight. No sign of life or civilization yet. Then utter darkness closed her wing over all the land. Night is the time for evil-doers to be abroad. Night is the time when wild birds range for their prey. Night is the season for the busy teeming fancy to conjure up its thousand phantoms. The girls whispered timidly among themselves, and Crayon instinctively examined his arms to feel assured that all was right.



THE WAGONER.

“Drive cautiously, now, Mice: it is useless to hurry; it can get no darker, and we must trust to the instinct of the horses.”

Presently these came to a dead halt of their own accord, nor was a cautious admonition of the voice and whip sufficient to induce them to stir. “Dey sees somethin’,” said Mice, who believed firmly that horses could see ghosts and other strange things invisible to mortal eyes. But the animals snorted and gently pawed the ground, thereby intimating to their masters that they were

neither frightened nor fatigued, but had stopped from some other motive.

“I think I see something myself,” quoth Porte Crayon; “a tall white thing standing on the left of the road.”

“Lord bless us, master!” cried Mice; “what you think it is?”

“I think it is a sign-post,” replied Porte. “Fanny, feel in my knapsack, under the sketch-book, and rolled up in a silk handkerchief you will find my tin match-box. Hand it to me.”



THE SIGN-POST.

Crayon got out, and having lighted a wisp of paper, found that he had not been deceived. There was a sign-post standing where the road forked, and by the light of his flickering torch he managed to read the direction to the Bath Alum, one mile distant. The horses, satisfied with this reconnoissance, started off briskly before Crayon had fairly regained his seat, or the coachman had given the warning crack of his whip. “D’y e hear, Mice?

these horses must be well rubbed and curried before you go to bed to-night; to-morrow they shall rest.”

Now they see the star of hospitality twinkling in the distance, suggestive of smoking suppers and comfortable beds. These promises were, in the present instance, destined to be fully realized. Soon the cheerful board, spread with biscuit, corn cakes, and hot venison steaks, rejoiced the souls of our benighted travelers, while crackling fires roared in the chimneys of the parlors and bed-rooms. “Ah!” said Porte Crayon, throwing himself upon a springy sofa with a sigh of unspeakable satisfaction, and a dreamy retrospect of numberless corn dodgers, hot and brown, floating in butter, and of four broad-cut, generous portions of venison steak—“ah me!

As much as I contemn luxury and despise civilization, with its attendant fopperies and vices, I don't mind taking a good supper occasionally."

"Indeed," said Fanny, "I don't think you could take many such meals as you made to-night; the sixth time your plate went up for steak, both the waiter and manager got into a titter."

"My plate went up but four times," replied Crayon, dogmatically; "and the manager was laughing at my wit, and not my appetite."

"It went up six times, as I live."

"Young woman," said Crayon, with feigned asperity, "I did observe, but did not intend to comment on your performance at supper. Suffice it to say, if you had been in a region where fashion takes cognizance of what and how much young ladies eat, you would have lost caste forever. Indeed, if those peony-colored cheeks of themselves would not be an insuperable objection to your admission into any refined society."

"Good gracious!" cried all the girls at once, "you don't mean to say our cheeks are red?"

"Red!" quoth Crayon, contemptuously; "the word don't express it. A respectable damask rose would look pale beside them."

"This comes of traveling in the sun and wind with these foolish bonnets," cried Fanny, spitefully.

"It comes of exercise, fresh air, and good appetites; for, besides, you are getting as fat as partridges."

"It is no such thing," said Minnie, indignantly. "Porte, you're a horrid bear! Come, girls, let us retire and leave him."

"And as freckled as turkey eggs," continued Crayon.

"It is positively insulting. He has no consideration for our feelings."

Porte shouted after them as they flounced out of the room, insisting that he had not intended to offend, but had really supposed he was complimenting them.

After enjoying his sofa for a while, it occurred to him to commend his pheasants to the cook, as they might probably be opportune at breakfast. Nor did he omit to assure himself of the well-being of the horses; and, not long after, our hero found himself

mentally comparing the merits of a hair mattress with those of the hemlock couch of the Canaan. As no conclusion has ever been reported, it is supposed he fell asleep before finally disposing of the subject.



THE BATH ALUM SPRINGS.

The drizzling rain which fell during the whole of next day did not prevent our friends from enjoying their comfortable quarters, nor even from making sundry out-door excursions. The improvements at the Bath Alum are certainly superior, in point of taste and elegance, to those at any watering-place in the mountains of Virginia. At a distance of several hundred yards from the hotel, beneath a slatestone cliff, fifteen feet in height, are found the Alum Springs, which are nothing more than six little reservoirs so excavated as to catch the drippings from the projecting rock. These reservoirs contain the alum water in different degrees of strength; one of them is a strong chalybeate, and one a mixture of chalybeate and alum. These waters are but recently known as a remedial agent, and have suddenly obtained immense celebrity by their success in curing diseases hitherto reckoned incurable. Those

who are desirous of more accurate and extended information on the subject are commended to Dr. Burke's excellent work on the



DELIGHTFUL! ISN'T IT!

Virginia Springs, or, what might be still more to the purpose, a visit to the Springs themselves. As for our travelers, having taken large doses of broiled pheasant that morning, they confined their experiments in alum water to a cautious sip from the glass handed by the polite manager, a comical wry face, and a forced compliment to its flavor—faugh!

In the afternoon the rain increased to a continued heavy shower; notwithstanding which, Crayon, accompanied by his valet, went hunting, and it was near dark before they returned, weary, wet, and hungry, with only three or four unlucky squirrels for their pains.

From this place to the Warm Springs, the distance of five miles is accomplished by traversing the Great Warm Spring Mountain, on an easy, well-constructed road. When our friends set out from the Alum the rain had ceased, and fair promises of a clear day were given. Masses of damp-looking clouds still hung about the tops of the mountains, as if unwilling yet to yield the day to Phœbus, who, for his part, poured his bright rays through at every opening, producing in endless variety those brilliant and startling effects of light and shade so much sought after by the scenic school of English painters. When about half way up the mountain, the girls, who had walked in advance, were seen suddenly to turn and fly with all speed toward the slow-toiling carriage.

“Oh heavens! let us in—let us in quick!”

“What now? What's the matter? Have you encountered some untimely snake or frost-bitten lizard?”

To Crayon's inquiry they vouchsafed no reply, but in breathless haste bundled into the vehicle, and, ere they had fairly disposed themselves in their seats, the question was answered from another quarter. Where the road swept in a bold curve around the base

of a cliff, now advanced with slow and stately tread, in all the pomp of bovine majesty, the vanguard of one of those monstrous herds of cattle wending their way from the rich pastures of Monroe and Greenbrier to the eastward. First came a stout negro, with stupid face and loutish step, leading an ox, whose sublime proportions and majestic port might have served as a disguise for Jove himself.



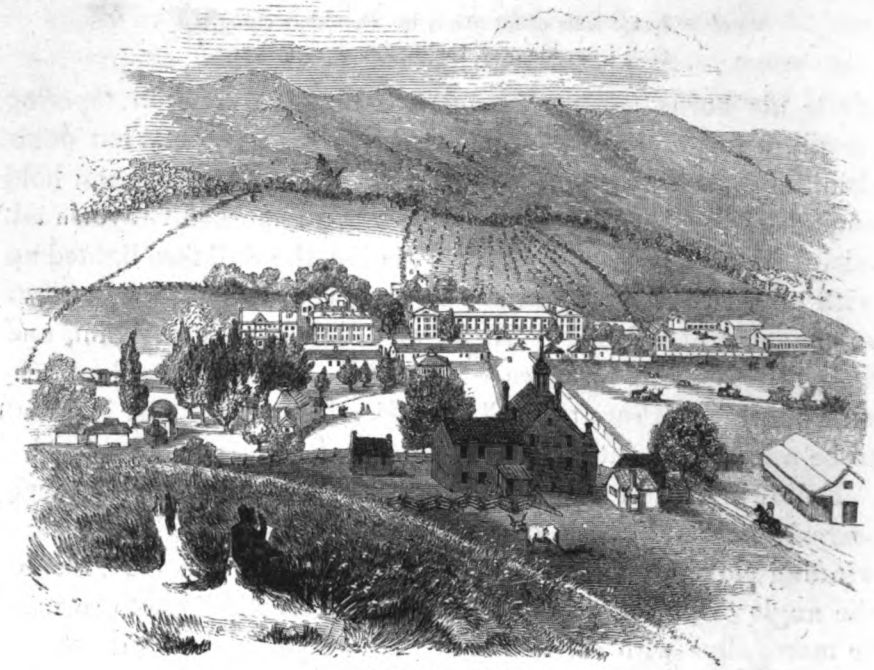
THE DROVE

“Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung,”

while his horns sprung from his curling forehead in tapering length, a full cloth-yard each one. What horns! What noble drinking-cups they would have made. One of them would hold enough to fuddle a Thracian. The negro remarked Crayon's admiring glances, and, as he touched his hat, the dull face lighted up with an expression: “Am not I one of the chosen—I, who serve so magnificent a beast? Night and morning I curry him, and walk all day in his presence. He and I are the observed and envied of all.” “‘Pears to me,” said Mice, “dat fool nigger is proud to be a leadin' of dat big beef.”

Following this leader came a train of thirty or forty others, scarcely inferior in size or appearance; and when the carriage, winding slowly through this formidable-looking company, turned the angle of rock, the road was visible in its windings for a mile or more, alive with cattle and bristling with horns. The horses held on their way through the living mass as steadily as if unaware of their presence, although the mountain resounded far and near with the hoarse bellowing of the beeves, mingled with the oaths and whoops of the drivers. The girls, who at first looked doubtfully upon the array of monstrous horns, and the red, lowering eyes of the savage troop, soon regained their self-possession, and commented coolly on their size and keeping.

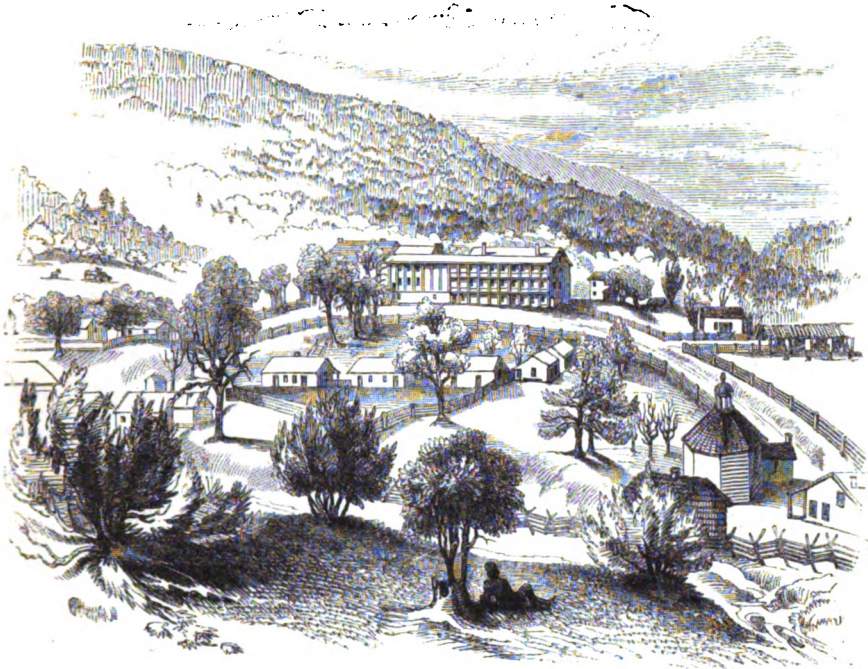
The celebrated view from the summit of the Warm Spring Mountain did not strike our travelers very forcibly, probably owing to the clouds which hid the distant mountain-tops rising to the eastward. The view of the Warm Springs and the valley seen directly below them was extremely pretty. This village, which is the county-seat of Bath, owes its existence and name to the famous fountain, and, in fact, consists of nothing more than the group of hotels, cottages, and out-houses about the Springs, and the ordinary county buildings, a court-house, jail, etc. The principal hotel has heretofore had a high reputation for excellence; and the bathing-houses, although somewhat primitive in their construction, furnish a bath at a natural temperature of 98° Fahrenheit, the luxury of which must be experienced to be appreciated.



THE WARM SPRINGS.

Our party remained at this place but a few hours, and hurried on to the Hot Springs, five miles distant, where they arrived about five o'clock on Saturday evening, the 22d of October. Although the hotel here was closed for the season, the proprietor gave them a hospitable welcome, and they soon found themselves installed in comfortable quarters.

This place, to the scientific traveler, is one of the most curious and interesting in the mountains. The Hot Springs, about twenty in number, issue from the base of a hill or spur of the Warm Spring Mountain, and range in temperature from 98° to 106° , but, owing to the proximity of fountains of cold water at 53° , baths of any intermediate temperature may be had. The bathing-houses are numerous and well arranged to suit the purposes of invalids. These waters are chiefly celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatism, dyspepsia, and affections of the liver, although they are resorted to by all classes of invalids. The proprietor is himself an eminent physician, and to the enlightened use of the waters under his direction is probably owing much of their success in the cure of disease.



THE HOT SPRINGS.

The hotel and cottages here are pleasantly situated and comfortable, and the table most unexceptionable. Sunday was a delightful day, and our friends passed it pleasantly and quietly, wandering up and down hills, through meadows and forests, drinking in buoyant health with the pure atmosphere, and enjoying the mellow beauties of the autumn landscape. The evening fell in still and solemn grandeur.

“We will have a brilliant starlit night,” quoth Crayon; “the air is soft and balmy. To-morrow I will make two or three fine sketches before we leave here.”

“To-morrow,” said Fanny, “I will produce my colors, and attempt this bit of purple landscape opening to the south.”

“To-morrow,” laughed Minnie May, “I will gather leaves of the maple and hickory, and weave chaplets of crimson and gold to crown our artists withal.”

“And what shall I do to-morrow?” inquired Dora. “I’ll point Porte Crayon’s pencils for him, and hold Fanny’s color-box while she paints, and help Minnie to weave her chaplets.”

To-morrow, ay, to-morrow—oh, simple-hearted schemers! who can reckon what a night may bring forth? In a night the gourd of Jonah grew, and in a night it withered. In a night the host of the Assyrian was blasted. And while your young eyelids are fanned by the soothing wings of sleep, in the darkness and silence of a night, what mighty changes may be wrought upon the face of nature!

CHAPTER VI.

A VIRGINIA SNOW-STORM.

“PORTE CRAYON, Porte Crayon, arise and look out of the window!” Porte Crayon opened his sleepy eyes, and gave a great yawn. “Methinks I heard a voice, and the pattering of light feet about my door.” Our hero arose and hastily donned his vestments; there was no one at the door. He then drew the curtain of the window.

“With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless he stood.”

Presently, recovering his faculties in some degree, he rubbed his eyes and looked again. Our hero was well read in the philosophy of the schools, and knew how little credit was due to any appearance based solely upon the evidence of the senses. He pinched his ear and plucked his beard. He rapped his skull with his knuckles. “*Cogito, ergo sum,*” quoth he; “and yet this morning I am inclined to be a disciple of Pyrrho.

“If I be I, as I do hope I be,
There are three little girls in the adjoining room, and they know me.”

No wonder that the view from the window confused our hero's faculties and chilled his soul to marble. Lawn and grove, field and forest, meadow and mountain, were all covered deep with a white panoply of snow, and all the air was misty with the thick-descending flakes. Crayon hastily completed his toilet and sallied forth. The first person he met was his coachman, hat in hand, and with a countenance of dumb dismay. “How now, Mice, what news?” Mice pointed to the front porch of the hotel, where the snow lay eight inches deep. “Mass' Porte, dis is redicklus.”

“Go look after your horses; see that carriage and harness are sound and trim; then call for further orders.”

The ladies were already in the breakfast-room, huddling around the fire, with looks equally expressive of dismay, but by no means dumb.

“Oh, Cousin Porte, what shall we do?” “What shall we do, brother?” “What a dreadful thing! what can we do?”

Porte Crayon had that morning been more unnerved at the sight of the snow than he would be willing now to admit; but of all things to rouse the pride and energies of man, there is nothing like an appeal from one or more frightened beauties.

“What shall we do? Do?” quoth our hero, giving his mustache a gallant twirl, “*Imprimis*, let us breakfast.” The cock-eyed servant, with a polite bow, intimated that the meal alluded to awaited their orders. Hot coffee, muffins, and beef-steak are well calculated to inspire vigorous and stout-hearted counsels. Their position and prospects were discussed during the progress of the meal. While waiting for the butter to melt on his fourth muffin, Porte Crayon prefaced a harangue with a thump on the table, so energetic that it made the china dance, and he felt under the necessity of apologizing for his violence before going on with his speech.

“We will push on to the White Sulphur, if we are frozen to mummies. It is written in the programme, and we must accomplish it, or perish in the attempt.”

Here Dora intimated that she entertained a peculiar dislike to the idea of perishing in the snow.

“True enough, child; you shall not perish; I’ll engage to carry you through without the slightest risk, and even without any considerable discomfort. I never was the man,” said he, with a valiant look—(here he stopped to point his discourse with a mouthful of muffin and a swig of coffee)—“I never was the man to be bullied by the weather. I am ready to beard old Hiems himself, though backed by his flunkies, blustering Boreas and Jack Frost both together.”

Crayon’s swaggering manner, conjointly with the beef-steak, inspired all about him. The girls went bravely to work preparing

for the sortie. All the extra shawls and worsted comforters were put in requisition, and Crayon's supply of yarn socks were distributed round to serve as overshoes.

Mice brought up the carriage in complete order, the curtains all down, and the bottom covered knee-deep with fresh hay. All arrangements being now complete, not forgetting a bag plethoric with lunch, Crayon gallantly took the girls in his arms and carried them one by one to the carriage, safe and dry-shod. Then depositing his rifle in a dry place, and brushing the snow from his feet, he took his seat beside the driver. The apron-cloth was drawn up over their legs, and with a brisk chirrup and a crack of the whip they started into the storm.

No spiteful spitting from a passing cloud was this; no accidental dredging from the snow-box; no light squadron of skirmishers adventuring far in advance of the imperial army of winter. Here was the Snow King himself, with all his host, marshaled in

"Battle's magnificently stern array,"

precipitating his columns upon the baggage-burdened retreat of Autumn. The 24th of October! Who ever heard of such a thing? It was a surprise, a base violation of compact, ungenerous, unlike a king, thus to take Nature all unwarned and unprepared. The forests, still encumbered with their tawdry apparel, were yielding fast on every side. The younger and lither trees bent their loaded crowns to the earth before the conqueror. The tall pine, whose evergreen top bore up the snow like a broad white canopy, would suddenly rip loose from the earth, and fall like some smitten giant. The stout oak, that had braved a hundred winters, stood, for a time, proud and defiant. "The Old Guard never yields!" Vain boast. A sudden crash proclaimed the triumph of his remorseless enemy, and, one by one, his fifty strong arms were riven, and fell helpless to the ground.

The horses bore themselves sturdily. The roan and sorrel were of good mettle. Their backs were white with snow; the snow balled in their hoofs and tripped them as they moved; but they never faltered. When they reached the toll-gate on Jackson's River, nine miles from their starting-place, the storm raged with

unabated fury. The toll-gatherer begged them not to persist in the attempt to cross Morris's Hill. The road was blocked up so as to be impassable. A man had made the attempt that morning on horseback, and had returned. "We'll try it. *En avant.*"

"Good luck to you, stranger," shouted the gate-keeper, hurrying into the house.

As they slowly toiled up the mountain the scene opened in all its wildness. The North Wind, not then the blustering braggart, came down upon them in his might. The downy-cushioned earth and woods gave back no echo to the sound of his rushing wings, but with silent energy and hissing malignity he drove the drifting clouds before him; now blinding men and horses with the showering flakes; now revealing in a long, wintry vista the unbroken highway and snow-encumbered forest.



DIFFICULTIES.

Sometimes the young growth was bowed from either side until the tops, interlocking in the centre, formed a snowy archway over the road. Then our adventurers would dash through, helter-skelter, and find themselves half buried in the avalanche from the shaken trees. Sometimes, through erring judgment, the rush would prove a failure, and they would be brought up standing, with their equipage so entangled in tree-tops and grape-vines that it was necessary to open the passage with their knives. Frequently trees were found lying across the way, as if forbidding their farther progress. Then Mice would descend, and, setting his ponderous strength against the obstacle, would roll it from the road, and pass on. When they encountered a tree too much for their strength, then, by deftly combining art with force, they would bend the limbs one by one, and hack them off with the hunting-knife until a passage was cleared.

When surrounded by difficulties, Porte Crayon is frequently in the habit of warming his courage by repeating heroic verses. On that occasion the noble lines of Scott, describing the battle of Flodden Field, were uppermost in his mind :

“No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in that serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.”

They are brave verses, although they seem to have no especial applicability to the subject.

In the warfare on Morris's Hill, the groom was the predominant character. In narrating the matter, Porte Crayon says : “I was no more to be compared with him on that field than the presumptuous frog to the doughty ox. To be sure I was not idle. I hacked and hewed with my knife to the best of my ability ; I waded about in the snow and gave directions, shouted, sung, and made brave speeches ; but Mice performed prodigies. Things that he took hold of seemed to lose their weight and tenacity. He would seize a moderate-sized pine-tree by the crown, and drag it out of the track as though it had been a bush. When the road for an eighth of a mile was so overhung with snow-bowed saplings and grape-vines that the possibility of penetrating them was



THE SNOW-STORM.

doubtful, he would walk ahead, shaking, breaking, and tearing every thing before him, like an elephant in an Indian jungle, or a hippopotamus among the reeds of the Gariép.

“The events of that day,” continues Crayon, “have covered the humble name of Little Mice with imperishable glory, nor shall a historian and limner be wanting to blazon his deeds to an admir-



THE HERO OF MORRIS'S HILL.

ing world. What a moment for the artist to seize him, as he issued from the bushes covered with snow, white as a polar bear, and trailing after him, by his unconscious legs, a hundred feet of grape-vine!"

The snow had by this time attained a depth of fourteen inches, and was still deepening and drifting furiously. While the storm grew mightier, human and

equine energy had their limits. The horses panted and sobbed at every hard brush, and the snow-flakes no longer whitened their smoking hides. Wet, worn, and chilled, master and man sat drowsily in their seats, feeling the approach of that dangerous lethargy which steals over men too long exposed to cold.

"Mass' Porte, I wish we was at a tavern," exclaimed the subdued coachman.

Porte folded his arms across his breast, and, with a desperate look, took a rapid mental survey of their position. "It is now four o'clock; night will be upon us a little after five. Since we passed the toll-gate we have scarcely averaged a mile in an hour. The horses are failing; this over-done giant is losing his courage. We shall be benighted, and completely blocked up by the snow in this wild, inhospitable forest. Poor girls! it was my rashness and obstinacy that brought them into this perilous position. God knows what may happen. I dare not think of it. They have been silent within there for some time. I have had no desire to communicate with them. I must warn them against sleeping, however, and must be careful not to alarm their fears. No, not for the world; they would sink under it, if they even suspected their situation."

Crayon quietly lifted the corner of the front curtain, and peeped into the interior of the vehicle.

The first glance at his charge relieved him of any fears as to the state of their minds. They were not asleep, nor were they weep-

ing; but Fanny had the lunch-sack on her lap, from which she had distributed sundry biscuits and slices of ham, and, at the exact moment of Crayon's observation, all three were so busy in dismembering a broiled chicken, that he dropped the curtain and regained his former position unperceived. One might have supposed that this exhibition of the "*mens æqua in arduis*" in a trio of women would have delighted our hero. On the contrary, he was highly indignant. He mentally accused them of lacking the wit to appreciate their danger, and of the most heartless indifference to his exposure and sufferings. Moreover, when he thought of the heroic labors of Mice and himself, and compared their present forlorn condition with that of the ungrateful girls, giggling over their lunch, he felt strongly inclined to break in upon the feast, and warn them of their approaching fate.

"Mass' Porte, please, Sir, ontie dis knot in my whip-lash; somehow my fingers won't work."

"Neither will mine," said Crayon, "and I can't limber them. My gloves are wet, and my pockets full of snow."

"Here, take these, Porte," and a dainty little hand appeared beneath the curtain, presenting a pair of fur-tipped gloves. He received them with a gruff acknowledgment, and then regarding the gift with a smile of indifference, remarked, "The inconsiderate child! I couldn't get three fingers into them." So saying, he thrust them carelessly into the left pocket of his vest. Crayon felt a genial warmth pervading his half-congealed breast. It is difficult to believe that so trifling an addition to a man's clothing as those bits of fur and silk could produce so great a change; possibly their location in the vest pocket had something to do with it; but true it is, from that moment our hero felt neither cold nor despondency. Once more he sat erect, and his drooping eye again glanced defiance to the tempest.

"They shall not perish, positively," he growled, between his teeth. "Their entire *insouciance* doubtless proceeds from a firm reliance on my promise that no harm should befall them, and they believe in my ability to fulfill it as confidently as if I were ruler of the storm. How beautifully feminine the trait, and how abject the soul that would not fire with the assumed responsibility!"

Crayon's bosom so glowed with these generous emotions, that all the snow melted off the breast of his coat, and he broke forth into voluntary song. What particular song he sung is not recorded. Doubtless it was a good one, for the curtain was drawn up, and voices from the interior of the carriage swelled the jolly chorus.

“Amid the storm they sang”

so blithe a carol, so hearty and so brave withal, that Boreas, in sheer disgust and impotence, gave up the war.

They had passed Morris's Hill, and the road lay before them plain and unencumbered, except by the depth of snow. The country, too, appeared more open, and the coachman's ardent wish to see a tavern seemed likely to be gratified speedily. Night overtook them, however, still toiling onward at a snail's pace. The driver dozed in his seat, abandoning the vehicle entirely to the discretion and instinct of the horses, and the silence was only disturbed by the creaking of the carriage and the monotonous crunching of the snow beneath the wheels. The effervescence of enthusiasm was past, and overwrought nature claimed her dues. Undisturbed by doubt or apprehension, our travelers sank unresistingly into pleasant reveries, and these, as if by a common instinct, turned toward their distant home. These siren thoughts insensibly glided into dreams. Their journey was accomplished; they had returned to their kindred; the welcome was over; the pantry ransacked to add to the profusion of the groaning board; “the fire fair blazing and the vestment warm” were prepared for them. Caressing friends sat listening with complacent admiration to their narratives of hair-breadth 'scapes and natural wonders. They recalled the Fort Mountains, the Cave, the Chimneys; they remembered the day they crossed Morris's Hill in a snow-storm. A terrible day it was, and stoutly they bore themselves through it all.

At length the horses stopped, and the sorrel gave a loud snort, to which the roan replied with a triumphant whinny. Porte Crayon started from his sleep so suddenly that he flattened his cap against the top of the carriage. Before them, at a distance of no more than a couple of hundred yards, he saw a number of

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lights and heard a confusion of loud voices. "Wake up, you lout! Here's a tavern at last!" he shouted, shaking and pommeling his man with all his might. In a state of complete bewilderment, Mice stretched his benumbed limbs, and mechanically resumed the governorship of the carriage.

"Girls! girls! wake up. We've arrived at last."

"At home? Are we at home?" said Dora, eagerly.

"No, child; but, most fortunately for us, at a tavern."

"Oh, cousin, are we still in the storm?" said Minnie. "I have had such a pleasant dream."

Before our travelers had fairly recovered their consciousness, their vehicle had threaded its way among a number of road wagons, and was drawn up in front of a country tavern—a long, low wooden building, with a rude porch running the whole length of the front. The girls were daintily transferred to the house, and the horses immediately driven off to the stables.

"May I be spavined," said a wagoner to the group that witnessed the disembarkation, "if there baint an old feller with a beard as white as Noah's when he came out of the ark!"

"Cuss my hide," said a drover, "if I know what started a flock of wimmin to take the road sich a day as this."

The supper, at which the tidy hostess presided, was such as her honest spouse had promised, and consisted of fried middling and flapjacks, with six varieties of fruit preserved in the same fermented molasses. But, like Baucis and Philemon of old,

"The kindly hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and with open face;
In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please."

During the meal the man was at his wit's end to know how he should lodge his newly-arrived guests; but, on consultation with his wife, it was agreed that their own room, which was in a cottage standing in the yard, and a little way removed from the main building, should be arranged for the young ladies; the dame, with her brood, retreating into the loft, and the man agreeing to take his chance among the wagoners. Crayon desired nothing better for himself, and, taking leave of the girls, went in search of his

lieutenant, that he might have some assurance of the welfare of the horses. At the end of an hour he found him seated beside the kitchen fire, and there received the following artless report of his proceedings: The stables were even more crowded than the house. Not a stall was to be found, nor even a shed to shelter our faithful pair. The roan and sorrel looked wistfully into the crowded sheds, and saluted the possessors with many gracious and friendly whinnies. These salutations were civilly answered from within, but no movement was made to offer a place to the newcomers. Mice begged and diplomatized in vain; he received nothing but curses and threats from the wagoners. When these, one by one, had looked after their horses, and retired to the more attractive precincts of the bar-room, he cast his eyes upon the hostler, a negro lad, who had been kicked and cuffed enough that day to prepare him for any thing that might be proposed. Mice desired his good offices to assist him in getting his horses under shelter, at the same time greasing his palm with a quarter. The boy insisted that every place was "chock full," and then added, in a tone that might have passed for suggestive, "Dassent move any of 'em, no, indeed—eh! eh!"

"Whose hosses is dese?" asked Mice.

"Dem's Mr. Longbow's, biggest devil of 'em all."

"Here's a big, wide stall, only one hoss in!"

"Eh! eh! him kicks like forty jackasses."

Mice inquired still further, and finally ascertained that a couple of horses, occupying a very cozy place, belonged to an individual who was dead drunk over in the loft of the tavern. Without more ado he untied their halters, and kicking them out into the yard, introduced his suffering friends into the vacated places. The boy made a show of protesting, and threatened Mice with the awful consequences of his temerity. "De Lord knows," he sagely observed in reply, "a man what's dead drunk aint a-gwine to hurt any body." And, besides, he promised himself to get up before daylight, and replace the unlucky animals whose misfortune it was to have a master that got drunk. The roan and sorrel doubtless had a comfortable night, if, indeed, the general belief is correct that horses have no consciences.

That portion of the company which more particularly calls for the interest and solicitude of every gallant and humane traveler being disposed of for the present in the most satisfactory manner, if any one is desirous of knowing what further adventures befell our friends during their sojourn at this inn or elsewhere, he is referred to the next chapter of this veritable history.

CHAPTER VII.

A VIRGINIA HOSTELRY.

OUR hero, having cast about the premises, and seeing little chance of obtaining quarters elsewhere, with some reluctance betook himself to the bar-room. Here, around a glowing fire, sat ten or a dozen teamsters and drovers, whose looks and demeanor seemed entirely in accordance with the atmosphere of the room, which reeked with fumes of tobacco and corn whisky. As Crayon entered, a strapping, insolent-looking fellow, six feet three in his

boots, and somewhat in liquor, welcomed him with a horse-laugh.

“Well! may I be stalded in a mud-hole if here ain’t the fellow himself, with a beard as black as a Mexican Greaser’s. Jist now I thought it was white. Stranger, step up and drink something.”

Crayon was not altogether pleased with the prospect of the night before him, and might also have been nettled by the free and not over-polished commentaries on his personal appearance. He had, too, been contending all day with the conqueror of Napoleon, and it is not strange that he should have been disposed to look slightly upon the anger of any mere mortal. He replied curtly by desiring the speaker to hold his peace.



TIM LONGBOW.

"Why," said the giant, scornfully, "you appear to be an airy gentleman. Now may I never crack another whip if you sha'n't drink or fight before we part."

And, so saying, he rose and advanced several paces. Crayon, with the alertness of a rattlesnake, whipped out his hunting-knife, and standing on the defensive, so far as regarded his person, assaulted the wagoner with a volley of epithets, better understood and appreciated by the frequenters of Virginia bar-rooms than by the world at large.

"Tim Longbow! Tim Longbow!" cried the inn-keeper, rushing from the bar, and seizing the astonished teamster by the arms, "behave yourself in my house."

"Leave me go," cried Tim, laying hold of a chair; "I'll knock that frog-sticker out of his hand in no time."

Others of the company now laid hands on Tim, who, perceiving that his antagonist stood his ground, suffered himself to be held and reasoned with.

"You spoke oncivil to the stranger, you did," said the host; "and he's got ladies with him."

"That's a fact," replied Tim; "but it hain't oncivil to ask a man to drink."

"No, in general, not; but perhaps the stranger don't want to drink."

"Well, ain't the rule 'drink or fight' every whar'?"

"Jist so; it's the rule among your kind," argued the shrewd inn-keeper; "but you've no right to put your law in force on strangers in this here free country."

This argument touched Tim's weak point, which was an inordinate love of liberty, both of speech and action. "May be so," said he, doubtfully; "but I don't like to be stumped, nor yit to be called a squirrel-picker, by no set-up swell whomsomdever."

Crayon, by this time, ashamed of having "drawn among these heartless hinds," and perceiving that affairs were likely to take a humorous turn, put up his whittle, and, while he still firmly declined the spirits, offered to compromise the matter on a glass of water. This offer settled the point of honor; and Longbow observed that, seeing he was satisfied the gentleman wa'n't too proud

to drink, he was free to drink water or any other truck he pleased ; as for himself, he generally preferred old Monongahela.

The difficulty being thus amicably arranged, they all shook hands, and reseated themselves around the fire.

"Now, Mr. Longbow," said the landlord, with a sly wink at Crayon, "go on with that story you were telling a while ago about your trip to California."

Tim cast a doubtful glance at the new-comer. "Well, stranger, I reckon you've been to California yourself?" On being assured in the negative, Tim resumed his air of assurance and a somewhat tangled narrative, which had been interrupted by Crayon's entrance.

"As I was a-saying, we was a-sailing from San Francisco in a ship, and we was blew off a long ways out of our course, maybe about two months' sail ; and as I was a-saying, we got out of provisions, and had nothing to eat for six weeks."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Six weeks," reiterated Tim, looking hard at the audacious author of the interruption. "We all got as thin as wagon-whips, and we might have starved if we hadn't had the luck to catch a whale."

"You must have found it rather coarse eating," suggested Crayon.

Tim looked a little confused. "So it was ; rather coarse and bony."

"But the roe you doubtless found very delicate?" observed Crayon.

"That it was," exclaimed Tim, "and a plenty of it. We packed forty-seven barrels with it, and, when briled and eaten with ship-biscuit, it was a treat to a hungry man. So, after a time, we got to Panama, and thar', thar' was no boats nor any way to git across, and the fellers was all gittin the ager and the yaller fever, and, for fear I should be tuck down myself, I tied my things in a wallet and swum across."

"How far was it?" inquired the landlord, with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Well, it mought have been about fifteen mile, more or less ;

but there was shallow places now and then, where I waded a piece and rested myself."

"How did you get across?" asked a fellow who was leaning against the chimney-jamb.

"I swum across, mister," responded Tim, fiercely. "Are you a-misdoubting of a gentleman's word? I'll leave it to the stranger if it hain't so."

The stranger agreed that it was all very probable.

"Then," pursued Tim, "I walked a-foot up to New-Orleans, and boated up and down for a while, and then I tuck a notion to come back to this or'nary country agin. Not to say nothin' agin the country neither, but the people are such ignorant ramuses, that if a feller happens to tell something that he's seen a little out of the way, they're a-winkin' and a-snickerin' at one another as if it were a lie." Here Tim cast a contemptuous and significant glance around the circle, and laying his weighty hand upon Crayon's shoulder, went on: "People that has traveled mostly knows a thing or two. Now I'll bet a hoss this gentleman has traveled some." Crayon admitted that he had traveled. "Well, now, what was the strangest country you ever was in, and what was the singularest thing you ever see?"

Crayon pondered for a moment, as if to consider the question, and then remarked that the strangest country he ever saw was the Arctic Zone, and the most surprising thing was the North Pole.

"Lord!" exclaimed Tim, "have you been thar'? It's pretty fur north, hain't it? belongs to these United States, does it?"

"It is the very tip end of the world north," replied Crayon; "and, although it does not belong to the States yet, they are getting up some filibustering parties to get hold of it as soon as possible, for the purpose of extending to its benighted inhabitants the blessings of American freedom during the winter—lights and firewood included."

"That's what I go in for," shouted Tim. "Hurrah for liberty! I'll wagon licker and provisions for 'em for nothing."

"That unhappy country has long suffered under a despotism worse than Lynch law. They have no better clothes than what they can manage to cheat the seals out of, with nothing better to

eat than fish oil, such as you grease your gears with, and would consider tanners' dubbin' a prime delicacy." (Here followed a unanimous groan of commiseration.) "Besides inflicting these miseries on his own subjects, the insatiable tyrant Hiems—"

"Himes! Himes!" ejaculated Tim; "was he the Yankee feller that went in partnership with Miller about ten years ago to prophesy the eend of the world? Well, to be sure, the eend of the world wouldn't come down this way, so he went up thar' and got elected governor of it. These Yankees do beat all. I know'd one of them wonst—"

"Hold your disrespectful jaw," said the landlord, "and let the stranger talk."

Crayon went on to tell how this potentate, unmindful of our enormous navy and the wrath of country editors, insulted our flag, seized and destroyed our fishing vessels, and imprisoned for life our citizens both native and naturalized. This conduct was pronounced to be "a cussed or'nary shame." Then followed a minute description of the governor-general's palace of ice; his domestic arrangements; his superb sleigh, robed with white bear-skins, and drawn by a team of reindeer; of his herds of sea-cows, and the manner in which they were milked, besides a catalogue of other wonders. What with a little natural history, and a fancy enlivened by recollections of the snow-storm, he so far outstripped the genius of the bar-room Munchausen that this worthy sat abashed and confounded; and at length, taking the shapeless, weather-beaten felt from his frowzy pate, and handing it over to our hero, he sighed, "Here, stranger, I gin in; take my hat." Tim's overthrow was hailed with a shout of laughter, in which he joined with the best grace he could.

He evidently perceived, however, that he had dwindled in public estimation, and seemed puzzling his head to find some means of reinstating himself. Presently he visited his overcoat pocket, and drew forth a greasy, well-thumbed pack of cards, observing that, as thar' were no beds, they might as well amuse themselves somehow. A murmur of dissent went round the circle, which Longbow disregarded, while he gave the pack several scientific flips, and cast a significant look at the stranger. Crayon declined

the challenge thus conveyed; but, being solicitous that the *entente cordiale* which now existed should not be disturbed, and to the end that his motives might not be misunderstood, he told the teamster to hand him the pack; and he would show him something which he probably had never seen before. The request was cheerfully complied with, and Crayon went on to exhibit a number of jugglers' tricks, to the great astonishment and admiration of the company. These successful performances elevated our hero to such a pitch in the public favor, that it was unanimously resolved they should order a pitcher of "hot-pot," and get drunk in honor of the occasion, whether he joined them or not.

While the savory stew was brewing, Tim went for his fiddle, and, to the practiced eye, there were unmistakable evidences of an approaching spree.

Crayon withdrew himself into a corner convenient for purposes of observation. The fiddler struck up "The Chickasaw Nation," which, with a variety of similar airs, he played with great unction. The pitcher circulated rapidly, and the party was momentarily increased by the addition of sleepers from the adjoining rooms, who had been wakened by the uproar.

As Mr. Longbow was about laying aside his instrument to rosin his throat with an additional pint of hot-pot, it occurred to him that he had been wanting in an act of courtesy usual on these occasions. Although something of a swell, a bully, and a liar, Tim was still a Virginian. Vanquished as he had been on certain points upon which he prided himself, he had too enlarged a soul to exhibit or even entertain any ill-will toward the victor. With a glass of hot-pot in one hand and the fiddle in the other, he advanced toward Crayon, and proffered the instrument, with this civil inquiry, "Perhaps, stranger, you can choke the goose yourself?" Considering the circumstances, the act was chivalric and worthy of Tim's birth-place.

One of our hero's early misfortunes was that he had been sent to college. Being naturally of an erratic and wayward disposition, he forsook the beaten track of learning, discarded the printed programme for the Sophomore year, and diligently perfected himself in the mysteries of "old sledge" and the fiddle. At the

end of the year his *Euclid* and *Græca Majora* smelt as fresh as on the day they left the book-store, while he had sawed through innumerable strings of catgut, and thumbed to pieces pack after pack of Crehore's cards, with a perseverance which some persons might say was worthy of a better cause. The perusal of Chesterfield's Letters, and further acquaintance with the world, had long ago induced him to lay aside an accomplishment which, to say the least, is of doubtful utility to a gentleman; but it must be acknowledged, privately, he never laid eyes on a fiddle that his fingers did not itch to get hold of it. There was nothing in the surroundings there to remind him of Chesterfield, and, yielding to a natural impulse, he took the instrument, and sticking it under his chin, flourished off that brilliant extravaganza, "The Devil's Dream," in such effective style that the whole house, and especial-



THE TRIUMPH

ly Tim Longbow, were perfectly electrified. The excited herd stood for several moments mute and listening, then made a rush, *en masse*, upon the person of the fiddler. Before he could resist or protest, he found himself taking an Olympic promenade on the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd.

Whether Crayon felt more like a Grecian hero or a rowdy, as he rode round and round the dusty bar-room, we have never been able to ascertain. His countenance, serene and Sphinx-like, betrayed none of the emotions of his soul, while he continued to flourish his fiddle-stick with a furious zeal that would have done credit to the great Volker of the *Nibelungen Lied*. At the end of about half an hour he managed to make his escape into another part of the house, and finding there a sleeping-place, lately deserted by some fellow, he rolled himself in the blanket, and, pillowing his head on a saddle, slept soundly till morning.

Having sometimes attempted to rally Crayon on the subject of this involuntary ride, it is manifest that he does not care about alluding to it, and generally parries it with some good-humored jest.



ARION.

On one occasion he changed the conversation by observing that, in some late researches which he had made, he had discovered that the fish upon which Arion is said to have ridden was not a dolphin, as commonly supposed, but a bull porpoise; and from the arguments, pictorial as well as verbal, he advanced in support of this theory, we are inclined to believe it correct.

At half past six next morning the thermometer stood at 20°; but, maugre the cold and their recent fatigue, our travelers were stirring at that early hour, *en route* for Callahan's, where they determined to breakfast, as they had ascertained it was only a few miles distant. In the light of an unclouded morning the terror of the snow-storm had vanished, and the whole country resembled

a grand panoramic painting, the work of some wild, imaginative artist rather than cold reality. Field and forest were still clothed in their feathery white panoply, while rock, tree, and lowly shrub, hanging with icicles, glittered like fancy glass-work, and icy cataracts hung from the hill sides, rigid and motionless as the sparry concretions of a cave. But when the tardy sun began to illuminate the picture with his glancing rays, Crayon turned and thus addressed the inmates of the carriage :

“Look, girls! look, and enjoy it while you may. It is but an evanescent scene, but one might live for a hundred years and never look on such a sight again. Welcome the day of storm and travail! welcome the night of cold and darkness! that, like beneficent twin genii, have wrought this scene of more than earthly splendor.”

“I sees de tavern,” quoth Mice, “and smoke a-pourin’ out of de kitchen chimbely.”

“Tis well,” sighed Crayon; “the wants of the body must not be forgotten.”

Fresh, rosy, and sharp-set, our travelers stepped upon the platform at Callahan’s, and in the shortest possible time thereafter were seated at a breakfast-table, which was indeed a pleasant picture in its way.

At this point in the story the editor of these papers laid down his pen, and gravely remonstrated with the narrator on the frequent recurrence of these extravagant and detailed accounts of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. “It clogs the narrative,” quoth he; “it detracts from the dignity of the subject, and gives a commonplace air to the adventures.”

Porte Crayon responded with heat: “I despise your squeamish, transcendental, metaphysical dyspeptic who can’t eat. I have no respect for sentimentality or sick people. There must be something radically wrong either in the *morale* or *physique* of a person who does not enjoy a good meal, and whose mouth don’t water at a good description. Is Walter Scott deficient in interest? and are not his best books juicy with sirloins and venison pasties? Does the eating scene between Cœur de Lion and Friar Tuck clog the narrative? Where will you find a more refreshing picture

than that of the rustic repast served to the itinerant deities by old Baucis and Philemon? Is Homer wanting in dignity? Are not his feasts of gods and heroes, his boilings of mighty chins and barbecuing of fat oxen the very essence, or, more properly, the sauce of his world-famous epic? Ah!" continued Porte, in a softened tone, "none but a mountain wanderer knows how fondly



HOUYHNHM REPAST.

memory will cling to these daily recurring incidents of travel. All your beatification about scenery, sunrises, *et cetera*, serves very well to fill up space between my drawings, and the scraps of Latin and French that you get out of school-books to bamboozle the public into a belief that you are learned; but, depend upon it, nothing enriches a narrative like those touches of nature that would make a horse neigh with

delight if he could only read."

Reflecting, probably, that in his zeal he might have been rather personal in his remarks, Crayon paused for a moment, and then, giving us a furtive wink, observed, "By the way, P——, I think there's the cold carcass of a wild turkey in the pantry; let us go down and lunch."

"Agreed."

And so the dispute ended, and the description of the breakfast at Callahan's was passed over.

As they intended to go on to the White Sulphur forthwith, the horses were ordered immediately after breakfast, but, not appearing in due time, Crayon walked back to the stable to ascertain the cause of the delay. Hearing a voice as of some one soliloquizing, he looked through a crevice in the logs, and there, to his surprise, saw Mice seated on a heap of straw in a vacant stall. He seemed deeply immersed in the study of some difficult problem at cards, and, from time to time, dealt out hands to himself and an imaginary antagonist, and then would turn a trump, talk-



THE STUDENT.

ing all the while to himself.

“Mist it dat time. Well, try agin. Ugh! ugh! Queen! Ha! dat won't do: cuss de luck! I wish I dast ask Mass'Porte to larn me how to thumb a jack dat way he does; it beats all!”

Porte slipped back to the house quietly, and sent a servant to require Mice's immediate attendance with

the carriage, which soon made its appearance; and the party put themselves *en route* for the White Sulphur Springs.

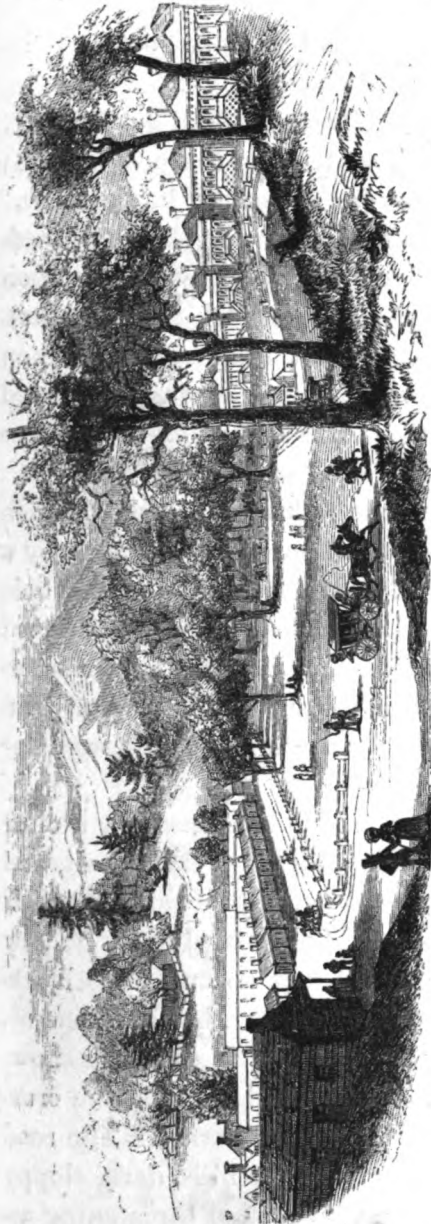
CHAPTER VIII.

WHITE SULPHUR AND ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS.

FROM Callahan's to the White Sulphur is a distance of sixteen miles ; and having arrived at Frazier's Hotel in time for dinner, our friends spent the afternoon in seeing what they could of that renowned watering-place.

The season had been over for a month, and the principal establishment was closed, although a few persons were yet lingering at Frazier's. It was impossible not to acknowledge the beauty of the situation and surrounding scenery, although a mountain watering-place, deserted by its visitors and canopied with snow, is but a forlorn theme for pen or pencil. In the improvement of this place there has been but little effort at architectural embellishment, and, although the *tout ensemble* is pleasing, the buildings generally are mean, and built without taste or judgment. Colonel Hampton's house, Baltimore Row, and two or three isolated cottages, may be mentioned as exceptions. The noble fountain around which all these buildings are clustered, however grateful to the invalid, found but little favor with our travelers, as one glassful of the water served the whole party. On returning to their lodgings, chilled, and, sooth to say, somewhat dispirited, our friends gathered around a crackling fire, and began to discuss their future movements. Crayon quoted Solomon : " ' In the day of prosperity be joyful, in the day of adversity, consider.' Mark that, girls ; Solomon does not say, ' In the day of adversity be sad and downcast ;' he says, ' Consider'—consider, but be cheerful still. To this point we have followed our programme with great exactness, and our course from hence to the next great point of attraction I had purposely left to be determined by circumstances. Circumstances have arisen which render the most direct route advis-

able; and, indeed, in a country where every road leads to some spot of interest or beauty, it matters but little which we decide upon. However, we will not counsel to-night. Morning is the



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

season of hope. In the morning the soul is brave and buoyant. We'll form our plans in the morning, and carry them through, if we break an axle in the attempt."

Next morning Porte took a sketch of the locality, and then set forth his decision in regard to their movements. "We will return to Callahan's to-day," said he; "there we will be well fed. From thence, by Covington and Clifton Forge, to Lexington."

Porte spoke like one in authority, and the girls agreed to every thing with smiling faces, so docile and acquiescent had they become since the snow-storm. Crayon's word was law, and he felt like a potentate.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

And the poet might have added, without spoiling the verse,

"Striving by every art to rule,
Willful as any pig or mule."

But when beset with difficulties and dangers, how naturally and sweetly she nestles under the protecting wing of the sterner sex.

L

"Cousin," whispered Minnie, "we must visit the Rockbridge Alum."

"It is some distance off our route," replied Porte, knitting his brows.

"But I want to go there," insisted she.

"Then you shall go, darling! I'll write it on the programme; but don't speak of it, d'ye hear."

Their return to Callahan's was signalized by a bloody war upon the pheasants, which had collected in great numbers to feed upon the wild grapes that bordered the road; and when they got to



FANS OF PHEASANTS' TAILS.

their resting-place the carriage was loaded with game.

Shortly after leaving their inn on the following morning, which by the journal was the 27th of October, they were overtaken by a rain, which continued with more or less violence during the whole day. A glance at Covington, as they hastened through, seemed sufficient to justify Mice's observation that "it was a 'mazin' ordinary-lookin' town;" and during their passage of the gap at Clifton Forge they had glimpses of some grand scenery, although but dimly discerned through the falling torrents.

Crayon was sorely tempted to stop, and take chances for a clear day on the morrow. He even went so far as to call a halt, and make inquiry of a swarthy forgerman as to the probability of their finding entertainment. Dora's dimpled fingers plucked him by the sleeve. "Porte, don't stop here; let us go on to the Rockbridge Alum." He pretended not to notice her, but gave the order to drive on. With the rain disappeared all traces of the snow, and the swollen, turbid streams looked fearful through the crevices in the crazy bridges by which they were traversed. The road was lonesome enough as it wound over piny hills, dark, sloppy vales, and occasionally crossing a roaring brook of threatening aspect. At length the gloom of an untimely twilight gathered round them, and the horses showed such signs of fatigue that they

could with difficulty be urged along. Mice declared that he would as lief turn a wheat-fan all day as drive such a team; and it was unanimously resolved to take the first shelter that offered.

It was not long before they saw a white cottage among the trees, surrounded with such out-buildings as betokened some degree of prosperity. The carriage was accordingly drawn up at the door, and the demand for hospitality answered by a white-capped matron in a cordial affirmative. A couple of young negroes assisted Mice in unloading the baggage, while Crayon transferred the live cargo to the shelter of the house. They were introduced into a large whitewashed room, the walls of which were ornamented with wreaths of cedar and lithographic prints from the presses of Nassau Street. Among these were portraits of the Presidents, scenes from the Mexican War, and the Virginia Beauty in a flaming red dress.

A negro boy and girl were making all haste to kindle a fire with wet wood, and a number of dripping, disconsolate dogs stared wistfully in at the open door; but the ladies, mindful of Solomon's recommendation, did not look downcast, but wore a quiet, determined air, as if, in the old-time phrase, each had resolved to "keep a stiff upper lip." — Crayon whistled as he busied himself drying his gun.

"This looks jolly!" said he, eyeing the fire-place, from whence



KINDLING THE FIRE.

rolled volumes of steamy smoke, that spread over the ceiling, and soon half filled the room.

"I don't see any thing particularly jolly about it," replied Fanny, in a firm tone.

"Will it clear up, Porte?"

"I think it will, Minnie."

"When?"

"I can't tell, Cousin Dimple; but I have always observed that when it rained it cleared up afterward."

"I think exposure to the damp has rusted your wit, Cousin Porte, as well as your gun-lock."

"Indeed, child, if you take the observation in a proper sense, there's both wit and philosophy in it."

Dora intimated that smart people were sometimes very tiresome; and Fanny observed that when one was wearied and uncomfortable, such answers appeared impolite, and, to say the least, she thought both the wit and philosophy rather untimely. Crayon apologized for his wit, but insisted that philosophy was peculiarly necessary for the weary and dispirited; something depended, however, upon the manner in which it was served up.

"If supper was served up," said Dora, "you might call your nonsense by any name you pleased."

"Ah, girls!" began Mr. Crayon, "you should read Epictetus: '*Souffrir avec patience, jouir avec moderation.*'"

"Fiddlestick!" said Fanny.

"Why didn't you quote that at breakfast this morning?"

"It seems strange that those possessed of so large a stock of health, and surrounded with every circumstance of happiness, should permit themselves to be annoyed and made ill-humored by so slight a matter as a rain. The complaint of the Sybarite, who could not sleep because of a crumpled rose-leaf in his couch, is scarcely more absurd than what we hear daily on the subject of the weather. The farmer, indeed, may grieve over his blasted crops, and the mariner dread the coming storm. Where fortune and life may be at stake, it is but human to murmur. But to the butterflies of existence, how can it matter whether it rains, or snows, or blows, when the worst result to them is but the defeat

or postponement of some idle scheme of pleasure? Unless, indeed, a man may have inconsiderately eaten and drunk himself into a fit of gout or inflammatory rheumatism—then he may curse the weather a little.”

“The orator descended a little toward the last, I think,” said Fanny, laughing; “like a lark, he flew high and lighted low.”

Dora asked when Porte intended to preach again; and Minnie inquired if he meant to classify them with the butterflies.



THE BUTTER FLIES.

“Of that species,” replied he, “that will make the butter fly when the time arrives.”

“Bah! what a worn-out joke!”

Porte was about lighting the match of an intellectual rocket, intended to carry confusion and dismay into the ranks of the enemy, when supper was announced.

Peace and cheerfulness being thus restored, our friends were gathered around the blazing parlor fire, where, with needle, pen, and pencil, they busied themselves pleasantly enough. The circle was shortly enlarged by the pale, meek-eyed young woman who had done the honors of the table, and who appeared to be the daughter-in-law of the old couple. She seemed to think it her duty to entertain the strangers, but her subdued manner did not much enliven the conversation. Minnie, behindhand with her work, as usual, was engaged in finishing a pair of red socks for her doll.

“What cute little socks!” said the woman, regarding the work with interest.

Minnie exhibited her doll. As the young matron held the toy to the light, her eyes sparkled and her hand trembled. “How pretty! It is doubtless for some little girl, Miss? How it will please her!”

Her evident emotion and eagerness readily suggested the cause of this admiration, and were irresistible to one of Minnie’s generous temper. “You must keep the doll, Madam,” said she, “as a present for your little girl.”

A look of mortal agony overspread the young matron’s face, and her lip quivered as she essayed to speak.

“For me, Miss? No—no—not for mine! My child is dead!” And, covering her face with her hands, she hastened from the room.

The sunlight streamed gloriously through the broken mass of cloud that hung upon the mountain sides, and Nature looked as if her face had just been washed, and not yet wiped. The carriage was on hand betimes; our travelers had taken their seats, and were laboring to stow away the cumbersome presents of apples and chestnuts which were forced upon them by the kindly inmates of the cottage. Just then they heard the splashing sound of a horse’s feet, and the farmer’s son, a stout young man of about five-and-twenty, rode up.

“Stop, stranger! You can’t go on. The creek is roaring out of its banks. The ford, at best, is deep and rough; but now it is all foaming and blocked up with drift-wood.”

Porte Crayon looked blank. “How far is it from here?”

“Half a mile,” was the response.

“Then we will look at it ourselves.”

“Very well,” replied the man; “when you see it you’ll be satisfied.”

They drove on, accompanied by the young man, who carried an axe on his shoulder. Arrived within sight of the stream, our hero looked blanker than ever. The crossing was just below a fall of some ten or twelve feet, while above and below the frantic torrent rushed between precipitous banks, unapproachable by horse

or vehicle. A mass of foam and drift-logs, heaving and plunging with the force of the current, covered the site of the ford. The scene was wild and stirring, and, as Porte surveyed it, the blood mounted to his head.

“Now, stranger, I suppose you’re contented?”

“We’ll cross it,” replied Porte.

“And these young women—”

“Can’t leave them behind.”

“It looks like tempting Providence,” said the young farmer, with kindling eye; “but if you’re bound to cross, I’m with you.”

He then showed them, a short distance below the ford, a rustic bridge, by which they might gain the opposite bank without the risk of passing in the carriage. To attain this bridge, the ladies were to be toted some distance across shallow water, and then were expected to walk a pine log that spanned the torrent, there about forty feet wide. The party descended from the carriage, and the farmer, throwing off his coat, plunged into the water, and began lustily whacking at the drift-logs. What with the axe and Mice’s strength, the trees, one after another, were sent rushing down the stream, and in half an hour that part of the difficulty was removed. The ladies, meanwhile, had surrounded Crayon, and so berated him for his rashness and obstinacy that he waded some distance into the water to get rid of them.

“Now, girls, for the bridge!”

“We can never walk it,” cried they, “with that wild torrent below!”

And with many protestations and exclamations of alarm, they were duly transported across the water, to the heap of rocks that constituted the nearer abutment. In vain Porte railed and encouraged; in vain he skipped to and fro across the log, with assumed *nonchalance*; they clung together like bees hiving, and refused to move.

Porte appealed to Fanny. “Come, my heroine, lead the way! Remember Elizabeth Zane, who ran from Fort Wheeling to the powder-house and back, across the fire of five hundred Indians. Come, show the pluck of your grandmother!”

The blood began to glow in Fanny’s face.

“Porte, stop with your buffoonery. I believe I could walk, if it were possible to keep from looking at the water.”

“Then here—give me your hands;—rest them upon my sides—thus. Keep your eyes fixed upon my glazed cap. Forward!”

As they crossed with steady, mincing steps,

“There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held their breath
For a time.”

“Here we are!” said Porte, seating Fanny on a mossy rock.
“It was nothing, after all.”

Minnie followed, and then Dora. “All safe!” shouted Crayon, as this last sunk, pale and exhausted, beside her companions.
“How her hands trembled!”



CROSSING THE LOG.

“Did mine tremble?” asked Fanny.

“That they did,” replied he; “and your cheeks have scarcely recovered their color yet.”

“And now, brother, as we are all over, you are surely not going back?”

“Certainly.”

“What! to cross in the carriage?”

“Why not?”

“Indeed, you shall not go. Let the man drive it over. Give him money—reward him well. You shall not go back, positively. If you do, I’ll certainly— What shall I do?”

“You may follow, if you think proper,” said Porte, coolly, recrossing the bridge.

“If he’s drowned,” said she, despairingly, “it will be due to his own perversity; and they may look for his body up-stream—it will never float with the current.”

“Mice, will you cross in the carriage or on the log?”

“I was jest a-thinkin’, Massa,” replied Mice, exhibiting considerable indecision in his manner, “if de carriage turns over, den I can’t git out; if I falls off de log, den I gits drowned. I never was much for walkin’ logs no how.”

“Then get in the carriage.”

“’Spose it washes over, Mass’ Porte, den how?”

“Go across the log, then, if you prefer it.”

“I say, Mass’ Porte, does it wobble?”

The body of the carriage was loaded with stones to serve as ballast against the force of the current. The farmer stood in front, reins and whip in hand, ready for the start. Porte mounted beside him, crack went the whip, and in plunged the horses. In a moment they were floundering in water which swept over their backs, and a foot deep in the carriage. The sorrel stumbled and disappeared entirely, the vehicle swayed and tilted, the men swung their weight against the current, the horse rose again from the foam, snorting and plunging. The driver lathered the horses and the waves alternately with the splintered whip-stock, while Porte poured forth his vocabulary of encouragement and abuse in a voice of thunder. Another tug. “Whoop! the roan is down—

we're tilting—no, she rights again!" The roan emerges, rearing like a sea-horse. Again: "Lay to it, you bloody tackies!" The wheels rattled through the shallow water, and the steeds stood dripping and panting upon the farther shore. The girls hurried down the bank, breathless, to offer their congratulations, while Porte waved his cap, and drowned the voice of the waters with his triumphant shouts.



THE FORDING.

Mice, finding himself alone on the other shore, and roused, probably, by the success of the passage, made a desperate rush at the bridge. He started upright, but, finding that the log or his head wobbled more than he anticipated, he sunk upon his hands and knees, and finally got astride and rode himself over.

A careful examination of the vessel and cargo showed that they had received no damage beyond a wet trunk and a damp floor. Owing to some opportune holes in the bottom, the water had run out as fast as it had run in, and, for the rest, the carriage was all the better for a good washing. The stones were unloaded, and the legitimate proprietors restored to their places. The ladies gracefully took leave of the farmer, and the carriage went on its way.

Porte Crayon tarried until they were out of hearing.

“My friend,” said he, “you have done me a great service, and done it gallantly. Permit me to offer you something in remuneration.”

The young man put back the proffered gold. “For money, Sir, I would not have done as much; for the lady, I would be glad to have done much more—that one with the golden hair—may God bless her!”

Their road that day lay through a valley hemmed in by lofty mountains—vale and mountain covered, for the most part, with the primeval forest; while the clearings, with their rude huts, were few and far between. The way was a succession of mud-holes, rocks, and deep-washed gullies. Sometimes the swollen brooks from the mountains, leaving their own beds, took to the highway, and the horses went splashing through water over their fetlocks for half a mile at a time. Anon they were astonished by an apparition, significant of civilization, indeed, but wholly unlooked for in this region. This was nothing less than a toll-gate.

“What! do they take tolls on such roads as this?”

“That’s what I was put here for,” replied the man, laughing.

“Call dis a pike!” exclaimed Mice, swelling with indignation.

“Hain’t seed no mile-posses yit.”

“New road,” answered the tollman. “Not put up yet.”

The coachman, however, would accept no apologies, and, as he

drove forward, intimated to the mortified tax-gatherer that he had better take toll of those streams that were traveling down his road, as they were likely to use it up more rapidly than carriages. He went on to say that, if he "had druv over worser roads in Ole Virginny, he did grudge to pay money on sich a pike, whar' were no mile-posses."

Crayon bade the coachman hold his peace, and took up the discourse himself. He thought it as unphilosophic to complain of bad roads as of bad weather, for growling mended neither the one nor the other. "We are traveling in search of the picturesque," said he. "Good roads are by no means picturesque. We are looking for adventures. What chance for adventures on a smooth, well-beaten highway? Robbers and bandits have become obsolete: there are rogues enough, to be sure, but not of the dramatic sort. Nowadays travelers are annoyed and disgusted, not frightened; cheated, not robbed. Consequently, I look upon a bad road—not a dull succession of common mud-holes, that only serve to tire the horses, but a fine, romantic, dangerous road, such as strikes the imagination, with rocks, precipices, swollen streams to cross—" Here Crayon paused.

"I think," said Fanny, "you were a great goose to go back and cross that ford in the carriage."

"Fanny," said Crayon, with an air of dignity, "should I permit a stranger to incur a risk in my service that I feared to share myself?"

Fanny's face glowed with generous feeling, and her acquiescence in the sentiment was signified by silence.

"As I have remarked, the race of robbers no longer exists."

"Bless de Lord, Massa, what kind of men is dem?"

At a little distance off, six men were seen issuing from the wood and advancing toward the carriage, by the road, in Indian file. Their appearance was such as might have justified any surmise in their regard that did not rank them as good citizens.

Their weather-beaten faces were nearly hidden by slouched hats, long, matted locks, and shaggy beards. Their hunting-shirts and trowsers were of mountain jeans, colored with hickory bark, but torn, stained, and begrimed with dirt until the original dye was

almost invisible. Some wore deer-skin leggins, and carried packs, while every one was accoutred with a wicked-looking knife, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, and carried at a slope or trail a long rifle.



THE HUNTERS

As this formidable company approached, with that swinging stride peculiar to the mountaineer, Mice turned of an ashy hue, and spasmodically drew up his horses.

“S’pose dese is robbers, Massa Porte, what we gwine to do?”

The forest was dark and lonely, and the suddenness of the apparition had taken Crayon quite off his guard. He began to entertain Mice’s suggestion himself, and

went so far as to push back the guard of his rifle-lock and loosen his knife in its sheath. “But what chance,” said he, mentally, “for one man against six stalwart, well-armed ruffians? All got knives, too. This black scoundrel is turning white; he’ll be of no use. Probably I’d better give up my money quietly, and be robbed before my ladies, just after having distinguished myself too! No, by thunder, I won’t! It shall be no farce, but a tragedy. At least that shag-eared villain in front shall bite the dust. Perhaps the others will run; I hope so. Fanny,” quoth he, aloud, “hand me the knapsack.”

“Do you want your book to sketch these queer-looking men?”

asked Fanny, innocently, as Porte fumbled in the sack for his revolver.

“Probably I may,” replied he, with emotion.

By this time the men were beside the carriage, but, instead of any hostile demonstration, they saluted the travelers civilly and passed on.

“Done gone by, and never toch us!” quoth the coachman, drawing a long breath; “and dere’s a deer’s tail and hind legs sticking out of he’s bundle.”

“To be sure,” said Porte, greatly relieved; “they are hunters. I might have known that from the first. Mark them, girls; they resemble very much our party on their return from the great expedition to the Blackwater.”

After this adventure the girls fell a-dozing, and Crayon fell into a philosophic reverie on the nature of courage and the motives of human action. However worthy of being written many of his reflections may have been, they were of too metaphysical a character to find a place in this unpretending narrative. Moreover, as the pen of the historian is scarcely adequate to the task of relating what our travelers saw and accomplished on this eventful journey, it can not be expected to tell all they thought at the same time. Even while they snoozed and dreamed, they were startled by a cracking noise about the running gear of their vehicle. A close inspection ascertained that it proceeded from the fore-axle, which was giving way under the rude and repeated shocks it had received that day. To avoid an absolute smash, it was deemed advisable to perform the rest of the day’s journey on foot; nor were the ladies disheartened when a countryman told them it wanted yet four miles to their place of destination.

Early in the afternoon they espied a cluster of buildings peeping from among the trees, nestled deep in a little cove at the foot of a high mountain. This, as they guessed, was the Rockbridge Alum, and cheerily was its appearance greeted. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, they still found some lingering visitors, whose politeness and agreeable manners added much to the pleasure of their short sojourn.

While the ladies were indebted to the gallantry of two gentle-



ROCKBRIDGE ALUM.

men for a game of ten-pins, Crayon climbed the cliff, and was soon absorbed in his favorite occupation.

These springs are situated in the northwestern part of Rockbridge county, on the main turnpike-road leading from Lexington to the Warm Springs, by which route they are usually approached from east or west. The buildings are generally of brick, substantially built and well arranged. To the eye it is one of the pleasantest places in the mountains. The character of the water is very like that of the Bath Alum, although chemists and physicians have discovered some difference in its analysis and application to diseases. The water is obtained in the same manner, by collecting the drippings from a slate cliff in little reservoirs of stone and cement. The cliff here, however, is more imposing in



ALUM CLIFF.

appearance, being eighty or ninety feet in height and nearly perpendicular.

Viewed from the summit of this bank, the lawn, inclosed by a semicircle of cottages, partially shaded with trees, its green carpet dotted with groups of gayly-dressed visitors, presents a pleasing and animated picture. The water in barrels and demi-johns, and pills manufactured from its solid contents, are extensively exported from this place, and bring a considerable revenue to the proprietors.

The journey from this place to Lexington, over a well-graded road, was unmarked by any circumstance worthy of record either by pen or pencil, except,

indeed, the appearance of the House Mountains, around the bases of which they passed.

This isolated and curious group rises to a considerable height above the surrounding country, and is seen and remarked from a great distance. The outlines of the mountains resemble those of Virginia barns, or of old-fashioned hipped-roof houses. Hence the name.

The town of Lexington is beautifully situated on an eminence in the midst of the great valley, and its horizon is bounded on all sides by blue mountains, whose outlines are uncommonly diversified and pleasing. It is tolerably well built for a Virginia town, and can boast itself of two colleges and a law school, to say nothing of a well-kept and roomy hotel.

The buildings of Washington College are strung out upon a ridge in the suburbs of the town; and the architecture of stucco and brick, although not strictly classical in its forms or colors,

stands in beautiful relief against the deep-blue background afforded by the House Mountains. This institution, like the name and principles of its great namesake, seems to be drifting out of public notice and esteem. A few hundred yards beyond, on the same ridge, stands the Military Institute, whose castellated walls and towers are properly in character with its purposes, and contrast agreeably with the Italian forms of its neighbor. The Institute, being under the patronage of the State, seems in a prosperous condition; and it is a pleasant sight to see the long array of tight little cadets marching into church or going through their daily exercises on the parade-ground, and still more agreeable to witness the manly courtesy with which they receive and do the honors of the place to strangers, and the air of order and subordination that reigns through the whole establishment.

The proximity of these institutions, governed by different systems of education, may properly lead to some general reflections on the subject. It matters little in this age of books what routine may be marked out for the intelligent pupil, the prescribed course of any college or high-school, if properly followed, would furnish a sufficient foundation for whatever superstructure of learning or science might afterward be raised thereon. But in the slovenly regulations and lax discipline of most schools the paramount lesson of life is disregarded. The graduate returns to the paternal mansion with a smattering of the classics, some premature vices, and a little froth of philosophy, mixed with great bubbles of conceit, rather confused ideas of mathematical harmonies, and a spirit of insubordination that is likely to make him a nuisance to himself and society for a long time afterward. But those wholesome lessons of obedience, which give manliness and dignity to the character, and teach each one the necessity and greatness of being a law unto himself, where are they taught systematically?

The military system alone seems to attach sufficient importance to this leading principle, and to enforce habits of obedience and deference to superiors. The youth are taught that in subordination lies the point of honor, and the lesson, gilded with the pomp and trappings of military parade, is learned with greater facility, and becomes more permanently fixed upon the character. What

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effect this system, generally applied, might have in checking the tendency to impertinence and lawlessness in a future generation of young Americans, we leave to— Who shall we leave it to? Crayon rubbed his forehead, and looked puzzled.

“Mr. Crayon seems to be turning reformer.”

“Does it seem so? Then, on consideration, you may scratch out all that stuff; I'd as lief be taken for a thief.”

“Even worse than a common reformer, you have advocated turning the cog-wheel backward, and have uttered heresies against the spirit of the age and the everlasting laws of progress.”

“Have I so? Then let it stand.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

FROM Lexington our travelers pursued their journey for ten or twelve miles over an indifferent plank road, and about midday had the pleasure of lunching on cakes and beer with the old woman who keeps the toll-gate. At this point they left the main thoroughfare and turned their horses' heads eastward, toward the Natural Bridge.



CAKES AND BEER.

A drive of five or six miles brought them to the end of their day's journey; and with baskets, shawls, and other accessories, they were soon in full possession of the old-fashioned sitting-room at the Bridge Hotel. Porte Crayon sat at one of the windows, to all appearance oblivious of the present, and humming that delectable air of Bellini's, "*Vi ravviso, O! luoghi ameni.*" Had he been less abstracted and more considerate, he must have ob-

served the fluttering, restless demeanor of his more youthful companions, for cold indeed must be that fancy, and impassive that soul, that can approach this far-famed wonder without emotion.

“Cousin, is the bridge near at hand?”

Porte started up, apologizing for his forgetfulness, and intimated to the ladies that if they would walk with him a short distance, they might have a distant glimpse of the bridge without delay. Starting from the tavern door, they followed the public road by a gentle ascent for sixty or eighty paces, when they came to a gate. Here Crayon entered, and, taking Minnie by the arm, he pushed aside the branches of an arbor vitæ, and led her forward several paces, until they reached a sort of rocky barrier.

“Look down; cousin!”

She shrieked, and would have fallen but for the support of her companion, who hastily withdrew her from the spot, and seated her, all pale and trembling, under the shade of an evergreen.

“What’s the matter? What is it?” inquired the others, with alarmed eagerness.

“Oh, Porte, how could you do it! The bridge! the bridge! we’re on the bridge! It was terrible!”

On hearing this, Fanny and Dora looked wildly about, as if seeking some place of refuge, and finally fled through the gate by which they had entered, and only halted when they had gained the middle of the highway.

“Come back, you silly creatures!”

“No, no, not for the world! we would not go on it again.”

“Don’t you know that you are on it now?”

Dora would have taken to her heels again, but Fanny stopped her. “Don’t mind Porte’s quizzing,” said she. “Don’t you see we are in the public road, and not on any bridge?”

Porte succeeded in capturing the runaways, and holding them securely before he gave the information, explained to them that they then stood over the centre of the arch, and yet so entirely hidden was the chasm which it spanned, by the natural parapets of rocks and trees, that he had himself seen persons pass over without being aware of it. Then, by dint of fair promises, he induced his captives to return to the point of view.

“No tricks, brother; no surprises!”

“’Pon honor, none; I was too much frightened at the result of my last to try another.”

He then led the ladies, one at a time, to the parapet, where on their hands and knees they ventured to look over the brink into that awful chasm which few have nerve sufficient to view from an upright position. Fanny attempted it, holding to her brother’s arm, but found she could endure it only for a moment, when her dizzy brain and trembling knees warned her to desist. Crayon looked long and earnestly into the abyss, bounded by dark impending cliffs of jagged limestone, festooned with rich wreaths of arbor vitæ, the most beautiful of all the tribe of evergreens.

“Girls, come here; observe that decayed cedar stump project-

ing from a crevice in the rock, over the centre of the chasm there, two hundred and twenty feet in depth by the line.” It was cut or sawed off even with the top of the bridge, and presented a flat surface about twelve inches in diameter, and distant two feet or more from the parapet. “Once upon a time, so I was told, a young lady, a Miss —, stepped out and stood with both feet on that stump. Her female friend who was with her fainted outright, while the heroine waved her scarf, and blew kisses to the



THE HEROINE.

beaux who stood aghast behind the parapet. When I was twenty years younger, I had the hardihood, or rather the folly, to place one foot upon that same stump, and remain in that position for some moments. I had a great mind to try it with both feet, but was restrained by the philosophic reflection that, after all, I was emulating a woman, and could only surpass her by breaking my neck, which I had no mind to do at that time, to say nothing of the probability of the whole story being a lie."

Here Porte Crayon fell into a soliloquy. "The very recollection makes me shudder now. Are my nerves less firm than of yore? or is it merely want of usage? 'The native hue of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' or, as plain people say, maybe I've got more sense now!"

Crayon took a stick and commenced poking the stump, which appeared to be entirely decayed. "It wouldn't bear stepping on now, at any rate," he muttered. "It is a mere shell."

"Brother, what are you meditating? Surely not to set foot on that stump?"

"No, child, nothing of the kind.

'Days of my youth, I mourn not your decay.'

Days of fevered blood and sickly fancies, of restless anticipation and disappointed hopes, of cankered blossoms and sour fruit, of warring with phantoms and worshiping of shadows. Wretched indeed must be his manhood who looks back with regret, and would recall the days of his youth. Probably few would sincerely wish to roll back the wheels of time, and the frequent expression of the sentiment is nothing more than one of the forms of cant with which the world is pleased to express its chronic discontent. For me, thrice blessed is the calm current of maturity; and one of the chiefest joys of manhood is the reflection that I am no longer a boy—that my bark has descended the headlong brawling torrent, bruised and battered indeed, but still afloat, to return no more."

Whether the foregoing are Mr. Crayon's standing sentiments, or whether they were the result of his peculiar position at the time, we can not positively say. But any man who is commander-in-chief of a good carriage and a pair of stout horses, the pos-

essor of a sound stomach and a plump purse, and sole guardian to three uncommonly pretty and interesting girls, two of them cousins to boot, may be excused for speaking in praise of that particular time of life, and in disparagement of all others. Ah! old fox, which of those sweet cousins was it that, some days back, possibly in Lexington, leaned softly on thine arm, and said "she detested boys?" and wherefore, since that day, hast thou combed thy beard so broad, descanted so complacently and poetically on the superiority of a full-blown intellect, and been at such pains to pluck two coarse gray hairs from each of thine eyebrows?

It appearing that there still remained several hours of daylight, our friends determined to visit the bridge below, where they were assured they might enjoy the grandeur of the scene unmixed with terror.

Following their leader down a rapidly descending path which wound around the abrupt point of a hill, they presently entered a grove of noble evergreens, and on emerging from this all stood still with one accord. In front and below them was the yawning gorge, rugged and wild, clothed as it were in sombre shadows, through which the light glanced from the cascades of Cedar Creek with faint and trembling sheen. Above, with its outline of tree and rock cutting sharp against the blue sky, rose the eternal arch; so massive, yet so light it springs, uniting its tremendous buttresses high in mid air, while beneath its stern shadow the eye can mark, in fair perspective, rocks, trees, hill-tops, and distant sailing clouds. There are few objects in nature which so entirely fill the soul as this bridge in its unique and simple grandeur. In consideration of the perfection of its adaptation to circumstances, the simplicity of its design, the sublimity of its proportions, the spectator experiences a fullness of satisfaction which familiarity only serves to increase; and while that sentiment of awe inseparable from the first impression may be weakened or disappear altogether, wonder and admiration grow with time.

Continuing their descent, our friends reached the banks of the stream, and passed beneath the arch, pausing at every step to feast their eyes upon the varying aspects in which the scene was presented. Crossing Cedar Creek under the bridge, they gained a



THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

point above on the stream, from whence the view is equally fine with that first obtained from the descending path on the opposite side. This picture exhibits the turn of the arch to greater advantage. Then the flanking row of embattled cliffs, their sides wreathed with dark foliage, and their bases washed by the stream, forms a noble addition to the scene.



VIEW OF BRIDGE, UPPER SIDE.

The average height of these cliffs is about two hundred and fifty feet, the height of the bridge about two hundred and twenty. The span of the arch is ninety-three feet, its average width eighty, and its thickness in the centre fifty-five feet. It does not cross the chasm precisely at right angles, but in an oblique direction, like what engineers call a skew bridge. While the cliffs are perpendicular, and in some places overhanging, the abutments under the arch approach until their bases are not more than fifty feet apart. At ordinary times the stream does not occupy more than half this space, although from its traces and water-marks it frequently sweeps through in an unbroken volume, extending from rock to rock. The top of the bridge is covered with a clay soil to the depth of several feet, which nourishes a considerable growth of trees, generally of the evergreen species. These, with masses of rock, serve to form natural parapets along the sides, as if for greater security, and entirely obscure the view of the chasm from the passer. It is now further protected by lines of board fencing, placed there by the owner of the property. Although this precaution is rather distasteful to a lover of the picturesque, yet it

detracts but little from the general view, every thing being on so grand a scale that they are scarcely observed.

As our friends became familiarized with the objects around them, conversation began to resume its sway, and Crayon, as cicerone of the party, began to recall the traditionary anecdotes and minor wonders with which every place of this sort abounds. He pointed out the route by which a man is said to have climbed up the cliffs, and not the bridge, as is commonly supposed. He also robbed the story of its superhuman attributes by expressing his belief that any cool-headed man accustomed to climbing—a sailor, for instance—could do the same thing easily. He had even attempted it himself; but on attaining an elevation of thirty or forty feet, he began to perceive how things looked “to a man up a tree,” and concluded to descend. He then pointed out the spread eagle which is pictured on the under side of the arch, scratching the eyes out of the British Lion, all of which the ladies were patriotic enough to see plainly; although Dora, who had lately been reading history, puzzled Crayon by asking whether he thought the picture was there before the Revolution. He got out of the difficulty by saying that if it was there prior to the separation, it must have been prophetic; but as it was formed by the growth of moss, it might have come out since the wars. Indeed, by looking a while steadily, and allowing a little latitude to the fancy, one may see a great many things that hitherto have not been remarked. For example, in the eagle’s other claw there appears to be a scroll upon which is mapped a number of the golden provinces of a neighboring republic, while she appears to be endeavoring to swallow a long, irregularly-shaped object that resembles an island.

“Your eagle,” quoth Fanny, “seems to be something of a cormorant.”

Porte went on to point out the spot where Washington is said to have written the initials of his name, although he confessed he had never been able to make them out. After considering the spot attentively, Fanny declared she did not believe that any mortal could have reached it without a ladder, and Dora said that, while she knew from her history that Washington was a great

general and statesman, she never heard that he could climb better than other people. Minnie observed that, for her part, she had always felt averse to hearing such stories about Washington, or to believing he had ever done any thing so childish. It seemed rather a derogation from the dignity of his character, who had written his name so high upon

“The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar.”

As they were grouped around the hostel fire that night, Crayon intimated to the ladies that he might be persuaded to relate an adventure which befell him in the neighborhood during his first visit to the bridge. As the proposition met with cordial approbation, he commenced as follows :

“In the fall of 1834 I made a pedestrian tour—to which you have sometimes heard me allude—in company with my friend, Jack Rawlins. Our route was nearly the same which we have followed, and on our arrival here we were entertained in the room which we now occupy. I remember every thing as if it had been but yesterday. The house was temporarily in charge of a couple of youths not much older than their guests, and who, for the sake of convenience, I shall call Bob and Tom Johnson, although, in truth, I do not recollect their real names. But you must bear in mind that the names are the only fictions made use of in the narrative. While we were studying the bridge, I heard, with emulous breast, of the feats of General Washington, Miss —, and the nameless man who climbed the cliff, and was burning to write my name somewhere, whether in the Temple of Fame or the Booth of Folly it mattered little, for at that age I ranked the heroine of the stump and the successful cliff-climber with the founder of universities and the leader of armies.

“One night the elder of our entertainers happened to speak of a wonderful cavern that was in the neighborhood. He described it as a great opening like a well, near the top of a hill several miles distant. It had never been explored, nor even fathomed, and was an object of mingled curiosity and terror to all who knew of it, and many were the stories and traditions connected with its fame. It was said that, during the Revolutionary war, chests of money had been thrown into it to secure them from Tarleton’s

thieving dragoons, and the owners, having been slain in battle, had, of course, never returned to claim the treasures. Men and cattle that disappeared from the country were all accredited to this mysterious hole, and murderers were suspected of throwing the bodies of their victims therein for better concealment, although Bob frankly acknowledged that since his day there had been no one murdered thereabout that he knew of. He went on to say that on many a Sunday he had amused himself, with some of the bolder spirits of the neighborhood, in throwing rocks and logs into its yawning mouth, and listening with awe to the hollow crash and booming reverberations that followed. 'No one has ever dared to descend,' said he; 'and, indeed, I should be sorry to see any one undertake it.' My feelings during this narrative resembled those of St. George when he found the dragon's nest. Here was a dragon indeed worthy of my daring. 'Bah!' said I, affecting carelessness—for I was bursting with anxiety lest some one might go down into the hole before I could get to it in the morning—'Pshaw! I will descend and explore this wonderful place, if you will only point it out to me to-morrow morning.' The young man looked at me with an expression of mingled terror and incredulity. Jack Rawlins began to protest, when Tom laughingly remarked that he need not be uneasy; he'd warrant that I'd go no farther than the mouth. 'There, you've settled the matter,' cried Jack, in despair; 'he'd go now, if it was the mouth of the bottomless pit.'

"Bob took an early opportunity to call me aside, and with a countenance playing between eagerness and doubt, asked if I seriously intended to do what I had said. I assured him of my determination. 'Well, stranger, if perhaps you should find those chests of money—' Here he paused warily. 'Oh, we'll divide, of course,' said I, 'we four.' 'Certainly,' he replied, with delight; 'that's no more than fair. We will show you the way and assist in letting you down; but we must keep dark about it, for the place belongs to a stingy old fellow, who would go crazy if he heard of our enterprise, and would claim every thing we might happen to find.' Although I set but little store upon the imagined treasures, I was ready enough to amuse myself with the

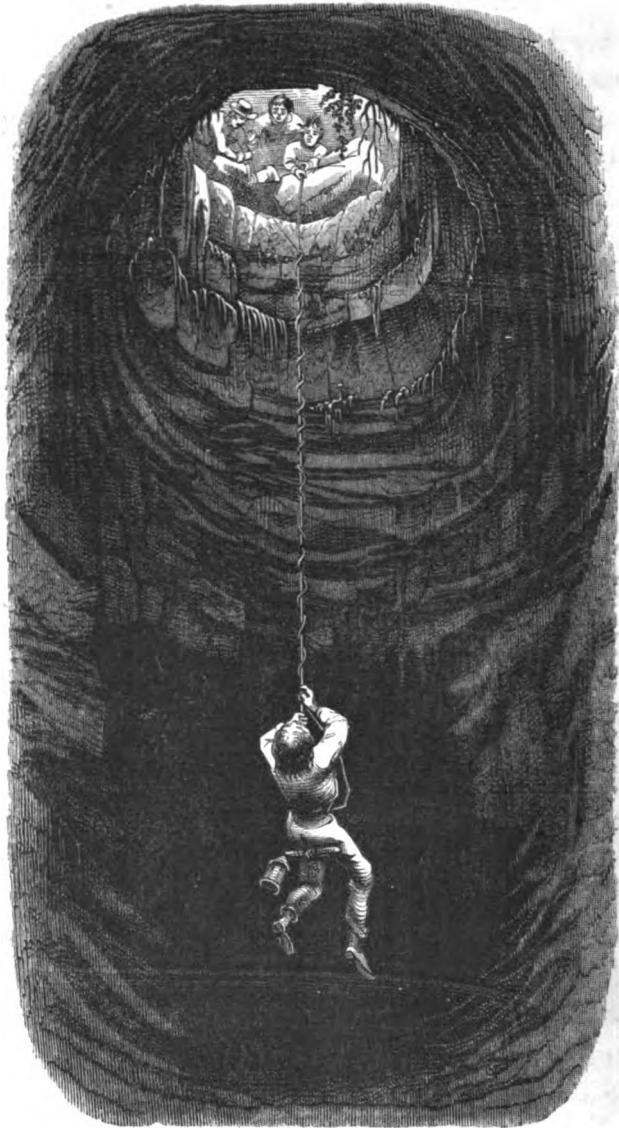
golden hopes of my host or to bedevil any stingy old fellow at a venture, and it was arranged in full council that we should start after an early breakfast next morning.

“Whether I slept well or ill, or what was the character of my dreams that night, I do not remember; but I do recollect that in the cool of the morning, during the secret preparation of ropes and lights, some awkward misgivings began to sneak into the castle of my determination. But I was fully committed, and my native pride, assisted by the stimulus of a rapid walk of several miles, brought me to the scene of action in such high condition that I surveyed the black mouth of the awful pit without a tremor.

“‘Young man,’ said Bob Johnson, significantly, ‘I reckon you’ll not venture?’ I stiffened up, and to this implied doubt made scornful answer, ‘Do you think, sir, that I would walk all this distance, with a pack of ropes and candles, merely to look down into a hole in the ground? Get your ropes ready.’

“The bed-cords were unrolled, and a short stout stick, like a well-digger’s horse, tied to the end of one of them. A couple of sound fence-rails were then procured and cautiously laid across the centre of the opening, which was eight or ten feet in diameter. In the mean time I had taken off my coat, tied a handkerchief about my waist, when Jack Rawlins suggested that although we had taken the precaution to measure the depth of the cavern, we had forgotten to try whether it contained bad air. This suggestion was immediately acted upon. The lantern with a lighted candle was attached to the end of a cord and lowered until it touched the bottom, from whence it was drawn up after a few minutes, still burning. The experiment was reckoned satisfactory. Jack Rawlins shook hands with me and said, ‘Well, Porte, I’ve done my best to prevent you going on this fool’s errand; all I can do now is to wish you good luck.’ I was getting impatient, and chid my lagging assistants, who seemed loth to begin; but at length every thing was arranged. I bestrode the stick and gave the coil of rope to the two Johnsons; another rope I knotted around my waist, put it in charge of Rawlins, and then, with lantern in hand, slid to the opening. Steadying my-

self with one hand on the rock and the other on the rail, I swung off, crying, 'Now keep cool, boys, and lower away!'



ADVENTURE TWENTY YEARS SINCE.

“Down I went steadily enough for a time, griping the cords with one hand, the lantern with the other, and pushing myself clear of the black, slimy rocks with my feet and elbows. For the first thirty or forty feet the opening was walled around like a well,

but presently I swung clear of every thing; the cords, which were new, began to untwist, and I whizzed round like a teetotum. 'Lower away, boys!' I shouted, for I had become so dizzy that I could neither see nor hear. After a time I stopped with a bump. 'The rope's run out!' cried a voice so high and faint that it sounded like the note of a wild goose. 'All's well! I have arrived safe.'

"As I recovered from my dizziness, I disengaged myself from the ropes and looked about me. I was seated upon the apex of a pyramid of mossy rocks and decayed logs, which rose in the centre of a black cavern of unknown dimensions. I seemed to be walled around with thick darkness, and the opening through which I had descended shone above me like a moon in an inky firmament. Taking the candle, I descended from my resting-place and proceeded to explore my newly-discovered empire. The feeble rays of my tallow dip revealed nothing more than an irregular floor of moist clay and walls of limestone rock, covered here and there with a few dull, dirty incrustations. After groping about two thirds of the way around this circular hall, I found an arched opening about the size of an ordinary doorway. Into this passage I penetrated with difficulty for twenty or thirty



YOUTH'S FORWARD SLIP.

yards, when my heels flew from under me, and I slid, I can not tell how far, down into what seemed, by the sense of touch, to be a bed of soft mud. It is needless to say I lost my candle in the fall, and was left in utter darkness. Here was a predicament for a hero. Above, below, on every side, I felt nothing but slimy mud. I feared to move, lest I might sink into some deeper quagmire.

"I was not so much alarmed at first, but, as my body began to chill, my heart sunk with the temperature of my blood. I began to calculate the chances of escape. 'If I am not forthcoming in due time, will Jack Rawlins come to my assistance? will any one

come? Portentous question. Is not this cavern the bugbear of the country, and will my disappearance serve to allay that terror? Oh, powers of mud, the heroic spirit was subdued within me—no! not all subdued; the idea occurred to me that possibly a cry for help might reach the ears of my companions and hasten my relief. But pride forbade; I resolved to die first.

“Anon I began to fancy that I could see the walls of my prison and the passage through which I had fallen, and soon the doubt brightened into reality. My eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, had begun to take in the feeble light that was reflected from the main cavern. Cautiously I crawled up the slippery ascent, and in a few minutes re-entered the hall, which appeared so light that I could see over its whole extent without the aid of a candle. I scraped myself as well as I could, and then looked about for the chests of gold and dead men’s bones. My search was unsuccessful, and I concluded they must be concealed under the pyramid of rubbish which had been thrown down the opening, and for aught I know they may be there at this day. I took no very accurate observation as to the size of the cavern, but guessed it was about one hundred feet in diameter, the same as its depth, which we ascertained by measuring the ropes.

“I called to my friends above that I wished to ascend, and received the prompt reply that all was ready. Mounting my wooden horse, I carelessly drew the other cord around my body without even tying it, and ordered them to hoist away. No sooner was I clear of the bottom than the spinning motion recommenced, and continued with such rapidity that I presently lost all cognizance of things around me. A sharp bump on the head advised me of my arrival at the ledge, and I eagerly grasped at the rock, but the projection shelled off and crashed into the gulf below. ‘Pull, boys, pull!’ I was drawn up several feet; then there was a pause, and I was lowered again out of reach of the rock, and the dangerous whirling was renewed. Dizzy as I was, I divined the cause of the difficulty. My friends were working at the two ropes on opposite sides of the pit, and the new cords had become twisted together until they could no longer separate them, and I consequently remained dangling in the air. Nor was this all. In

their fright and confusion the Johnsons threw down their rope, and seemed ready to take to their heels. Rawlins, however, planted himself against a rock, and with straining sinews held on until he perceived the stone against which he was propped slowly moving from its position. It lay upon the declivity near the mouth of the cave, and if it had rolled must inevitably have gone down the opening. Just at that moment they heard my order to put the ropes together and all pull on the same side. Such was their want of presence of mind that this simple idea had not occurred to them before. The Johnsons seized the cord, ran to the other side, and the trio pulled with renewed vigor. With such energy was I now dragged up, that my knees, elbows, and shoulders were bruised and lacerated by the sharp rocks, and when I was within twenty feet of the top the stick upon which I rode slipped from under me, and I held on by my hands alone. Upon that grip hung life or death. I knew it. The blood started from my finger ends, but my nerves were firm. Presently I found myself landed in the upper regions, and, before I relaxed my grasp, or my half-phrensied comrades considered me safe, I was dragged a hundred feet from the mouth of the cavern. For several minutes all were silent, and sat pale and exhausted, panting like overdone hounds. The first greeting I received was from Bob Johnson. 'You blasted fool,' cried he, 'I've a mind to club you within an inch of your life. I never was so scared.' Tom swore he would not pull another man up from that hole for all the gold in Rock-bridge.

"As for me, I sat for some time in a state of profound physical and mental apathy, the usual result of excitement and violent exertion. When at length I rose to start homeward, I found that I moved with difficulty, and could not put on my coat without assistance. Although I managed to walk back to the hotel, it was several days before I could use my hands as usual. At supper I was ravenous, and the desperate efforts I made to handle my knife and fork were ludicrous enough.

"And thus ends the story of that perilous adventure."

"And," exclaimed Fanny, "I never heard of any thing so absurd. I don't wonder the young man threatened to club you. I

was myself ready to boil over with indignation at your obstinacy in going down."

"Ah! Fanny, you women don't understand these things. A certain amount of glorification is necessary to boys as well as nations. Boys must slay their dragons, and nations have their wars. If their hands and heads ache for it, so much the better; they are both likely to be more rational, at least for some time afterward."

"And did you never think of it afterward, cousin, and shudder at the dangers you escaped?" asked Minnie.

"Yes, indeed, and for many a night after I had evil dreams; sometimes fancying I was a spider swinging by a single invisible thread, and at others a mud-turtle, lying on my back and smothering in my native element."

"And what had your friends, the Johnsons, to say about the money?"

"They scarcely referred to the subject afterward. Their curiosity was satisfied, and they seemed sufficiently pleased with the termination of the affair.

"Now, Dora," said Porte Crayon, pinching the sleeper's dimpled cheek, "what comments have you to make on my story?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed she, with a start, "I must have been asleep."

"You dropped off about the time I was floundering in the mud at the bottom of the cave. Thank you, Cousin Dimple, for your attention and sympathy with my dangers and afflictions."

"Ah! Porte, excuse me; I couldn't help it. But how did you get out of that dreadful place? I must have gone off in a dream, for I thought you had found a great many chests of gold and jewelry, and beautiful shawls, and that you had presented each of us with charming sets of pearls, diamonds, and mosaic—bracelets, ear-rings, and all—and such splendid Turkish shawls, and silks of such lovely colors."

"With such a dream as that, sweet cousin, you were better entertained than in listening to me. Good-night, girls."

As they retired, Fanny struck up, rather appropriately,

"Go thou and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber."

Next day our friends revisited each point of view above and



NATURAL BRIDGE. DISTANT VIEW.

below the bridge with increased gratification, while Crayon employed himself in the attempt to portray its most striking features upon tinted paper. This, he avers, can not be accomplished by mortal hand; for while he acknowledges he has seen several sketches that rendered the general outline and even minute details with great accuracy, he never saw one that conveyed, even in a remote degree, any idea of the majestic grandeur of the original. One of the most satisfactory views is obtained from a hill side about half a mile below the bridge. From this point the perfection of the arch is more remarkable; and there is a fine view of the hill, which, a short distance to the right of its apex, is cleft to its base by this singular chasm.

The most rational hypothesis which has been advanced in regard to the formation of this wonderful structure is that this hill was formerly perforated by one of the limestone caverns common in this region, and that by the combined action of water and force of some earthquake the superincumbent masses have fallen in, leaving the chasm open to the day, except where the arch now stands.



VIEW FROM THE CLIFF.

Another view well worth attention is that from the cliffs in the tavern yard. These upper views are perhaps more impressive than any other, as combining more of the terrible with the sublime.

It was doubtless from this quarter that Mice got his impressions, when, in reply to some questions, he told Miss Fanny "it

was de quarest place he had seed yit," and he supposed "it mought have been built by the devil."

As the Piersons, man and wife, are the most kindly and obliging of hosts, the table delightfully served, and, according to the coachman's account, the oats are unexceptionable, it may be well to leave our travelers to their repose for a season.



THE CROWN OF OTTER.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT VALLEY.

THERE is perhaps no fairer land beneath the sun than that section of Virginia called the Great Valley. Bounded by the North Mountain on the northwest, and the Blue Ridge on the southeast, it extends across the state from the Potomac to the southern line, nearly two hundred and fifty miles in length, and varying from twenty to forty in breadth. Through its northern portion the Shenandoah pursues its regular and orderly course along the base of the Ridge, while, farther south, the Upper James, the Staunton, and New Rivers wind in tortuous channels across the Valley, cutting sheer through the mountain barriers east and west, and flowing in opposite directions toward their respective receivers.

Leaving to the geographer and political economist the task of setting forth the agricultural and mineral resources of this happy region, its healthful and invigorating atmosphere, its abundance, even to superfluity, in all the good things that make it a desirable residence for man, we turn, with the instincts of painter and poet, from advantages more strictly utilitarian, to rejoice in the matchless gift of beauty with which Heaven has endowed this "delicious land"—not the evanescent bloom of flowering savannas, nor the wild but chilling grandeur of Alpine rocks and snows. This is a picture—soft and luxuriant, yet enduring as the everlasting hills—of rolling plains and rich woodlands, watered by crystal streams, enriched with rare and curious gems wrought by the plastic hand of Nature, as if in wanton sport, sparkling waterfalls, fairy caverns, the unique and wondrous Bridge, all superbly set in an azure frame of mountains, beautiful always, and sometimes rising to sublimity.

The first authentic account we have of the discovery of this Valley is from an expedition which crossed the Ridge in 1710, planned and commanded by Alexander Spotswood, then governor of the colony of Virginia. In noticing this event, Burke, the historian, says: "An opinion had long prevailed that these mountains presented an everlasting barrier to the ambition of the whites. Their great height, their prodigious extent, their rugged and horrid appearance, suggested to the imagination undefined images of terror. The wolf, the bear, the panther, and the Indian were the tenants of these forlorn and inaccessible precipices."

To one familiar with mountain scenery these sounding phrases seem like gross exaggeration when applied to the wooded and gentle slopes of the Blue Ridge, which seldom rise beyond a thousand or twelve hundred feet above its base. But every thing in the world is estimated by comparison, and the good people from the lower country, in the early times, doubtless viewed this modest ridge with mingled awe and wonder.

It may also afford some entertainment to the western Virginian to receive the following interesting piece of information from a book, pleasantly entitled "Modern History; or, the present State of all Nations," printed at Dublin in 1793: "There are no mount-

ains in Virginia, unless we take in the Apalachian Mountains, which separate it from Florida." This, too, in a volume published twenty-nine years after Spottswood's expedition, and several years after actual settlements had been made in the Valley.

As early as 1732, adventurous emigrants from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had made their way to the newly-explored region; and during the reign of James the Second the Valley settlements received considerable accessions from the north of Ireland.

Thus the Scotch-Irish and German elements form the basis of the Valley population, and the manners and characteristics of the people, although modified by the connection and intermixture with the lower country, still very much resemble those of the Middle States.

In following our travelers on their interesting tour, we have traversed consecutively the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, Warren, Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Augusta. Thence passing the North Mountain boundary at Jennings's Gap, we have visited Bath, Alleghany, and Greenbrier, in the Alleghany region, and, returning to the Valley by Clifton Forge, have passed through Rockbridge and Botetourt. In this last-mentioned county we again overtake the carriage, toiling slowly up the western slope of the Blue Ridge.

The company, as usual, were on foot, and we find Porte Crayon in conversation with some emigrants who had halted by the road side to cook their midday meal. Addressing himself to the man of the party with jocular familiarity, he desired to know if people were getting too thick to thrive below the Ridge, or if he had fallen out with the Governor, that he was going to leave the Old Commonwealth. The emigrant replied civilly that, although there might be room for a few more in his county, yet, while there, he had only been a renter and not a proprietor. Having realized a few hundred dollars by his labor, he had invested it in purchasing a homestead where lands were cheaper if not better than in his old neighborhood. He, moreover, informed Crayon that he by no means meditated giving up his allegiance to his native state, but was going to settle in Nicholas County, which he described as a



THE EMIGRANTS' HALT.

Land of Promise—pleasant, fertile, and abounding in fish and game.

Philosophy reasons, Prudence frowns, but Instinct governs after all. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," says the wise grandam, giving her spinning-wheel a whirl. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," observes grandpap, drawing his purse-strings close, and tying them in a hard knot. But who ever saw a stone that would not roll if it had an opportunity, or a youngster who would not cut up his little fish for bait to catch a big one withal?



RUNNING A RISK.

"My friend, may you prosper in your new home," said Crayon, with animation. "Indeed, I am half envious of your fortune,

especially the hunting and fishing, for I would rather live in that country in a log hut than dwell in marble halls; I mean more particularly during the summer and fall."

"To be sure," rejoined the emigrant, "you might find the winter kind o' lonesome out thar'."

"I am glad to hear, however, that you are not going to leave Virginia, for," continued Crayon, "I don't like the idea of building up new states in the Far West when the old ones are scarcely half finished. Why are men hurrying away to the shores of the Pacific to seek for homes, while there exist extensive and fertile districts within our own borders, as pure and intact in their virginity as the vales of the Rocky Mountains or the banks of the Columbia? I believe the true secret of this restlessness is, that the dreamers are always in hopes of finding some *El Dorado* where they may live and get rich without work."

"The stranger is right," interrupted the sallow matron, who had overheard the conversation, and who seemed particularly struck by the last observation. "I always was set agin the Fur West, for I've been told it's a mighty hard country on wimmen and hosses, and easy on men and dogs; and I told *him*, thar, that I wouldn't agree to leave the state on no account."

Crayon did not fail to compliment madam on this manifestation of her spirit and good sense, and remarked, further, that women in general were more sincere in their patriotism than men, and if it were not for the care of the children that kept them at home, they would, in all probability, make better soldiers. "I could tell you a story about one Sally Jones, in our part of the country, somewhat to the point. If all our Virginia girls were of the same stamp, these vacant districts would soon be filled up, and the prosperity of the Old Commonwealth fixed on the most reliable and permanent basis."

A story illustrating so important a principle in political economy could not be passed over, and Crayon was requested to continue his discourse, which he did as follows:

"Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a

churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on the flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting-house on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her, she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she had ever done before.

“Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without an avowed suitor. Admirers, nay, lovers she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth got drunk because of her, and many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his riding-horse, or even his share in Dad’s farm, for her. There was, indeed, no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed, for once, to be impressed with a proper sense of its own unworthiness. Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good-humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was lovable. Poor Sally! It is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome—almost as great as to be too ugly. There she was, sociable and warm-hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawdled about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark off their riding-switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but saying never a word to the purpose.

“‘Either he fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.’

“Sally was entering on her nineteenth year, when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest, or’ariest creatures—in short, good for nothing but to lie under an apple-tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apples dropped into them.

“This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally’s lov-

ers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

“Not of this poor-spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings (in summer he didn't wear any). Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and carrotty hair. His feet—but no matter; he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights. Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with the rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. Bold to the confines of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and *preux chevalier* of the pine-hill country.

“Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty, and must be told. Although Sally did resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that, the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex. Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up. As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed. As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments, as he had previously determined, he found his heart was so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

“‘What a darned cussed sneak I was!’ groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. ‘What's come over

me that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a-chokin'? O Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm a-goin' to church with her to-morrow, and if I don't fix matters afore I git back, drat me.'

"It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiencies of the day would be supplied by the morrow. To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates, tricked off in a bran-new twelve-dollar suit of Jews' clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse, bedecked with a new fair leather bridle and a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master. As they rode up to the meeting-house door, Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around, filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity. Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and bashfulness.

"'Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift ye off.'

"Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting. 'Gosh darn the steerup!' exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks. At this unwonted exclamation, Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament. The by-standers began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone. 'Here, Sammy, chunk your foot out with this!'

"Oh, Sally Jones! into what an error did your kind heart betray you, to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county—admirers, rivals, and all!

"Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but, missing his aim, it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from wearing tight boots. 'Whoa, darn ye!' cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat his horse's brains out with the stone.

“Don't strike the critter, Sammy,” said old Jones; ‘you'll gin him the poll evil; but jist let me ongirth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time.’

“In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still fast in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot-hopples. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and rode home in his stockings.

“From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically, he shut up shop and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor, like a fool, but took to his axe, and cleared I don't know how many acres of rugged, heavy-timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars.



SHUTTING UP SHOP.

“Sally indirectly sent him divers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-

house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands. But, while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort in his self-imposed exile. Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom; and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye. 'Oh, Sally Jones! Sally Jones! if I had only had the spunk to have courted ye Saturday night, instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different!' and then he would pick up his axe, and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

"At length the whole country was electrified by the announcement that 'Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West.' On the day appointed for the sale there could not have been less than a hundred horses tethered in his barn-yard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange corn-field.



IN A STRANGE CORN-FIELD.

"Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms. It was

generally known that she was averse to moving West; in fact, she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping. She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead, with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry-trees under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple-butter pot, the venerable quilting-frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings. But harder than all was it when her own white cow was put up—her pet that, when a calf, she had

saved from the butcher—it was too much, and the tears trickled afresh down Sally's blooming cheeks.

“ ‘Ten dollars! ten dollars for the cow!’

“ ‘Fifty dollars!’ shouted Bates.

“ ‘Why, Sammy,’ whispered a prudent neighbor, ‘she hain't worth twenty, at the outside.’

“ ‘I'll gin fifty for her,’ replied Sam, doggedly.

“ Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commend Suke to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had any thing further to say, but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing, as it were, great hunks of grief as big as dumplings. When every thing was sold off and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups, reclining on the grass, or seated on benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cussed pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the country so evidently against her will.

“ ‘Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the sperit to stop her?’ asked the white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near. The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

“ The sun was declining in the west. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. Tomorrow the belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri. Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the middle of the yard, she mounted the reversed apple-butter kettle: ‘I don't want to go West, I don't—I don't want to leave Old Virginny; and I won't leave, if there's a man among ye that has spunk enough to ask me to stay.’

“ But where is Southern chivalry? withered beneath the sneers of cold-blooded malignity? choked by the maxims of dollar-jing-

ling prudence? distanced on the circular race-course of progress? bankrupt through the tricks of counterfeiting politicians? De-luded querist, no! Like a strong and generous lion it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even apes may grimace and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its tail with impunity; but give it a good hard poke, and you will hear a roar that will make the coward tremble and the brave prudent.

“Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones:

“Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat-skins at a bacchanalian festival: ‘Miss Sally, I axes you;’ ‘Miss Sally, I spoke first;’ ‘I bespeaks her for my son Bill,’ squeaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her arm. To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown round her, and heard a stentorian voice shout, ‘She’s mine, by gauley!’

“Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain-field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

“The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home, driving his white cow before and carrying his wife behind him.”



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Porte Crayon took his leave and hastened up the road. He overtook his companions just as they were crossing a brook that came brawling down through a gorge in the mountains.

As they tarried on the bank, Minnie remarked that the brook reminded her of Passage Creek, in the Fort Mountains.

“Truly it does,” said Crayon ; “and the resemblance recalls a pretty allusion which you made at the time we crossed it to Undines, water-spirits, or some such animals, which I thought very poetic, and worthy of being versified.”

“Ah! cousin, do by all means write me some verses ; you know I adore poetry. The piece shall be set to music, and Fanny will sing it.”

“I never heard that Cousin Porte could write poetry,” said Dora, innocently.

Porte, who had hitherto made a show of resistance, appeared to be piqued by this remark, and, seating himself upon a rock, he drew forth pencil and paper with an expression that seemed to say, I'll show you, Miss, in a few minutes, whether I can write verses or not. Crayon whittled his pencil with a thoughtful and abstracted air. “This scene,” said he, “does very much resemble the other in its general features, but the season is far advanced, and nature wears a drearier aspect. Yet the fresh beauty which she has lost still blooms in your cheeks, my fair companions. Seat yourselves near me, therefore, that in your loveliness I may find inspiration for an impromptu.”

The girls laughingly did as they were commanded, while Porte Crayon alternately pinched his eyebrows and scribbled. Presently, with an air of great unconcern, he handed the results to Cousin Minnie, who read first to herself, and then, with some hesitation, aloud, the following verses :

THE WATER-SPRITE.

Bright flashing, soft dimpling, the streamlet is flowing ;
A maiden trips over, with vermeil cheek glowing ;
In mirror of silver, once furtively glancing,
She marks a sweet shadow 'mid cool wavelets dancing.

'Twas a voice—is she dreaming ?—that rose from the water,
Articulate murmuring, “Come with me, fair daughter,
I'll lead thee to shades where the forest discloses
Its green arching bowers, enwreathed with wild roses.

“When erst thou hast laved in my bosom, pure gushing,
Immortal, unfading, in fresh beauty blushing,
Young sister, forever we'll joyously wander,
Free through the mirk woodland, the shady boughs under.”

O

Heed not, list'ning maiden, the Water-sprite's song,
 For false her weird accents and murmuring tongue;
 No mortal heart throbs in her shivering breast,
 Ever sparkling and foaming, she never knows rest.

From summer clouds lowering the big rain descendeth,
 The hemlock's spire towering the red levin rendeth,
 All turbid and foul in wild fury she hasteth,
 Rose, wreath, and green bower in madness she wasteth.

When stern winter cometh, with tyrannous hand
 His icy chain bindeth both water and land;
 The wanderer hastes over, no spirit-voice woos him;
 White, white lies the snow-shroud on her frozen bosom.

Then rest thee, loved maiden, where true hearts beat warm,
 And strong arms may guard thee through danger and storm;
 Where unchanging affection may sweeten thy tears,
 And love that can brighten the winter of years.

The verses were highly commended, and Dora expressed herself greatly astonished that any one who could write such poetry had not written books of it, and become famous, like Milton and Lord Byron, or at least have published some in the newspapers.

Crayon made a deprecatory and scornful gesture. "Trash!" said he; "mere trash; jingling nonsense. Versification is at best but a meretricious art, giving undue value to vapid thoughts and sentiments, serving to obscure and weaken sense that would be better expressed in prose."

"Why, cousin," exclaimed Minnie, "are these your real sentiments, or is it merely a way of underrating your own performance? Hear what Shakspeare says of poets:

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name."

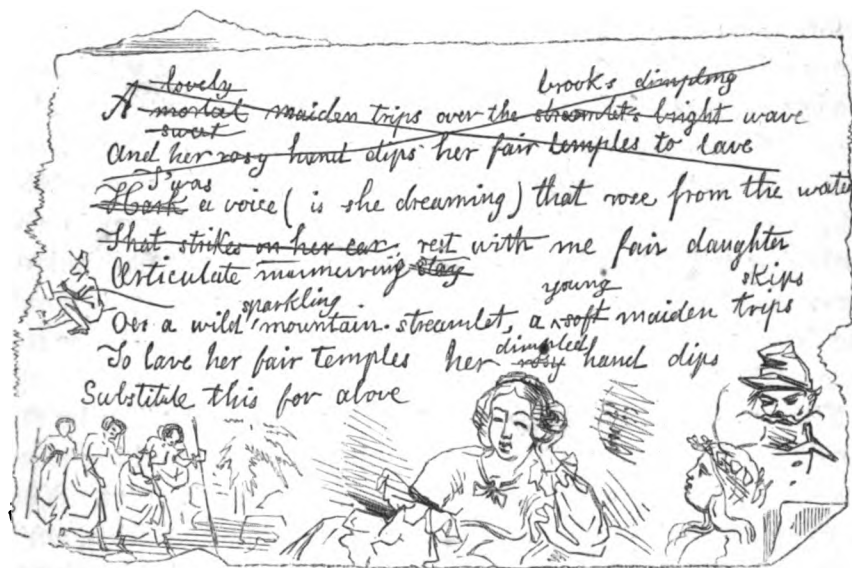
"Upon my word," said Dora, "one would think that Shakspeare had seen Cousin Porte writing verses."

"Well, well," said our hero, shrugging his shoulders with an air of resignation, "when one has condescended to a business only fit for scribbling women—"

“Scribbling women!” repeated Fanny; “why, brother, you ought to be ashamed to talk so, when you have been at least a month writing this impromptu.”

“Truly, Miss, how came you to know what I have been studying for a month past? Is my skull so transparent, or have you more shrewdness than I have been accustomed to allow your sex?”

“Indeed, Porte, it required no great shrewdness to make the discovery, for about three weeks ago I found this bit of paper in the bottom of the carriage.”



THE IMPROMPTU.

Our hero examined the scrap to convince himself of its authenticity, which he acknowledged by immediately tearing it up. Observing, however, that Minnie had secured his verses in that charming receptacle where a lady hides whatever she thinks too precious to be trusted in her pockets or work-basket, and consoled that they had thus reached their destination, he bore the laugh with reasonable fortitude.

Repeating a harmless line from Martial, “*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est,*” our author turned his back on the pests, and, starting up the road at a rapid pace, was soon out of sight.

It was near sunset before the carriage overtook him. He was

then standing, with folded arms, absorbed in the contemplation of a view which was presented for the first time through a vista in the forest. To the right of the road, and at an immense distance below, appeared a champaign country, stretching away in endless perspective, the line of whose horizon was lost in mist. In front rose a lofty conical peak, whose sharp, forked apex was yet gilded by the rays of the declining sun, while its base was enveloped in misty shadows.

As Crayon ascended the carriage, he informed the ladies that they saw to the right a portion of the map of Old Virginia, and before them stood the South Peak of the Otter, one of the twin kings of the Blue Ridge, crowned with his diadem of granite—a diadem so grand, and so curiously wrought withal, that it remains equally the admiration and the puzzle of artists and philosophers. His brother, the Round Top, was then hidden by a spur of the Ridge, but would be visible shortly. The Peak loomed in the gathering twilight, and our travelers gazed in silence on his unique form and gloomy brow—a silence that was not broken until, winding down the notch between the two mountains, they halted at the gate of the Otter Peaks Hotel.

This celebrated hotel might readily have been mistaken by the inexperienced traveler for a negro cabin, for it was nothing more than a log hut, showing a single door and window in front. Yet, to the more knowing, its central and commanding position, amid the group of outbuildings of proportionate size and finish, proved it unmistakably the dwelling of a landed proprietor—what the negroes call sometimes, by excess of courtesy, the "Great House." Crayon's ringing halloo was answered by the appearance of a full pack of dogs and negroes, whose barking and vociferation were equally unintelligible. The travelers disembarked at a venture, and were met at the door by a smiling motherly woman, who ushered them into the great parlor, reception-room, and chamber of the hotel. The bare log walls, and cold, yawning fire-place, were made dimly manifest by the rays of a single tallow dip; but the united labors of the landlady, her little son and daughter, four negro children, and a grown servant-woman, soon remedied all deficiencies.

An enormous fire roared and crackled in the spacious chimney, the rafters glowed with a cheerful, ruddy light, and a genial warmth pervaded the apartment, which soon restored our chilled and disappointed adventurers to their accustomed good-humor. The supper, which was excellent beyond all expectation, furnished Porte Crayon an occasion to lecture on "the deceitfulness of appearances in this sublunary sphere," and also to narrate a pleasant anecdote concerning a supper that his friend Jack Rawlins and himself had eaten in this house, while they were on that famous pedestrian tour, so often alluded to heretofore. According to his statement, Jack had eaten twenty-two good-sized biscuit, duly relished with bear-steak, broiled ham, preserves, and butter-milk. Porte credited himself with sixteen biscuit only. Fanny, who understood something of domestic arithmetic, immediately did a sum in multiplication, based upon the supposition that twelve gentlemen had stepped in to supper at the Hall.

"Two hundred and sixty-four biscuit!" exclaimed she. "Porte, I don't believe a word of it."

Dame Wilkinson, who had just entered, was appealed to by Crayon to verify his story.

"Madam, do you recollect ever having seen me before?"

The hostess adjusted her cap and twisted her apron, but was finally forced to acknowledge her memory at fault.

Porte then went on to give the date and details of the transaction, when a ray of remembrance lighted the good woman's perplexed countenance.

"Well, indeed, sir, I do remember them boys. They come here a-foot, and did eat enormous. Of that, sir, I tuck no account, for I like to see folks eat hearty, especially young ones; but when they come to pay their bill, they said it was a shame to charge only three fourpenny bits for such a supper, and wanted to make me take double."

"And you refused. My good woman, I was one of those boys."

"God bless you, sir! is it possible? Why, your chin was then as smooth as mine, and I should have expected to have seen you looking fatter, or maybe something stouter than you are."

"A very natural supposition," replied Mr. Crayon, with a sigh;

“but these things are controlled by destiny; I must have been born under a lean star.”

Mrs. Wilkinson had come in to know if her guests desired to ascend the Peak in time to see the sun rise, that she might arrange her housekeeping accordingly. The idea was favorably received by the party, and it was unanimously determined to carry it out. The coachman was instructed to arouse Mr. Crayon at the proper hour; and then, by the landlady's advice, they all went to bed.

What time the glittering belts of Orion hung high in the heavens, and dim, twinkling stars in the alborescent east gave token of approaching day, Porte Crayon started from his downy couch, aroused by a sharp tap at the window. “Mass' Porte! Mass' Porte! day is breakin'—roosters been a-crowin' dis hour!”

“Begone, you untimely varlet! How dare you disturb my dreams? Go help Apollo to get out his horses yourself—I'm no stable-boy.” And Mice's retreating footsteps were heard crunching in the hard frost as he returned to his quarters, not displeased with the result of his mission. Porte Crayon closed his eyes again, and tried to woo back a charming dream that had been interrupted by the unwelcome summons. What luck he met with in the endeavor we are unable to say.

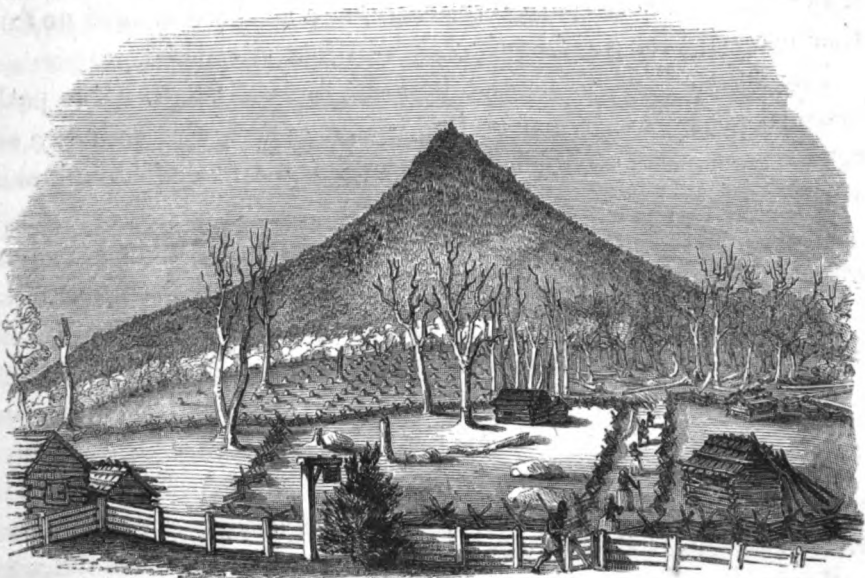
Our friends were consoled for the loss of the sunrise view by a comfortable breakfast between eight and nine o'clock. In answer to their apologies for changing their plans, the hostess informed them that she had rather calculated on their not going, as most of her visitors did the same thing, especially in cold weather.

The Peaks of Otter are in Bedford County, on the southeastern front of the Blue Ridge, and about sixteen miles distant from the Natural Bridge. Their height above the level country at their base is estimated at four thousand two hundred and sixty feet, and more than five thousand feet above the ocean tides. They have heretofore been considered the highest points in Virginia, but by recent measurements the Iron Mountains appear to overtop them. The North Peak, called the Round Top, has the largest base, and is said to be the highest, but the difference is not appreciable by the eye. From a distance, its summit presents an outline like a Cupid's bow.

The South Peak is considered the greater curiosity, and receives almost exclusively the attention of visitors. Its shape is that of a regular cone, terminating in a sharp point or points formed by three irregular pyramids of granite boulders. The largest of these heaps is about sixty feet in height, and upon its apex stands an egg-shaped rock about ten feet in diameter. It seems so insecurely placed that it would require apparently but little force to send it thundering down the side of the mountain. It has, nevertheless, resisted the efforts of more than one mischievous party.

The remarkable regularity of this peak in all its aspects would give the impression that it owed its formation to volcanic action, but there is nothing more than its shape to sustain the idea.

The hotel is situated in the notch formed by the junction of the peaks, about midway between their bases and summits, and travelers starting from this point have to ascend not more than two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet. To persons unaccustomed to such exercise this is no trifling undertaking, and horses are frequently in requisition to perform a part of the journey. Our friends, however, fresh from the Alleghanies, and vigorous from four weeks' previous travel, scorned all extraneous assistance, and started from the hotel on foot.



SOUTH PEAK OF OTTER, FROM THE HOTEL.

As the fallen leaves had entirely obliterated the path, a negro boy was detailed to lead the way. Porte Crayon followed next,



ASCENT OF THE PEAK.

with his rifle slung, and knapsack stuffed with shawls and comforts, to protect the ladies from the keen air of the summit. The girls straggled after in Indian file, with flying bonnets, each holding a light, springy staff to steady her in climbing. Mice, armed with a borrowed shot-gun, brought up the rear. For a mile they tugged along with great resolution, pausing at intervals

to rest on the sofas of rock and fallen timber so temptingly cushioned with moss. At length they arrived at a small plateau where the horse-path terminates, and as there seemed no further necessity for a guide, the boy was here dismissed.

The ascent from this point is much more difficult. The path becomes steeper and more rugged, a sort of irregular stairway of round rocks, that often shakes beneath the traveler's tread, and affords at best but an uncertain footing.

"Now, girls, is the time to show your training. Forward! forward!" shouted Crayon, as he bent his breast to the steep ascent.

"Non sotto l'ombra in piaggia molle
Tra fonti e fior, tra Ninfe e tra Sirene,
Ma in cima all' erto e faticoso colle
Della virtù, reposto e il nostro bene."

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Poor things! how they struggle!" said Porte, looking back at his wards, who, with disheveled hair and purple cheeks, staggered up the difficult pathway.

“Ah!” cried Minnie,

“‘Who can tell how hard it is to climb?’”

and she sunk exhausted and palpitating upon a rock.

“Come, child, your hand; the road to the Temple of Fame is nothing to this. In fact, the temple does not stand on an eminence, as the simple-hearted poets of the olden time imagined, but down in a hollow, and people nowadays reach it by traveling down hill. Mice, help the hindmost.”

What with the assistance of the men and frequent rests, they at length reached the summit. Here, between the granite pinnacles, they found a little level, carpeted with dried grass, and protected from the wind by the rocks and stunted thickets. The shawls were immediately produced, and the ladies nestled in a sunny corner, while Crayon and his man kindled a brisk fire of dried sticks.

A brief repose served to recruit the energies of our fair travelers. A rude ladder assisted them in the ascent of the largest pinnacle, which looks eastward; and then (first carefully assuring themselves of their footing) they turned their eyes upon the glorious panorama that lay unfolded beneath them. The sensations produced by this first look would be difficult to describe. The isolation from earth is seemingly as complete as if you were sailing in a balloon—as if the rocks upon which you stood were floating in the air. For a few moments “the blue above and the blue below” is all that is appreciable by the eye, until the lenses are adjusted properly to take cognizance of the details of the landscape.

Looking east, a vast plain rises like an ocean, its surface delicately pictured with alternating field and woodland, threaded with silver streams, and dotted with villages and farm-houses. Sweeping from north to south, dividing the country with the regularity of an artificial rampart, its monotonous length broken at intervals by conical peaks and rounded knobs, the endless line of the Blue Ridge is visible, until in either direction it fades out in the distance. Westward, rising from the valley, are discovered the unique forms of the House Mountains; and beyond them, ridge

peeps over ridge, growing dimmer and dimmer, until you can not distinguish between the light clouds of the horizon and the pale outline of the Alleghanies. On your left hand, in sublime proximity, the Round Top "lifts his awful form" like an uncouth giant, insolently thrusting his shaggy pate into the ethereal company of the clouds.

While our friends reveled in this illimitable feast, for a time silence reigned supreme, until Porte Crayon, who had been sitting apart upon the apex of the egg, slid down from his perch and approached the group of ladies.

"Girls, there must be something in our altitude calculated to produce a corresponding loftiness of sentiment. I am in a state of exaltation—overflowing with patriotism. I don't allude to the marketable staple produced by the combined stimulus of corn-whisky and lust of office, but the more common instinct of loyalty to kindred and country, vivified, perhaps, and intensified by this bracing air and magnificent prospect. I feel as if I should like to be Governor of Virginia; not for the sake of gain—no, I scorn emolument—but simply for the glorification; to be enabled to do something great for the Old Commonwealth—to make her a great speech. For instance:

"Looking down from this lofty height over the length and breadth of the land, what enlarged and comprehensive views do I not take of her physical features and capacities. My intellectual vision penetrates the mists which dim the material horizon. I can see the whole state, like a map unrolled, from the Big Sandy to Cape Charles, from the Dismal Swamp to the Pan Handle—that pragmatistical bit of territory that sticks up so stiff and straight, like the tail of a plucky animal, Virginian to the very tip."

"Porte, can we see Berkeley from here?" inquired Dora.

"Certainly, child; look northward there, and you may even see the chimneys of the old Hall peering above the locust-trees."

"To be sure, cousin, I can see it now; better, I think, with my eyes shut than open."

"Your silly interruption has put me out. I had a great deal more to say that possibly might have been important to the State, for you must know that in Virginia speeches are of more account

than food and raiment. It is all lost, however, and I will conclude in the words of the most egotistical of bards:

“ ‘Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me; could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong and weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe into one word,



THE GREAT VALLEY.

And that one word were lightning, I would speak.
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

"I'm glad you've done it," said Dora.

"I should not have commenced, perhaps. The effect of eloquence depends too much on adventitious circumstances. In this rarefied atmosphere the most sonorous voice seems weak and piping."

Fanny suggested that this fact appeared like an intimation from Nature that these sublime solitudes were fitter for reflection than noise.

"I never could bear speeches any where," rejoined Dora.

"Very naturally, Miss Dimple. Your sex prefers addresses."

Having relieved his surcharged feelings to some extent by these straggling remarks, Mr. Crayon gave the ladies a peremptory invitation to get up on the egg. It was accepted without hesitation, although in fear and trembling. Mice, according to his own account, made "a lather" of himself, by means of which they were enabled to ascend with comparative ease and safety.

On the rock they formed a group at once picturesque and characteristic. Every eye kindled as it swept the boundless horizon, and, by a common impulse, Crayon took off his cap, and the girls spread scarf and kerchief to the breeze, waving an enthusiastic salute to the fair and generous land.— Dead indeed must be his soul, who, standing upon that peak, could not feel full justification for such enthusiasm.



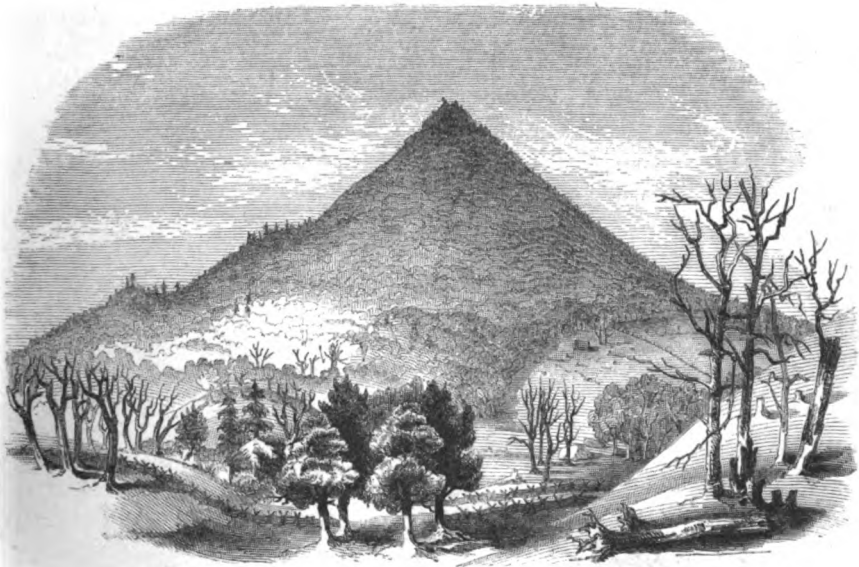
THE ENCAMPMENT.

Cautiously descending from the airy pinnacle, our friends made their way back to their gipsy encampment. As they tarried here, the comfortable warmth of the fire by degrees led back their wandering thoughts to the common path of life. Fancy, that, like the eagle spreading her wings from her eyrie in the rocks, had soared away among the clouds, now began circling gently downward—down, down, downward still—until suddenly, with pinions collapsed, she swooped upon a fat turkey—supposed, of course, to be roasted.

“Then down their road they took
Through those dilapidated crags, that oft
Moved underneath their feet.”

Although the descent has its peculiar difficulties, it is accomplished in a much shorter time than the ascent. Our travelers reached their place of sojourn in the vale about 2 o'clock P.M., where they found dinner had been waiting some time, and the turkey overdone.

The descent from the hotel to the foot of the Peaks affords a number of striking views, well worthy of record by pen and pencil.



SOUTH PEAK, FROM THE SPRING.

As they rolled rapidly over the road toward Liberty, the signs of a milder climate became momentarily more evident. The ap-

pearance of open, cultivated fields, of elegant residences surrounded by shrubbery, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, cottages embowered in fragrant roses and showy chrysanthemums, threw the girls into quite an excitement of pleasure, and for a time entirely diverted their thoughts from what they had left behind. But Porte Crayon, heedless or half scornful of these softer beauties, still cast his longing, lingering looks behind, where a blue mist was gathering over the twin peaks, that stood like giant sentinels at the gates of the mountain land.

"*Au revoir, Messieurs!*" and with this implied consolation he turned away. "A traveler's business is with the present, not the past. Our sketching henceforward will be more of life and character than of inanimate nature. Even while I speak, behold a victim!"



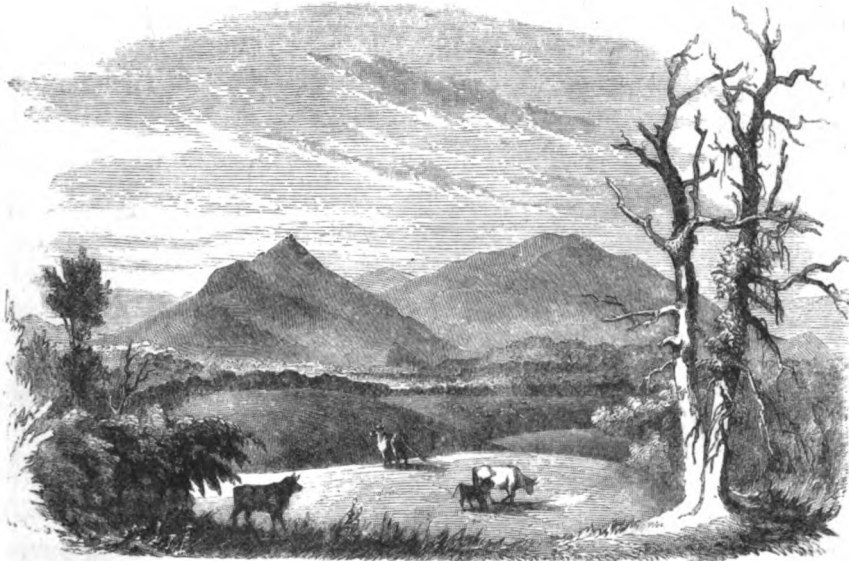
THE VICTIM.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROAD.

LIBERTY, the county town of Bedford, is a pleasant, and, to all appearance, a thriving little town. The travelers passed the night at a very comfortable hotel kept by Leftwitch, and were introduced to the daughter of their host, a bright-eyed maiden of thirteen years, who had lately performed the feat of riding to the top of the South Peak on horseback.

“Of the next day’s journey from Liberty to Lynchburg,” Mr. Crayon jocosely remarks, “we will have more to say than we could have wished.” The weather was delightful. An Indian summer haze threw a softening veil over the landscape, and the Peaks, still in full view, loomed up grandly against the western sky.



THE PEAKS OF OTTER—DISTANT VIEW.

Of the road which they traveled that day Mr. C. declines undertaking any description; "for," said he, "to use an expression of the orator Isocrates, if I were to stick to the truth I couldn't tell the half, and if I were to lie I couldn't exceed the reality of its unspeakable abominations."

In passing through the town of New London, Mr. C. remonstrated with the toll-gatherer, but to no purpose. About five miles and a half from Lynchburg our adventurers were descending a hill. The hill was very steep—so steep that the driver was obliged to zigzag his horses to check the impetus of the carriage. The road at that point was of good old conservative corduroy—corded with stout saplings of various diameters, a species of railroad much used in the Old Dominion. They had descended many such hills before, and as they neared the bottom, Mice, according to custom, let his horses out. Down they rattled at full speed. The corduroy terminated in a mud-hole—so did the carriage. With a terrific crash, the fore-axle broke sheer in two, the wheels rolled off to either side, and the dashboard plowed the mud. Porte Crayon, in a state of bewilderment, found himself astride of the roan, without knowing precisely how he got there, while Mice's bullet-head struck the unlucky sorrel such a blow on the rump that he squatted like a rabbit.



RAIL-ROAD ACCIDENT.

Crayon, with that admirable presence of mind which characterizes him, immediately dismounted, and lost no time in rescuing

his rifle from the wreck. Ascertaining to his satisfaction that it was not hurt, he gallantly rushed to the assistance of the ladies. He found them in the fore part of the carriage, mixed up in a sort of *olla podrida* composed of shawls, baskets, bonnets, cold meat, geological specimens, apples, a variety of shrubbery more or less dried, biscuits and butter, skins and feathers, trophies of the chase, and other ingredients not remembered.

“Are you all alive?” inquired he, anxiously.

Three voices replied in a rather doubtful affirmative. The door was with some difficulty forced open, and the living were delivered from their entanglement without further damage—a work that required no little delicacy and judgment.

“Oh, my bonnet!” cried Fanny, as she limped to the road side; “it looks like a crow’s nest!”

“Just look at mine!” screamed Dora; “some one’s foot has been jammed through the crown.”

“Cousin Minnie, what are you looking for in all that rubbish? Have you lost your breast-pin?”

“I’ve lost something,” quoth she, blushing. Presently she snatched up a bit of folded paper, and adroitly slipping it into her bosom, remarked, “Well, no matter—it is of no importance whatever.”

Mice, in the mean time, had recovered his upright posture, and by dint of rubbing and scratching had righted his senses, which had been knocked topsy-turvy by the collision. The horses stood quietly in their tracks, evincing not the slightest sympathy in the perplexity of their fellow-travelers—seeming to say, “Good people, take your time to it; this is your business, not ours.”

How different was the feeling of the kindly driver, who stood stroking and patting the sorrel’s hips!

“Mass’ Porte, I’se glad to see him standin’ up dis way, ’case I thought at fust he’s back was broke.”

The women were left to exercise their ingenuity in repairing their damaged apparel, while a private consultation was held between the commander of the expedition and his lieutenant on the present state of the war. It was unanimously agreed that Mr. Crayon and the ladies should stroll on until they found some ve-

hicle to take them into Lynchburg, thinking there could be no difficulty in finding one in the vicinity of so important and populous a town. Mice magnanimously undertook to remain on the ground until he could engage a passing teamster to assist him in transporting the wreck.

Porte mustered his company and started forthwith.

For a short time they got along very well; but the sun shone hot, the road was dusty, and before they had accomplished a mile the girls began to complain of exhaustion. In fact, they had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the previous day.



UNCLE PETER.

They sat down upon a bank beside the highway to wait until some vehicle should come in sight, but during the next half hour they saw no living thing. At length an old negro hobbled by with a staff and cloak, whose very gait seemed to mock their patience. By advancing a dime, Mr. Crayon obtained the important information that his name was "Uncle Peter," and nothing farther.

Disheartened by so unfavorable a prospect, Crayon encouraged his wards to make another effort, holding forth vague promises of relief in some form or other that he could not exactly particularize himself. Once their hopes were excited by the appearance of a vehicle in the distance, but, on a nearer approach, the ladies determined not to take advantage of the opportunity offered, because the animals did not match.



NOT A MATCH.

Porte Crayon's inquiries at two or three farm-houses were likewise unsuccessful. There seemed no chance for any other mode of conveyance than that which they had rightfully inherited from Adam and Eve. What a pity that a mode so healthful, independent, graceful, and beautifying, should have fallen into such general disrepute! With clouded countenances they accomplished another mile, when the cousins declared they were about to faint, and Fanny said, decidedly, that she would not walk another step.

It is universally conceded that romancers and historians are privileged to draw their characters entirely from fancy, and may so arrange incidents as to exhibit their heroes and heroines as models of perfection. Unfortunately, the editor of these papers enjoys no such license. The wings of his fancy have been clipped by stubborn fact, and conscience has hedged his way on either side with thorns. If persevering good-humor at length becomes wearisome, and the high-mettled steed of chivalry requires occasional repose, charge it up in the general account against human nature, and not to your humble and faithful narrator.

As the young ladies sunk down one after another by the roadside, murmurs ripened into reproaches. Their gallant escort was blamed with all the inconveniences under which they were suffering—the heat, the dust, the distance to Lynchburg, and, above all, their fatigue.

“Hadn't he forced them to climb the Peak the day before?”

"Instead of taking you up in the carriage," suggested he.

"Then, would any one who had the sense of a—"

"A woman," interrupted Crayon.

"Or the least consideration, have started on such a journey in a carriage with a cracked axle?"

"That has carried us some four hundred miles over hill and dale, rock and river," replied he, mildly.

"Why, then, did you bring us over this nasty, hilly, muddy, dusty road?"

"To get you to Lynchburg."

"Was there no other way to Lynchburg?"

"My children," replied the philosopher, with admirable calmness, "cultivate patience, and don't entirely take leave of your feeble wits; and," cried he, with increasing fervor, "didn't you have an opportunity of riding just now, which you refused with one voice? Am I responsible for every thing, your whims included? You may go to grass!"



LYNCHBURG TEAM.

Whatever reply this abrupt conclusion might have elicited was arrested by an extraordinary screeching that seemed to issue from a wood hard by. Presently a wagon hove in sight, whose un-

greased axles made the distressing outcry. The *attelage* was likewise out of the common line. The yoke at the wheels consisted of a great ox and a diminutive donkey, with a single horse in the lead. The driver, a deformed negro boy, was a very good imitation of the baboon that rides the pony in a menagerie.

"By blood!" exclaimed Crayon, knitting his brows, "here's a conveyance, and you shall ride, whether you will or not. Halloo, boy! stop your team! I want to engage you to carry these ladies to town."

"Dey is gone, Sir," answered the baboon, respectfully touching his hat.

Our hero looked round, and, to his astonishment, saw the ladies already more than two hundred yards distant, footing it rapidly down the road. Such was their speed that it cost him some effort to overtake them.

"Cousin Porte," said Minnie May, in a deprecating tone, "we have concluded to walk to Lynchburg. The distance is so small that it will be scarcely worth while to engage any conveyance."

Mr. Crayon affectionately desired the young ladies not to walk so rapidly, observing that they would the sooner exhaust themselves by undue haste. As it was, there was no occasion to be in a hurry, the town being only three miles distant. He then kindly offered an arm to each of his cousins, requesting them to lean as heavily as possible upon the support; at the same time he nodded to Fanny, regretting that he had not a third arm to offer, but promising her a turn presently. Fanny smilingly acknowledged the civility, and said that, since the breeze had sprung up and cooled the air, she did not feel the slightest fatigue.

"Cousin Porte," said Minnie, in gentle accents, "we were very foolish to reproach you as we did."

"No more, sweet cousin. I pray you do not recall my unphilosophic and ungallant behavior, which I would fain dismiss from my own memory, as I hope it may be from yours, forever."

Peace having been thus re-established, Miss Dora ventured to inquire "why the people of this region, instead of using horses, harnessed such ridiculous menageries to their wagons."

Crayon, who never liked to acknowledge himself at a loss, in-

formed her that "it was done to encourage a spirit of emulation in the different races of quadrupeds, and thereby to get more work out of them."

A number of handsome suburban residences indicated the proximity of a considerable town, and our friends at length paused upon the brow of the bluff on the declivity of which Lynchburg is built. As they stood here enjoying the view, they perceived a huge column of dust approaching, out of which proceeded a confusion of sounds, snorting, creaking, trampling, shouting, cracking, and rumbling. As the cloud whirled by, a shadowy group was dimly visible, a carriage mounted on the running-gear of a wagon, and drawn by four horses. A huge figure occupied the front seat, and "the driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi." In the foaming leaders Crayon thought he recognized their much-enduring friends the roan and sorrel, and in the human figure the gigantic outline of the indomitable Mice.

The pedestrians, all dusted and travel-worn, slipped quietly down a by-street, hoping to gain the Norvall House without observation, but the burly squire was in ahead of them. His odd-looking, hybrid vehicle was of itself sufficient to excite attention, but his gasconading account of the accident aroused the whole neighborhood. When our friends timidly glanced up the main street, they had the satisfaction of seeing all the managers, clerks, waiters, and chambermaids of the hotel out to receive them, and the sidewalk lined with spectators. In the midst stood Mice, covered with dust and perspiration, looking as magnificent as Murat after a successful cavalry charge. The ladies clung closer to Crayon's arms, and drew their dusty veils over their faces. The valet took off his cap, and, addressing himself to the head manager, said, in a low voice, but with marked emphasis,

"Them's them, Sir!"

The comforts of a first-rate hotel were needed to repair the fatigues of these eventful days. Nevertheless, next morning the ladies were able to stroll about and take some notes of the town and its surroundings. Lynchburg is the principal tobacco-mart of Virginia, and the fifth town in importance in the State. It has

a population of six or seven thousand, is substantially built, and contains a number of fine private residences, but no public buildings worthy of remark. It is rather unfortunately situated on the steep declivity of a James River bluff, and, while the streets running parallel to the river are level, those leading to the water are for the most part impracticable to wheeled vehicles. During the afternoon Crayon and Cousin Minnie strolled over the long bridge, and ascended the cliffs on the opposite side, whence they had a fine view of the town and river.

“There are no boats on the river now,” observed our hero, with a sigh. “This cursed canal has monopolized all that trade, I suppose. I perceive, too, by that infernal fizzing and squealing, that they have a rail-road into the bargain. Ah me! Twenty years ago these enemies of the picturesque had no existence. The river was then crowded with boats, and its shores alive with sable boatmen—such groups! such attitudes! such costume! such character! they would have been worthy subjects for the crayon of a Darley or a Gavarni!



THE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER.

“When Jack Rawlins and myself arrived here on that never-to-be-forgotten tour, we were so fired by the romantic appearance of these river boats that we resolved to try the life for a while. Having engaged a passage with Uncle Adam, the commander of a boat freighted with tobacco, in the course of an hour we were afloat. A delightful change it was from the dusty, monotonous

highway, to find ourselves gliding down the current of this lovely river, stretched at ease upon a tobacco hogshead, inhaling the freshness of the summer breezes, and rejoicing in the ever-changing beauty of the landscape. Then what appetites we had! The boatman's fare, of middlings and corn-bread, was for a time a prime luxury. When in our idleness we grew capricious, we gave money to the first mate, Caleb, who, in addition to other accomplishments, had an extraordinary talent for catering. Caleb would pocket our cash and steal for us whatever he could lay his hands on: an old gander, a brace of fighting-cocks, a hatful of eggs, or a bag of sweet potatoes. As he frequently brought us twice the value of our money, we did not trouble ourselves with nice inquiries into his mode of transacting business, but ate every thing with undisturbed consciences. Occasionally we varied our fare by shooting a wild duck or hooking a string of fish; but fish, flesh, or fowl, all had a relish that appertains only to the omnivorous age of sixteen. The boat's crew consisted of Captain Adam and two assistants; shoeless, hatless, half-naked figures, whose massive chests and brawny limbs reminded one of the exaggerated figures of Michael Angelo done in bronze. A priceless lesson it would have been to a painter and sculptor to watch the nervous play of muscle as the swarthy crew poled their batteau through the shallows, or bent to the sweeps on the long stretches of still water.

“But, after all, night was the glorious time, when the boats were drawn along shore in some still cove beneath the spreading umbrage of a group of sycamores. A fleet of fifteen or twenty would sometimes be collected at the same spot. The awnings were hoisted, fires lighted, and supper dispatched in true boatman-like style. Then the fun commenced. The sly whisky-jug was passed about, banjos and fiddles were drawn from their hiding-places, the dusky improvisatore took his seat on the bow of a boat and poured forth his wild recitative, while the leathern lungs of fifty choristers made the dim shores echo with the refrain.

“The music and manner of singing were thoroughly African, and as different from the negro music of the day as from the Italian Opera. The themes were humorous, gay, and sad, drawn for

the most part from the incidents of plantation life, and not unfrequently the spontaneous effusion of the moment. The melodies were wild and plaintive, occasionally mingled with strange, uncouth cadences, that carried the imagination forcibly to the banks of the Gambia, or to an encampment of rollicking Mandingoes.

“One song, of which I remember but a few lines, seemed to embody some tradition of the Revolution, and ran thus:

“ ‘ Cæsar! Cæsar!
 Bring here my horse and saddle;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 I'm gwine on a long journey;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 Bring here my sword and pistol;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 I'm gwine on a long journey;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 I'm gwine whar the guns rattle;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 I'm gwine on a long journey;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!
 Take care of my wife and children;
 Cæsar! Cæsar!’
 * * * * *

“Then Caleb had his song, which had cheered his labors between Lynchburg and Richmond ever since he had followed the river. When things went easy he merely hummed the air, but when the boat hung, or lost her course in a rapid, he roared it out with the full power of his lungs. Some wiseacre has said, ‘Beware of the man of one book;’ Caleb was the man of one song. Taking advantage of an opportune moment one evening, he seized the banjo, and struck up,

“ ‘I went to see Jinny when my work was done,
 And she put de hoe-cake on, my love,
 And Jinny put de hoe-cake on;
 But master he saunt and called me away,
 ’Fore Jinny got de hoe-cake done, my love,
 ’Fore Jinny got her hoe-cake done!’

“Like the ballad of ‘The Battle of the Nile,’ this song had twenty-four verses in it, all precisely alike. By the time the singer had got to the third verse, Uncle Adam rose, and unceremoniously taking the instrument out of his hand, gave him a

smart rap with it over the head. 'You fool nigger, hush up dat! I'se been 'noyed 'bout dat hoe-cake for three year; don't want to hear no more 'bout it!'

"It often happened, during these performances, that when the recitative became rather prosy, or mayhap some chorister got dry before his time, a sort of practical ditty was struck up, whose grunting chorus invariably stole away the voices from the regular singer; and he, nothing loth, would throw down the banjo and roar out,

" 'Juggity jug,
Whar's dat jug?
Juggity jug,
Old stone jug;
Juggity jug,
Broken-mouthed jug;
Juggity jug,
Old whisky-jug—
Juggity jug.'

"When the subject of these eulogistic verses had circulated sufficiently, the song generally wound up with an antic dance performed by the juniors of the company; and when the mirth began to border on the riotous, some old Nestor, like Uncle Adam, would authoritatively order them all to bed, backing the order with a considerate remark—'Hard work to-morrow, boys; sleep while you can.' The couches, to which it was thought a luxury to retire, were made of fence-rails laid across the boats under the awnings. But I preferred to take my blanket and stretch myself upon the tobacco hogsheads, from whence I could watch the twinkling of the mystic stars, listen to the roar of distant rapids, or catch, at intervals, the wild melody from some neighboring encampment, whose fires glowed beneath the shadow of a wooded bluff. In time the fires would die out, and all nature sink into profound silence—all, except the sullen, soothing roar of the river, which wooed to sleep like a nurse's lullaby. Then the moon would roll up her broad disk of burnished gold from behind a hill, flinging a stream of fiery light over the trembling water, and sleep would be forgotten for a while in the enjoyment of this new glory. Ah! cousin, of all the aimless, vagabond adventures of my boyhood, none has left so lively and agreeable an im-

pression on my imagination as that old time boating on the James."



NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

On the morning of the 6th of November, our travelers again found themselves and carriage in condition to take the road. Their route lay northward through the county of Amherst, and at noon they dined at the Court House. Now we do not wish it understood literally that they took their refreshment in the halls of justice. In Virginia, the village or collection of houses in which the seat of justice of each county is located is called the Court House. Sometimes you find nothing more than a tavern, a store, and a smithy. Besides the county buildings, Amherst Court House contains about a dozen houses, and probably has not yet attained the dignity of a corporate town. The soil of this, in common with many other of the *piedmont* counties, is of a bright red in many places, generally fertile, but poorly cultivated. The world down here seems to have been asleep for many years, and an air of loneliness pervades the whole region. As the roads were heavy, and the chances of finding entertainment but few, the driver stopped at an early hour in front of a house of rather unpromising exterior. Porte Crayon, who has a facility of making himself at home every where, went to the kitchen with a bunch

of squirrels, the spoil of his German rifle. He returned in high spirits.

“Girls, we will be well fed here; we are fortunate. I have just seen the cook: not a mere black woman that does the cooking, but one bearing a patent stamped by the broad seal of Nature; the type of a class whose skill is not of books or training, but a gift both rich and rare; who flourishes her spit as Amphitrite does



THE COOK.

her trident (or her husband's, which is all the same); whose ladle is as a royal sceptre in her hands; who has grown sleek and fat on the steam of her own genius; whose children have the first dip in all gravies, the exclusive right to all livers and gizzards, not to mention breasts of fried chickens; who brazens her mistress, boxes her scullions, and scalds the dogs (I'll warrant there is not a dog on the place with a full suit of hair on him). I was awed to that degree by the severity of her deportment when I presented the squirrels, that my orders dwindled into a humble request, and, throwing half a dollar on the table, as I retreated I felt my coat-tails, to ascertain whether she had not pinned a dish-rag to them. In short, she is a perfect she-Czar, and may I never butter another corn-cake if I don't have her portrait to-morrow."

The supper fully justified Crayon's prognosis; and the sleep of our travelers, like that of the laboring man, "was sweet, whether they ate little or much."

In the morning our hero felt lightsome, and rose before the sun. Not finding his shoes at the chamber door, he went down stairs in his stockings to seek them, and in a hall between the house and kitchen he found the boot-black.

"Uncle! I am looking for my shoes."

"Massa wears shoes?" replied the old man, scanning our hero's person with an inquiring look. "Well, well, boots hain't no distinction now. Take a chair, young master; I'll find 'em and polish 'em up in no time. Weddin' party stopped here last night—brung me an uncommon pile of work."

Billy Devilbug was a specimen of his race that merited more than a casual glance. Time had made strong marks upon his face, but good temper and full feeding had kept out the petty wrinkles which indicate decrepitude. His broad forehead, fringed with grizzled wool, imparted an air of dignity to his countenance; his one eye beamed with honesty; while his quiet, deferential manner inspired the respect it tendered.

Porte Crayon's shoes were finished and delivered, yet he still lingered.

"Master," quoth Billy, "when I was young there was gentlemen then. They wore fa' top-boots them days; to see a fa' top-

boot was to see a gentleman. Nowadays, sence these store-boots come in, under the new constitution, there hain't no distinctions; every thing is mixed up; every thing w'ars boots now, and sich boots! Look here, master!" cried Billy, thrusting his fist into a boot-leg, and fixing his one eye upon it with ineffable scorn, "what sort of a thing is that, master? Is that a boot? Yes, indeed.



A CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

that's what they call a boot these times. Ke-chuck, ke-chuck, ke-chuck! I'se afear'd to rub 'em hard, for fear to rub the sole off 'em. Them's like gentlemen nowadays!"

Porte Crayon recognized in his swarthy friend a brother philosopher and high conservative, and, as he turned to depart, a considerable gratuity chinked in Billy's hand.

"Young master," said the boot-black, rising, and touching his forehead respectfully, "I'll be bound your father wore fa' top-boots, anyhow."

CHAPTER XII.

THE UNIVERSITY AND MONTICELLO.

As the moon, with red and stupid phiz, stared from behind the ragged mountains of Albemarle, her rays faintly illuminated a scene that might have served for the opening incident of a romance: A wrecked carriage; a pair of patient, drooping horses standing near; a group of human figures, male and female, that in the dim light appeared to be all of one color. But who could fail to recognize the Herculean contour of Little Mice, or the philosophic shrug that accompanied the following characteristic remark:

“ ‘Misfortunes never come alone!’ Curse the luck and the man that mended the axle!”

“What we gwine to do now, master?”

“I hear dogs barking at no great distance ahead; there must be a house at hand. We will first provide a shelter for the helpless beings under our care—the women and horses—then turn our attention to the vehicle and baggage.”

Fortunately for our friend, Squire Oliver’s soul was greater than his house; and through his hospitable care they were comfortably fed, lodged, and sped on their way next morning. Their equipage was accommodated precisely as it had been after the accident near Lynchburg; and, notwithstanding its somewhat cumbersome appearance, they made their way to Charlottesville, thirteen miles distant, with comparative ease and rapidity.

The girls, who never were able to attain that stoical contempt for appearances so frequently enlarged upon by their philosophic companion, could not but congratulate themselves that they passed the University during lecture hours, and, in consequence, escaped the observation of some five hundred quizzing students.



THE STUDENT.

After dinner they set off on foot to visit the University, which is about one mile distant from the town of Charlottesville. On the way Crayon indulged in some sage observations on the subject of giggling; general propriety of deportment, especially among strangers—more especially if the strangers happened to be young persons—students, for example. Not, indeed, that he intended these remarks to be understood as suggestions upon this occasion; hoped the

ladies would not think so for a moment; too much confidence, etc. But seeing students always reminded him of dignity, “As Cæsar’s triumph shorn of Pompey’s bust,” etc.

Having at length arrived at the College, they felt at a loss for a chaperon. Dora intimated that her cousin, Ned Twiggs, was then at the University—that he was an amiable, well-mannered youth—but she felt a delicacy in interrupting his studies, as she had understood from his letters home that he was in the habit of studying nineteen hours a day. Fanny thought it was a great shame only to allow himself five hours for sleep and recreation, and that his health must give way under it. Crayon heard these remarks with a contemptuous shrug, and went directly to the proctor’s office to ascertain the number of Ned’s room.

Now that young gentleman did look as if he hadn’t slept his wholesome allowance for some time; but Crayon took pains to

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insinuate afterward that young men at colleges sometimes lost their rest from other causes than mere devotion to their legitimate studies. Ned was vastly delighted to see his fair relatives, and



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

undertook the office of chaperon with an alacrity and good-humor that fully justified Dora's good opinion of his manners.

"Indeed," says Crayon, "it gives me great pleasure to say that, although the vivacity of these blooded colts at our Virginia colleges frequently leads them into all sorts of deviltries and excesses, they have almost invariably the manners of gentlemen.

The University was established by an act of Assembly dated January 25, 1819, upon the site of the Central College of Albemarle. It was planned, built, and organized under the immediate supervision of Mr. Jefferson.

The students' dormitories, professors' houses, and classrooms, are built upon three sides of a quadrangle, and are connected by a continuous colonnade. Outside of these, at some distance, are second lines of dormitories and offices, the space between the ranges being occupied by well-

cultivated gardens. The whole has a very pleasing and pretty effect, but the buildings are too low, and the architecture wants finish.

Although this institution was an especial pet of its distinguished founder, and bequeathed by him to the fostering care of our venerable Commonwealth, it was not eminently successful in its early years. Latterly, however, it seems to be taking the position that it should have attained long ago, and its present catalogue shows over five hundred students.

The ladies were so much delighted with every thing they saw, and had so much to say about the students, that Crayon began to grow morose and cynical.

“Women,” said he, “always make the most fuss about matters of which they know the least. They are prodigious admirers of learning, or, more strictly speaking, the name of learning; for any owlish fellow who gets a reputation for profundity, or malapert who has written verses for a magazine, is, in their estimation, a Newton or a Milton. While they pretend to be in love with scholarship, they are sworn foes of every means of acquiring it. So jealous and exacting of the time and attention of their unlucky admirers, that an interesting book is as bad as a rival beauty; the solution of an abstruse problem is equivalent to a quarrel; the study of a science amounts to prolonged absence and consequent oblivion. As for themselves, they will read nothing but novels, and listen to nothing but nonsense. Improving conversation is ever drowned in untimely giggling, and a useful lecture is looked upon as an inadmissible bore.”

“I think,” interrupted Fanny, “that lectures may be bores without even the pretense of being useful.”

“If I had Cousin Porte’s talents,” said Minnie, “I would write a novel to demonstrate the impropriety of novel reading, and deliver a public lecture on the frivolity of frivolousness.”

Dora yawned, and, with an air of unaffected simplicity, avowed that, for her part, she thought more of the scholars than she did of scholarship.

“To be sure,” said Minnie, with enthusiasm, “we do not so much admire the laborious, pains-taking student, the mere book-worm; but the brilliant, dashing genius, whose productions seem the results of intuition rather than of labor, whose eloquence is unstudied, whose verses are impromptu—”

Minnie stopped suddenly, and turned away her suffused cheek under the pretense of arranging her sewing. Crayon bit his lip, and began whistling like a fifer, when, fortunately, the servant ushered in Mr. Twiggs and several of his friends.

While the Freshmen are paying their compliments to the ladies, we can not forbear indulging in a few moral reflections.

While every body's mouth and every body's book are filled with laudations of Nature, her skill in adapting her gifts to the necessities of every age and clime, the unerring truth of her teachings, the infallibility of her intuitions, the eternal fitness of things, why has not some bold philosopher overthrown this host of slang, and battered this castle of paper walls with the artillery of every-day facts and experiences? Why do babies cry after the moon? Why does all the world want what it can't get? Why have boys of



TO SHAVE OR DYE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

sixteen or thereabout such an inordinate desire for beards? And why, when the gift would be most acceptable, does the hard-hearted dame insult them with a sprinkling of peach fuzz instead? And why, when years have matured the hirsute harvest, does the desire for it disappear, and the man become involved in expenditure of time and money to get rid of that appendage which, as a youth, he would have gloried in?

During the journey our hero's beard had grown broad and long, until he resembled a *sapeur* of the French Guard. In looking on the downy lips of the students, a most unphilosophic sense of superiority took possession of him. He was annoyed, at the same time, to perceive the interest which the ladies appeared to take in their beardless conversation.

Crayon assumed a magisterial air. "Ned, my boy, how are you getting on with the classics?"

Ned replied, modestly, that he had passed his last examination very creditably.

"Are you of opinion that Dido was really in love with the pious Æneas?"

"Virgil says so," replied Ned.

"But does not Virgil frequently say, '*Dido et Dux*,' and, worse than all, '*Dux Trojanorum*' (which species was probably larger than our fowl—a sort of aquatic Shanghai), and how do you reconcile this with his previous statement?"

"If she eat ducks," said Dora, "she certainly couldn't have been much in love."

"Certainly not. Dido was a humbug."

"Cousin Crayon," said Ned, beginning to show a little pluck, "who was first found guilty of a breach of the peace?"

"According to Holy Writ," said Porte, "it must have been *the first Cain*."

"Not so," said Ned; "for before his time, and even before the creation, it is said '*Nihil fit*.'"

"So he did, indeed," said Crayon.

Although the girls did not entirely understand this sally, they laughed all the more, while Crayon looked quite vexed.

"Very well, youngster, very well; you'll get along. With

twenty years of study and patience you may become a ripe scholar, and grow a beard like mine, probably. For the present, Ned, let me counsel you to cream your face and submit it to the cat; and for the rest, be content with the distinctions that appertain to your age and condition.



SHAVING.

'Pro Ingenuo adolescenti, sedula scholastica, disciplinæ observantia, et in literis profectu egregio.'"

Now, before the girls, this was rather too bad. Crayon must have forgotten that he had once been a boy. Ned turned very red, bit his lip, and then writing a verse on the back of a card, handed it to Crayon, and asked him to translate it.

"Qui pascit barbam, si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba fecit."

“Devil take the puppy!” thought our hero. But the ladies didn’t understand Latin; so he complimented Ned on his scholarship, and put the joke in his pocket, taking good care not to allude to the subject afterward.

As their own carriage was still at the shop undergoing repairs, our friends hired a hack to visit Monticello, once the seat of Mr. Jefferson. On their way up the mountain they turned aside, a little way from the road, to visit the tomb of the departed sage and statesman. The gate of the inclosure was off its hinges, and the wall itself crumbling to ruin. The grave was formerly marked by a simple granite obelisk, eight or nine feet high, in one face of which was sunk a slab of white marble, containing the following inscription:

HERE LIES BURIED THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE;
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The marble slab has disappeared entirely, and of the obelisk there remains but a shapeless heap of granite. A good-sized flint stone, which had evidently served very often for a hammer, lay beside the remains of the monument.

“Is this broken, nameless stone all that marks the grave of Jefferson?” inquired Minnie.

“It seems,” said Fanny, “as if some Vandal enemy had visited the place. Such sacrilege and wanton destruction is a disgrace to civilization.”

“It must have been the British,” said Dora. “You know how they were censured and abused for breaking the Naval Monument at Washington.”

“Be more particular in your chronology, Dora. The last war with England terminated in 1815, and Jefferson died in 1826.”

“Sure enough; I forgot that. But how can any one tell when he died, when the tomb is broken to pieces? It is very disgraceful.”

“Women always jump at conclusions,” replied Crayon. “The modes of showing respect to the dead are altogether conventional, and are different in different countries. Among some barbarous and semi-civilized people it is customary for every passer to cast

a stone upon the grave of departed greatness, and the monument thus raised grows in magnitude and respect from year to year and from age to age. In this country, justly proud of its enlightenment, it is, on the contrary, customary for visitors to carry away a portion of any monument or memorial that may have become hallowed by association with an illustrious name. While the unpretending name which private affection has carved upon the mortuary slab may remain undisturbed until the dead and his posterity are forgotten, the monuments of the great are cracked up and scattered abroad to enrich innumerable curiosity cabinets throughout the land. It must be a source of gratification to the admirers of Mr. Jefferson to observe these unmistakable evidences of popular respect for his memory."

The exterior of the house at Monticello is striking, although time and the elements are playing sad havoc with the perishable materials of which it is built. Unless speedily repaired, brick, stucco, and woodwork will soon tumble into absolute ruin. The interior is better preserved, and the two principal rooms have some pretensions to elegance. For the rest, it is difficult to conceive of an interior plan more ridiculous and ill-contrived. The stairways are so narrow and steep that they would scarcely be admissible as passages to a kitchen left. It is not uncommon to find great men ambitious of little things entirely out of their line, and we suppose the statesman, here as at the University, meddled a good deal with the builders. The view from the plateau, for beauty, variety, and extent, can scarcely be surpassed; and what, after all, are the considerations of convenience, expense, or technical criticism, to one who can appreciate the glorious surroundings of this classic dwelling?

Monticello is situated upon the apex of a mountain, five hundred feet above the Rivanna River, which flows at the base. It is three miles distant from the town of Charlottesville, which, with the University, is in full view from the house.

As they were descending the mountain, our travelers heard a sharp crash, and the carriage sank on one side until it was suddenly brought up against a gravel-bank.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the girls, with a yawn.

"Oh, nothing!" replied Porte, quietly accommodating his person to the change of level; "a wheel is smashed, I believe."

The driver made his appearance at the window in a state of great perturbation, but was soon calmed by the impassive manner of the travelers.

"Detach your horses, Uncle, ride to town, and bring us another carriage. You need not hurry about it, but try to bring us one that will last to the hotel."

"Did you say onhitch 'em, master?"

"Yes! yes! onhitch 'em."

"Dat I will do dat," replied the obsequious negro.

Presently his horses' feet were heard clattering down the road, and soon the sound died away in the distance. The ladies drew their shawls around them, and, one after another, dropped to sleep. Wakeful on his post, like a chivalrous sentinel, Porte Crayon looked on the sleeping beauties, proud of his responsibility, and filled with knight-errant imaginings. Half an hour after, when the ruddy moon peeped in at the carriage window, she found sentinel and all asleep, and so Uncle Pompey found them when he returned with his new carriage.

After leaving Charlottesville, our travelers floundered on through the mud of Orange and Culpepper, which part of the journey the philosopher characterized as "dead slow," and wondered that counties that contained so many handsome country residences, and had furnished so many great names to history, could tolerate such thoroughfares.— Not unfrequently the overdone horses would come to a halt in the centre of the highway, and the ladies would be disembarked by



STUCK FAST IN THE MUD.

means of a bridge of rails, constructed from the door of the carriage to the shore. Then Mice would, by dint of coaxing, whipping, and putting his own shoulder to the wheel, get his horses out of that difficulty, shortly to fall into another of like character.

One day, as they journeyed, Mice tied the reins to his leg, and drawing up his carpet bag, with some hesitation pulled out a bundle about the size and shape of a man's head.

"What!" exclaimed Porte, with surprise. "Have you turned naturalist too? What are you going to do with that hornet's nest?"

"Dis ain't no hornets' nesh, Mass' Porte; dem's bank-notes; an please, Sir, I want you to count 'em for me."

On examination of the bundle, it proved to be a wad of one-dollar notes, a circulating medium then in tolerable repute in Southwestern Virginia, furnished, for the most part, by the Washington City bankers: a medium much more convenient than gold and silver (Old Bullion to the contrary notwithstanding), as it may be manufactured to any extent without the trouble of washing and mining in outlandish and inhospitable regions. When he saw of what material this ball was composed, Crayon's countenance fell, and vague suspicions of bank robberies crossed his mind.

"Where, in the name of Fortune, did this come from? Did you find it, or have you robbed a country store? Confess instantly."

"No, indeed, Mass' Porte," replied Mice, with honest fervor, "I never stealed money in all my life—I didn't. Fact is, Massa, I larnt de way to thumb a Jack, what you showed dem wagoners, and so I skun dem nigger waiters at Lynchburg and Charlottesville outen dat money honestly, Mass' Porte—honestly. Dat money and dese two watches."

Here Mice produced a brace of copper watches, which might have figured at a New York mock-auction.

"Honor and honesty, like every thing else, seem to be purely conventional."

"Dat's a fac, Mass' Porte. Dem's my sentiments."

In the mean time Crayon counted the money, and ascertained that what he had taken for one or two thousand amounted to

less than one hundred dollars. He returned the coachman his ill-gotten gains, and lectured him soundly on the general impropriety of his conduct. Mice acquiesced easily in every thing, and promised amendment for the future, especially as the Popish idea of restitution was not suggested. He muttered, at the same time, that he "didn't see the use of gittin' larnin' if he wasn't 'lowed to use it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOAFER AND THE SQUIRE.

As they put up one evening at a village tavern, a red-nosed, unshaven fellow approached our hero, and giving him a familiar

poke in the ribs, addressed him by name.

“I say, old hoss, how goes it? Don't remember me, I reckon? Old schoolmate. Look again!”

Crayon shaded his eyes. “The face,” said he, “I don't recognize, but the voice reminds me of one Bill Montague.”

“The same, old fellow—the same!”

William Montague had commenced life some twenty years before, with a small patrimony and a tolerable education, both of which he drank up. With his means and respectability he also



RATHER SEEDY.

lost his good name, literally. From the sonorous William Montague, it got to be Will Montage, then Bill Tague—pronounced

with the *g* hard; and by the time he arrived at the condition of complete vagabondism, nothing was left of his title but Bill Taggs.

"Mr. Montague, I'm glad to see you."

"Mr. Montague? It wasn't Mr. Montague when we used to sit on the same bench at school. I have never forgotten our early friendship, old boy, how we used to catch flies together and drown kittens. Ah! those were rare times!" and William sighed, as if the reminiscence was too much for him. "Ah, Porte! we will never see such days again. To think of the windows we've broken, the bird's nests we've robbed, the hens' eggs we've sucked. And then the splendid lies we used to tell the schoolmaster. You could beat us all at that, Porte; we all knocked under to you. Many a whopper I've borrowed from you to get myself out of a scrape."

"My friend," said Crayon, with dignity, "since I left school I have been about the world a great deal, and consequently have but a faint recollection of the matters to which you allude."

"At any rate, you'll condescend to take a drink with an old acquaintance?"

"Who's to pay?" said Boniface, looking significantly at Mr. C.

Crayon slipped a quarter eagle into his friend's hand with delicate adroitness.

"I'd like to know," said Bill, addressing the landlord with an air of offended dignity, "why you put that question to me when I ask a gentleman to drink. Set down your best." Here Mr. Montague flipped his coin on the counter with the look of a millionaire.

"Mr. Taggs, I beg your pardon."

"Change!" said Bill, smacking his lips.

"Mr. Taggs, I haven't the change handy; but I'll just credit the amount on your little account, you understand."

Bill looked blank. "Porte," said he, "I shouldn't mention it, probably, after twenty years, but the amount you lent me just now about covers a little balance you owed me on a game of seven-up—you recollect we played the night of the big spree, when you and I stole the miller's geese, and got beastly drunk afterward—"

"No!" said Crayon, bluntly. "I recollect nothing of the sort; get out—"

Our hero was relieved from hearing further reminiscences of his early friend by the approach of an elderly gentleman, whose dress and deportment, to the practiced eye, showed him to be one of the lords of the soil.

"Your servant, Sir. Traveling, I presume? Returning from the Springs?"

"I have been making an excursion in the mountains; have visited the principal watering-places; and am now homeward bound: — County, on the banks of the Potomac."

"A Virginian, Sir, of course? Happy to make your acquaintance. My name is Hardy, at your service."

"And mine, Sir, is Crayon."

"Indeed! bless my soul! I am delighted to hear it. You must be a relative of my wife. That was her maiden name. Spells it *C-r-a-n-e*."

"Our family spell the name *C-r-a-y-o-n*."

"All Frenchified nonsense. Your father didn't know how to spell, young man. But you must go to my house, and make it your home while you remain in this part of the country—several weeks, of course. Mrs. Hardy will be delighted to see you. We are a great people for blood."

Crayon intimated that his plans did not admit of his remaining longer than that night; and, besides, he had a party of ladies with him.

Squire Hardy's countenance brightened.

"Ladies! So much the better; my girls will be delighted to see their cousins. Tom, get my buggy immediately;" and the Squire drove off in hot haste.

"The old gentleman is gone," said Crayon, rather mystified by this manœuvre.

"Bless your soul, Sir," said the host, with a sad smile, "he'll be back directly. He's not going to let you off. This is a poor place, Sir, for my business, Sir. There's not much travel at best; and when I do get a genteel customer, I can't keep him on account of Squire Hardy and the like of him. He only lives two



THE SQUIRE AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

miles from town, keeps a much better tavern than I do, and nothing to pay, and good liquor into the bargain."

In a marvelous short time a carriage drove up, and the old gentleman, with two bouncing daughters, stepped out. The ladies were

presented; the Squire kissed the girls all round, and in an incredible short space of time, without any particular agency of his own, our hero found himself, bag, baggage, and responsibilities, transferred to the old-fashioned, roomy mansion of the Hardys.

Every body was delighted. The old lady left off in the middle of a cut of yarn she was winding, to welcome her newly-discovered relatives, and Crayon was entertained for two hours with the genealogy of the family. It was ascertained beyond a doubt that they were connected, not only on the Crayon side of the house, but likewise on the Hardy side. These interesting discoveries were confirmed next morning by a message from an aged domestic, Aunt Winnie, who informed Mr. Crayon that she had nursed his father, and insisted on receiving a visit from him at her cabin.

Crayon says his father must have been a remarkable child, for he had already heard of some fifty or sixty old women who had nursed him. However, Aunt Winnie was a person of too much importance on the estate to be slighted, and the visit was made in due form next morning. Her little whitewashed cabin stood at no great distance from the "great house," and was fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the aged occupant, not forgetting the ornamental, in the shape of highly-colored lithographs and white-fringed curtains.

"Lord bless us!" said the old woman, "don't tell me dis is Mass' Nat's son. Mussy on us! What you got all dat *har* on



WINDING YARN.

your face like wild people? Good Lord! can't tell who de boy looks like on account of dat *har!*"

Crayon smiled at the old nurse's comments, and having made the donation usual on such occasions, turned to depart.

"Thank'ee, young master; Lord bless you. You'se 'mazin good lookin' behind, any how."

Aunt Winnie was supposed to be upward of a hundred years old, and could count among her descendants children of the fifth generation, one of whom stood at her side when Crayon took a sketch of her. She walked with difficulty, but her eyes were bright, and her other faculties apparently complete. Her memory was good, and her narratives of the olden time replete with interest. One story which she told of revolutionary times is worth preserving:



AUNT WINNIE.

In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy, the father of the present Squire. All those of the household that drew the sword were with the armies of their country, but they had by no means carried with them all the pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with such spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat-houses rifled, piggery and poultry-yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-house, where he had taken refuge during that Reign of Terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back. The matron's patience gave way under it.

"Jack," she screamed, "catch that duck!"

With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler.

"Now mount that mare—mount instantly!"

With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"Now ride after the troopers—ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarleton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck."

"Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts.

"Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?"

"Sartain, Missus."

"To Colonel Tarleton himself?"

R



THE MUSCOVY DRAKE.

“Sartain, Missus.”

“And what did he say?”

“He put duck in he wallet, and say he much ’bliged.”

The old nurse was not the only character on the estate. The Squire himself was the type of a class found only among the rural population of our Southern States—a class, the individuals of which are connected by a general similarity of position and circumstance, but present a field to the student of man infinite in variety, rich in originality.

As the isolated oak that spreads his umbrageous top in the meadow surpasses his spindling congener of the forest, so does the country gentleman, alone in the midst of his broad estate, outgrow the man of crowds and conventionalities in our cities. The oak may have the advantage in the comparison, as his locality and consequent superiority are permanent. The Squire, out of his own district, we ignore. Whether intrinsically, or simply in default of comparison, at home he is invariably a great man. Such, at least, was Squire Hardy. Sour and cynical in speech, yet overflowing with human kindness; contemning luxury and expense in dress and equipage, but princely in his hospitality; praising the olden time to the disparagement of the present; the

mortal foe of progressionists and fast people in every department ; above all, a philosopher of his own school, he judged by the law of Procrustes, and permitted no appeals ; opinionated and arbitrary as the Czar, he was sauced by his negroes, respected and loved by his neighbors, led by the nose by his wife and daughters, and the abject slave of his grandchildren.

His house was as big as a barn, and, as his sons and daughters married, they brought their mates home to the old mansion. "It will be time enough for them to hive," quoth the Squire, "when the old box is full."

Notwithstanding his contempt for fast men nowadays, he is rather pleased with any allusion to his own youthful reputation in that line, and not unfrequently tells a good story on himself. We can not omit one told by a neighbor, as being characteristic of the times and manners forty years ago :

At Culpepper Court-house, or some court-house thereabout, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and every body else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty-cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war-spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouth sat in astonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at

his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobbler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with steams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury, and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding.



FIG VERSUS PRIGG.

We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom

against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company reassembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologized for sacrificing the principal dinner-dish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech a treat was ordered. In those good old days folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned for it, and it is presumable the day wound up with a spree.

After the Squire got older, and a family grew up around him, he was not always victorious in his contests. For example, a question lately arose about the refurnishing the house. On their return from a visit to Richmond, the ladies took it into their heads that the parlors looked bare and old-fashioned, and it was decided by them in secret conclave that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion, "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us! we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for a carpet to save the oak plank! Begone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The Squire smote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were, of course, greatly delighted; and while professing great aversion and contempt for the "tawdry lumber," it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure as much as they did the new furniture.

On another occasion, too, did the doughty Squire suffer defeat under circumstances far more humiliating, and from an adversary far less worthy.

The western horizon was blushing rosy red at the coming of the sun, whose descending chariot was hidden by the thick Indian-summer haze that covered lowland and mountain as it were with a violet-tinted veil. This was the condition of things (we were going to say) when Squire Hardy sallied forth, charged with a small bag of salt, for the purpose of looking after his farm generally, and particularly of salting his sheep. It was an interesting sight to see the old gentleman, with his dignified, portly figure, marching at the head of a long procession of improved breeds—the universally-received emblems of innocence and patience. Barring his modern costume, he might have suggested to the artist's mind a picture of one of the Patriarchs.

Having come to a convenient place, or having tired himself crying *co-nan, co-nan*, at the top of his voice, the Squire halted. The black ram halted, and the long procession of ewes and well-grown lambs moved up in a dense semicircle, and also halted, expressing their pleasure at the expected treat by gentle bleatings. The Squire stooped to spread the salt. The black ram, either from most uncivil impatience, or mistaking the movement of the proprietor's coat-tail for a challenge, pitched into him incontinently. "*Plenum sed*," as the Oxonians say. An attack from behind, so sudden and unexpected, threw the Squire sprawling on his face into a stone pile.

Oh, never was the thunder's jar,
The red tornado's wasting wing,
Or all the elemental war,

like the fury of Squire Hardy on that occasion.

He recovered his feet with the agility of a boy, his nose bleeding and a stone in each hand. The timid flock looked all aghast, while the audacious offender, so far from having shown any disposition to skulk, stood shaking his head and threatening, as if he had a mind to follow up the dastardly attack. The Squire let fly one stone, which grazed the villain's head and killed a lamb. With the other he crippled a favorite ewe. The ram still showed

fight, and the vengeful proprietor would probably have soon decimated his flock, had not Porte Crayon (who had been squirrel-shooting) made his appearance in time to save them.



THE BATTERING RAM.

“Quick, quick! young man—your gun; let me shoot the cursed brute on the spot.”

The Squire was frantic with rage, the cause of which our hero, having seen something of the affray, easily divined. He was unwilling, however, to trust his hair-triggered piece in the hands of his excited host.

“By your leave, Squire, and by your orders, I’ll do the shooting myself. Which of them was it?”

“The ram—the d—d black ram—kill him—shoot—don’t let him live a minute!”

Crayon leveled his piece and fired. The offender made a bound and fell dead, the black blood spouting from his forehead in a stream as thick as your thumb.

“There, now,” exclaimed the Squire, with infinite satisfaction, “you’ve got it, you ungrateful brute! You’ve found something harder than your own head at last, you cursed reptile! Friend Crayon, that’s a capital gun of yours, and you shoot well.”

The Squire dropped the stones which he had in his hands, and looking back at the dead body of the belligerent sheep, observed,

with a thoughtful air, "He was a fine animal, Mr. Crayon—a fine animal, and this will teach him a good lesson."

"In all likelihood," replied Crayon, dryly, "it will break him of this trick of butting."

Not long after this occurrence, Squire Hardy went to hear an itinerant phrenologist who lectured in the village. In the progress of his discourse, the lecturer, for purposes of illustration, introduced the skulls of several animals, mapped off in the most correct and scientific manner.

"Observe, ladies and gentlemen, the head of the wolf: combativeness enormously developed, alimentiveness large, while conscientiousness is entirely wanting. On the other hand, look at this cranium. Here combativeness is a nullity—absolutely wanting—while the fullness of the sentimental organs indicate at once the mild and peaceful disposition of the sheep."

The Squire, who had listened with great attention up to this point, hastily rose to his feet.

"A sheep!" he exclaimed; "did you call a sheep a peaceful animal? I tell you, Sir, it is the most ferocious and unruly beast in existence. Sir, I had a ram once—"

"My dear Sir," cried the astonished lecturer, "on the authority of our most distinguished writers, the sheep is an emblem of peace and innocence."

"An emblem of the devil," interrupted the Squire, boiling over. "You are an ignorant impostor, and your science a humbug. I had a ram once that would have taught you more in five seconds than you've learned from books in your all lifetime."

And so Squire Hardy put on his hat and walked out, leaving the lecturer to rectify his blunder as best he might.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

“WELCOME the coming, speed the parting guest,” is the motto of true hospitality all over the world, and nowhere is the first part better understood than in the Old Dominion. Intensely social from character and habit, the Virginian welcomes the stranger with a hearty cordiality unknown to parts where strangers are less of a rarity, and opens his house and heart with the frankness of a man who has never been taught suspicion by intercourse with a world of sharpers. Confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness; the stranger soon becomes a friend. Day by day the invisible cords that bind the heart are strengthened, and the lures of a caressing hospitality more difficult to resist.

When at length you have overstaid your time, and broken two or three appointments for your departure; when the calls of duty and the twinges of conscience can no longer be disregarded; when your trunk is packed, and your carriage at the door, then your entertainer presses your hand: “You’ve determined to leave us, have you?” He hears your reiterated affirmative with a sigh. “Well, if you must go, good-by. You remember the old rule, ‘Speed the parting guest.’” He quotes it reluctantly, as if by way of apology for letting you go at all. “Come again soon, and then not for a week, as if you came merely to light your pipe, but for a good month or so.” You promise in good faith, and take your leave with a swelling heart, as if bidding farewell to a second home.

“Crack your whip and drive on.”

“Mud,” observed Mr. Crayon, “is emblematic of despondency. There is nothing picturesque in mud—nothing suggestive of poetic ideas. Dante punishes some of his sinners in mud—fast fel-

lows of the Guelphic faction, we presume. Well, if mud is as hard on sinners as it is on horses, they deserved compassion."

Notwithstanding the prevalence of this adverse circumstance, our travelers kept up their spirits marvelously well. In default of better game, Crayon amused himself shooting chicken-hawks, which abound in these more populous districts.

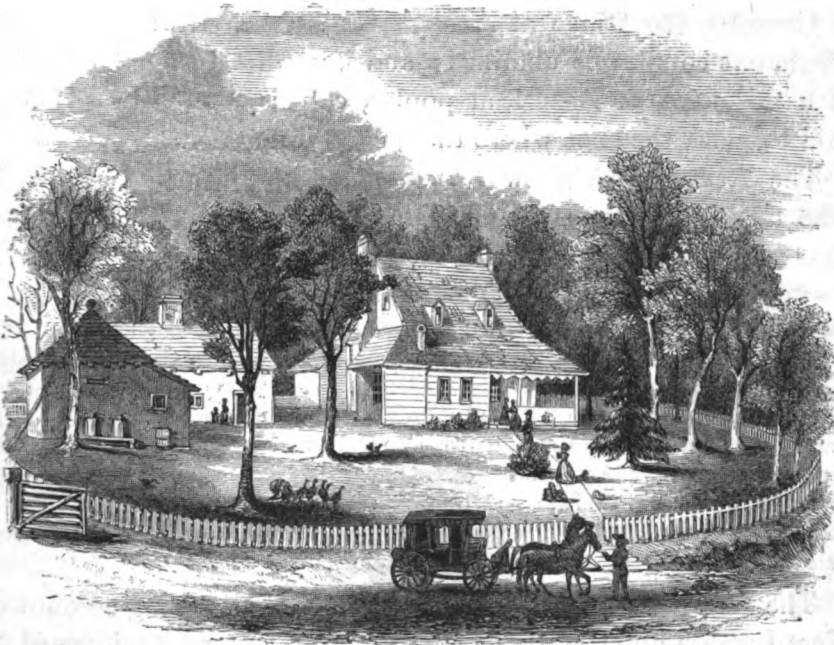


THE FAUQUIER SPRINGS.

Passing Barboursville, Culpepper Court House, and Jefferson-ton, they at length arrived at the Fauquier Sulphur Springs, where they determined to repose a day or two for the benefit of the horses. If the natural advantages of this watering-place do not equal many of those found higher up in the mountains, it surpasses all others in the extent, elegance, and costliness of its improvements. The buildings, of brick covered with slate, form a semicircle, inclosing a handsome park. These grounds are ornamented with fountains, and enlivened by herds of fallow deer.

Warrenton, the county town of Fauquier, is six miles distant from the Springs, and from this place our travelers pursued the road toward Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge.

Miss Katy Shackley's quaint, old-fashioned cottage received



PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT.



THE WOOD-PILE.

them that night, and so much pleased were they with their entertainment, that our artist resolved not to leave without carrying with him some reminiscence of the place. Accordingly, next morning, before breakfast, he climbed upon a gate-post and made a sketch of the premises—a proceeding which seemed very greatly to mystify a turkey-gobbler and a negro boy at the wood-pile.

Crossing the Ridge at Ashby's Gap, a beautiful view of the Piedmont country is obtained; and immediately on the summit is a tulip-tree, or American poplar, called Lord Fairfax's tree, said to mark the spot where three counties corner.

The Reverend Andrew Burnaby, A. M., vicar of Greenwich, who traveled through the Middle Settlements in 1759 and 1760, thus notices this pass :

"The pass at Ashby's Gap, from the foot of the mountain on the eastern side to the Shenandoah, which runs at the foot on the western, is about four miles. The ascent is nowhere very steep, though the mountains are, upon the whole, I think, higher than any I have ever seen in England. When I was got to the top, I was inexpressibly delighted with the scene which opened before me. Immediately under the mountain, which was covered with chamœdaphnes in full bloom, was a most beautiful river; beyond this an extensive plain, diversified with every pleasing object that nature can exhibit; and, at the distance of fifty miles, another ridge of still more lofty mountains, called the great or north ridge, which inclosed and terminated the whole."

The reverend traveler goes on to give an interesting account of Fort London and the town of Winchester, where he sojourned for a short time. While there, he was almost induced to take a tour southward to Augusta County, for the purpose of visiting some natural curiosities which the officers of the garrison assured him were well worth seeing. He gives as a reason for not undertaking the trip a want of time, and a report that the Cherokees had been scalping in those parts a few days before.

He then gives a list of the curiosities mentioned, as follows :

"1. About 40 miles westward of Augusta Court House, a beautiful cascade rushing down a precipice 150 feet perpendicular.

"2. To the southward of this about 20 miles, two curious hot springs, one tasting like alum, the other like the washings of a gun.

"3. A most extraordinary cave.

"4. A wonderful mineral spring.

"5. Sixty miles southward of Augusta Court House, a natural arch, or bridge, joining two high mountains, with a considerable river running underneath.

"6. A river called Lost River, from its running under a mountain and never appearing again.

"7. A spring of a sulphureous nature, an infallible cure for particular cutaneous disorders.

"8. Sixteen miles northeast of Winchester, a natural cave or well, into which, at times, a person may go down to the depth of 100 or 150 yards, and at other times the water rises up to the top and overflows plentifully. This is called the ebbing and flowing well, and is situated in a plain flat country, not contiguous to any mountain or running water.

“9. A few miles from hence, six or seven curious caves communicating with each other.”

The leading wonders of this catalogue are evidently those lately visited by our travelers.

Numbers one and six refer to the Falling Spring Creek in Bath County, and the Lost River in Hampshire, and number nine probably to Allen's Cave, near Front Royal.

Number three must refer to Madison's Cave—Weyer's, as before stated, not having been discovered until 1804, forty-four years after the date of these travels.

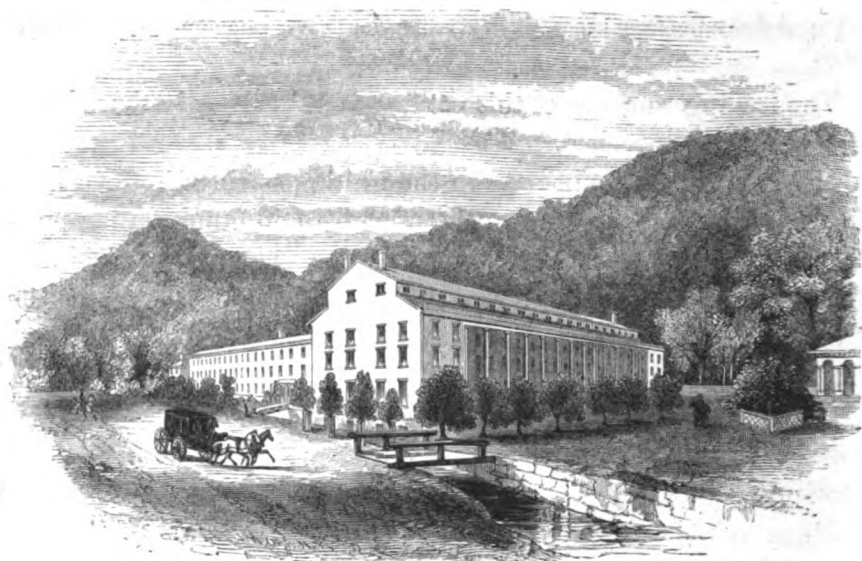
On the evening of the 15th of November our friends again found themselves in the town of Winchester, after an absence of nearly six weeks.

Many a page of graver history would the annals of this old town fill. The first stronghold of European civilization west of the Blue Mountains—the general rendezvous of the Virginia troops during all the bloody border wars with the Indians and French—what dark tales of savage cruelty, of sudden death, of ghastly torture, of lingering captivity, of hair-breadth escapes, of superhuman endurance, desperate courage, rescue, and revenge, does not the retrospect suggest? What names, too, would be associated with the thrilling narrative: George Washington, the colonial colonel of 1755; the eccentric Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, and proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia; and, at a later date, the Morgans, those valiant captains of 1776 and 1812. But, leaving these nobler historic themes to other and abler pens, we must mind our own unpretending business, and follow the fortunes of our merry pilgrims to the end.

From Winchester they continued their journey, thirty-six miles, over a good graded road, to the Berkeley Springs. After a night of sweet repose, and an early dip in the celebrated marble pools, our fair friends appeared at the breakfast-table, looking like roses that had been

“Washed, lately washed in a shower.”

The baths at this place are probably not excelled by any in the world. The gentlemen's swimming-bath is sixty feet long by twenty wide, and contains about fifty thousand gallons. There is



THE BERKELEY SPRINGS.

a smaller swimming-bath for ladies, besides about thirty private plunges, douche, and shower-baths. The natural temperature of the water is 74° Fahrenheit, and the supply is almost unlimited. About twelve hundred gallons per minute flow through the baths now in use. The bath-houses are surrounded by a beautiful grove; and a fine hotel, capable of accommodating four hundred persons, adjoins the public grounds. These waters are said to be specific



THE VALETUDINARIAN.

in cases of chronic rheumatism, and useful in many other maladies. They mix kindly with old Monongahela, and the baths are said to equal the waters of Lethe in washing away all remembrance of a spree.

In addition to its present celebrity as a summer resort, Bath has a history intimately connected with the great names and events of the early days of the republic. Near this place the ill-fated army of Braddock passed when marching to its doom in 1755. Sir John's Run, a small stream emptying into the Potomac two and a half miles from Bath, and which gives its name to the station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was called after Sir John Sinclair, a captain in the British service, and commander of Braddock's vanguard. The springs were originally the property of Lord Fairfax. He made a gift of them to the Commonwealth of Virginia, which placed them in the hands of trustees to be improved and managed for the public benefit. The act incorporating the town of Bath was passed in October, 1776; and the preamble refers to the springs as having been previously a great place of resort for invalids. In 1777, General George Washington, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, General Horatio Gates, and a number of other distinguished men, purchased lots here and built cottages, to which they resorted with their families both during and after the Revolution. The Baroness de Reidesel, wife of the German general who was captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga, notices this place in her interesting memoirs. With her invalid husband, still a prisoner on parole, she spent the summer of 1781 here, and mentions her meeting with the family of Washington, and other persons of mark in the history of those stirring times. At the very time this amiable and accomplished lady was writing these notes, the rebel commander-in-chief was carrying out his plans, which resulted in the capture of Cornwallis in the month of October in that year.

Here, too, from 1782 to 1784, we have accounts of an humbler laborer in a great cause, destined to bring about a revolution in the condition and habits of mankind scarcely less important than that just accomplished by the great Washington.

In the little harbor at the mouth of St. John's Run—at that

time one of the wildest and most inaccessible spots on the Potomac—James Rumsey built his first experimental steam-boat. The traditions of the place inform us that Rumsey gained the money necessary to carry on his experiments by working at the baths erected by the trustees at that time. The following notices, taken from the “Maryland Gazette,” will throw some light on the subject, and may also serve to amuse the curious :

“*Richmond, June 19th, 1784.*—The histories of the most eminent empires can not produce more flattering or greater instances of the genius of a people proud to cultivate the arts and eloquences of polite refinement in the infancy of its natural existence, that is, in a state of freedom, than in the United States of America.

“Among the various exertions that legislative wisdom and well-directed policy pervading the whole for the permanent establishment of general good and national grandeur, we are happy to find that the convenience of a medicinal bath, supported on a plan of propriety and decorum, has engaged the attention of the public. Popular respect will determine whether this plan can have for its basis the uses of similar springs in Europe.

“In Berkeley County five bathing-houses, with adjacent dressing-rooms, are already completed: an assembly-room and theatre are also constructed for the innocent and rational amusements of the polite who may assemble there.

“The American company of comedians, it is expected, will open there, under the direction of Mr. Ryan, on the 15th of July, and to continue till the 1st of September. It is supposed they will prove so acceptable to the Bath as to encourage the proprietor to renew his visits yearly.

“‘The Muses follow freedom,’ said Socrates. From Greece and Rome they certainly fled when those mighty empires fell. Let us hail, therefore, their residence in America.”

“TO THE PUBLIC.

“*Warm Springs at Bath, in Berkeley County, Virginia, June 13th, 1784.*

“JAMES RUMSEY AND ROBERT THROGMORTON propose opening a very commodious Boarding-house for the residence of Ladies and Gentlemen who may honor the Bath, at the sign of the Liberty-pole and Flag. Every possible attention will be paid to render the situation of those who honor them with their commands perfectly agreeable.”

But the old times have passed away; the old theatre has disappeared, the old bath-houses fallen to decay. The brave, the gifted, the gay, the beautiful of the old days have gone to one common resting-place. There are new times now, new hotels, new bath-houses, new fashions, new manners, new people at Berkeley. The new buildings are undoubted improvements on the old ones, and the fresh beauties that congregate here every summer pleasanter to think about than their great-grandmothers. For the rest, we may quote Solomon and hold our peace: “Say not thou, What is

the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."



JOHN DAVIS, BATH-KEEPER.

But there still remains one connecting link between the past and the present in the person of the old bath-keeper, who sits beneath the canopy at the spring. Eighty years ago, honest John Davis was born at the head of the grove, on the very spot where he now lives, and for nearly forty years has, in his present official capacity, served the invalid and pleasure-seeking public with pa-

S

tient fidelity. The top of the grove fence is the horizon of his world, and his head contains but one full-grown, all-absorbing idea, that the chief end of man is to bathe.

We are told that he never left home but once in his life. When the British marauders threatened Norfolk, he was drafted into the militia, and marched to the defense of that place. His term of service expired, and he returned home, innocent as he departed of the stain of human blood, to resume, in the valley of the sweet waters, the even tenor of his peaceful and harmless life.

As the air was fresh and bracing, Porte Crayon insisted that his wards should walk with him over to Sir John's, two miles and a half distant. "It will be worth the trouble," said he, "to see those fine engines of Ross Winans, glorious in their completeness, thundering and screaming, as if in wanton superfluity of strength, over the very spot where seventy years ago the enthusiastic and unfortunate Rumsey hoped, and sighed, and wrought in vain. Could the shade of the ingenious Virginian but now revisit the scene of his labors, and behold the misty giant, to enslave whose might he gave a life of unsuccessful toil, now so completely and beautifully subservient to the will of man, how would disappointment, neglect, weariness, and poverty be forgotten in the swell of glorious pride at the consciousness of having been one of the pioneers in this triumph of human genius!"

"Upon my word," said Dora, "I had always thought that steam-engines were nothing more than great, black, dirty, greasy, dangerous machines, whose business it was to draw long trains on the rail-road and kill cows, but Porte's speech has quite astonished me, and made me believe they are very wonderful productions."

"Miss Dimple, my speech, as you call it, was not so much a glorification of steam engines as a tribute to departed genius. But surely one could scarcely find a nobler theme for eloquence than those same squealing, fizzing, rattling machines. And of those black, greasy-looking demons who conduct them, I could relate instances of courage and devotion which, if displayed in the tented field, would have brought the actors rank and distinction.

As it was, a newspaper paragraph and the consciousness of merit were, as far as I know, the only rewards they ever received. Listen while I relate a circumstance that came partly under my own eye:

“It is customary, young ladies, to carry powder over the road in long, tubular cars, made of sheet iron, with a close-fitting door in each end to keep out fire. The powder train was running westward between Martinsburg and North Mountain, when an explosion took place within the car, so severe that it nearly knocked the brakesman off the platform where he was standing. The fact was immediately communicated to the conductor, and the engine stopped. The men procured buckets of water from the reservoir, walked back, opened the doors at both ends of the car, and deliberately waited for the smoke to escape before they proceeded to extinguish the fire burning among the straw and paper that was strewn thickly over the floor. This was executed in the coolest and most careful manner, so as not to wet the powder. I happened to be at Sir John’s when the train arrived, and, hearing the circumstance mentioned, had the curiosity to examine the car. The marks of the explosion were distinctly visible around the crevices of the doors at each end. Inside, the floor was covered with burned straw and bits of paper; the kegs and barrels containing the powder were scorched and blackened, and the paper covering of a coil of rope fuse was burned in holes. That the cargo should have been saved under these circumstances seems little less than a miracle.

“This cargo consisted of 230 kegs of powder, 22 half barrels, and 11 barrels, which, if ignited, would have blown the train to Cumberland, probably, or farther. The partial explosion was doubtless occasioned by a spark entering the hole traversed by the connecting-rod, and igniting some loose powder that lay in the bottom of the car.

“I was struck with the quiet, unpretending manner with which the men treated this circumstance, which to me looked like an almost miraculous escape from annihilation, and was at a loss, too, to imagine a motive that could induce men in their senses deliberately to face such imminent and fearful peril. I asked the con-

ductor why, upon the first warning, they did not take to their heels. 'Sir,' replied he, 'it is our duty to protect the property intrusted to our charge even at the peril of our lives.'

"The names of these men were David Koonce, conductor; Horace Woodward, engineer; John Weaver, fireman, and G. G. Frithey, brakesman.

"In taking leave of the subject, I may say that a more splendid exhibition of courage, or a motive more nobly expressed, I have never seen on record."

On their return from Sir John's they stopped to drink at a chalybeate spring whose waters stimulate like strong tea. Hard by this fountain there is a cavern, formed by the upheaved sandstone, which resembles a tent. The opening is about ten feet in height, twenty in extent under the roof, and will afford convenient shelter for a dozen or twenty persons from sun or rain.



SPA SPRING CAVERN.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEAR AND THE BASKET-MAKER.

It was late when they got back to the Springs, and, after a hearty meal, the travelers gathered cosily around the evening fire. Mr. Crayon seemed in high philosophic mood and disposed to be talkative. The ladies, on the contrary, were fatigued, and gradually sunk into such comfortable dreamy reveries as might shortly end in sleep. Crayon asked nothing better—he was less liable to be interrupted. Rolling up his eyes, he repeated, in a sonorous voice and with great unction, a verse, which I think he got out of a German grammar:

“*Woh! in des Waldes
Widder Einjamkeit
Hört' ich den Harfenklang,
Hört' ich den Helmschraf.*”

“The world,” he continued, “according to Carlyle, is greatly given to hero-worship. Of all heroic attributes, none commands so universally the respect and admiration of mankind as courage. Modern metaphysicians undertake to dissect it, and call it by a variety of names, while a game-cock knows more about the thing itself than the whole academy put together. That most plain and downright people, the Romans, who dealt largely in the genuine commodity, simply called it ‘virtue;’ and they were right, for it is the indispensable basis of all high character. Of what avail have been the efforts of Quakers, peace societies, philosophers, and preachers against the all-pervading instinct? Who was ever displeased when a sturdy Broad-brim forgot his profession, and let human nature blaze out against the oppressor? Who has not marked the subdued triumph in the elder’s face as he repeats to his brother the story of the fighting preacher, who laid aside the protecting and restraining black coat, that he might thrash some ribald sinner into good manners and repentance? Whose heart

has not leaped when Christian nimbly reached out his sword to give Apollyon that last victorious thrust?

“In vain the supercilious, self-called thinker points to intellectual superiority as the chief glory of our race, and rates courage among the brute instincts. In vain civilization urges the higher claims of science, and awards her first medals to the genius of the peaceful arts. In vain are Crystal Palaces and the ever-blooming hopes of an imminent millennium. In vain has Progress put on his seven-leagued boots, and made such immeasurable strides from one Fourth of July to another. In vain do politicians love their country, and sacrifice themselves to serve the public—it is now, as ever, always the same. The favorite pursuit of man, civilized and barbarian, Christian and heathen, is to make hash and minced meat of each other.

“‘For forms of government let fools contest,’

and none but fools would waste their time on the subject. Autocracies, democracies, theocracies, aristocracies, monarchies, limited or unlimited, constitutional or unconstitutional, when stripped of forms, words, sentiments, and superstitions, and all the unsubstantial humbug with which men are obliged to drape and becloud the nakedness of their actions, are all based upon two great principles—Fraud and Force. In the end, the cheats generally manage to monopolize all the profit; but, in spite of them, the glory remains to the brave.

“After such an exordium, young ladies, you might reasonably expect a speech on the Mexican war, or a disquisition on the Eastern Question which so occupies the diplomats of the Old World. But you will be disappointed. I am only going to tell of a fight between a Dutchman and a bear.

“Henry Herbel, the hero of my story, was born in Muntzhause, a village of Hesse-Darmstadt, and emigrated to the United States some eight or ten years ago. Those who have visited the Berkeley Springs may remember having seen a short, rugged-looking individual hanging about the front of the hotel, loaded with neat willow baskets, and offering them for sale in the most hopeless English that ever bothered the tongue of an emigrant or the comprehension of a native.

“At a later date, when he had more thoroughly caught the spirit of the mountains, he was oftener seen with a rudely-stocked rifle on his shoulder, bearing a bunch of game, such as squirrels, pheasants, and turkeys, all of which greatly abound in the neighborhood.



HENRY HERBEL.

“On these occasions Henry was usually accompanied by two or three bob-tailed curs, wiry, spirited fellows, that were continually getting into broils with the village dogs; and the master's uncouth expressions of concern at the unruly behavior of his canine followers always afforded great amusement to the by-standers. In these days Henry had no fixed habitation, but led the life of

a Bohemian ; during the summer sleeping in barns, under haystacks, and sometimes on the bare mountain side. Seated under a broad maple, he would peel his osiers, weave his baskets, cook his meals, and partake of them with his dogs, in wild independence even of the forms of civilization. His winter quarters were a deserted hut in the forest, or a dilapidated out-building on some mountain farm.

“He was then a keen and successful sportsman, as the heaps of rabbit, fox, and 'coon skins he exhibited at the end of every season fully testified.

“While busily engaged in circumventing his fellow-denizens of the forest, the basket-maker was himself fatally ensnared. The buxom charms of a mountain lass took such a firm hold on Henry's heart, that he felt himself no longer the free rover he had formerly been.

“Now our hero did not sigh and lament, as lovers usually do ; nor did he leave off eating, and take to wandering by the side of purling brooks. Not he. Alas for novelists and publishers ! But he married the girl without more ado, hung up his hat on a peg in her mother's cabin, and concluded the romance on the first page.

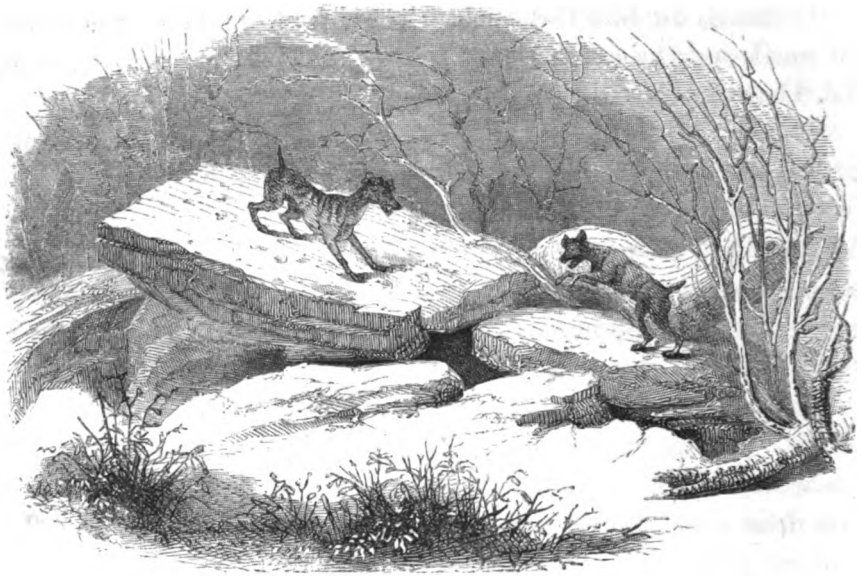
“In the course of time a son was born to inherit the name and fortunes of Herbel. The basket-maker for the first time felt his soul stirred with the sentiment of paternity. He said little, but after that plaintive cry was heard in his cabin he pursued the game with deadlier aim, and wove willow baskets more diligently than ever. About a twelvemonth after this event, our hero sat scratching his head with an air of great perplexity. This was on a keen March morning. The preceding year had been a hard one. Nothing had prospered on the farm, and game was scarce in the woods. The earth had been parched up with drought. People wouldn't buy baskets because they had nothing to put in them. Notwithstanding the drought, Madame Herbel had just presented her lord with a charming daughter. Hence the sturdy Dutchman's perplexity. The babies were singing a duet, and their voices accorded admirably. When they ceased, the old mother-in-law (herself a German by birth) took up the recitative.

“‘Henri, du bist liederlich. There is no meat in the house, no meal, and the crout is nearly gone. These mouths must be fed, Henri; you must look to it—you and your lazy dogs.’

“Henry made no reply; but Watch, a keen-eyed brindle cur, who had been sleeping on the hearth, rose up and looked wistfully at his master, as if he understood and felt the reproach. Yellow Dick stopped biting at the fleas, and pricked his attentive ears. Henry, moved by their looks, addressed some cabalistic words to his dumb companions, which we would not attempt to spell with our present alphabet, but which they seemed perfectly to comprehend, for they capered about with every demonstration of joy. He then took down his rifle, and, buckling on his accoutrements, sallied forth to try his fortune once more in the woods. His dress consisted of a fustian cap, woolen pants, and an overcoat or jacket of oiled duck, such as is worn by sailors to keep out the weather. Besides the usual powder-horn and pouch, he carried in his belt a hunting-knife, a tomahawk, and a double-barreled pistol. With this formidable armament, and followed by his eager dogs, he trudged manfully through the snow, which lay about four inches deep, and was soon scaling the steep sides of the Cacapon Mountain.

“For several hours he wandered to and fro over the snow-covered mountain, seeking in vain for traces of game. At length, on the top of the ridge, he sat down to rest upon a decayed log, when he heard the dogs, at some distance off, barking furiously. ‘Now,’ said Henry, ‘I will at least have a squirrel to make a nice broil for die gute Frau;’ and with pleased alacrity he trotted along to overtake the dogs.

“He found them running around an opening in a heap of rocks, very much excited, sometimes rushing toward the mouth of the cavern, and then retreating precipitately. Their agitation induced him to believe they had found some unusual game; but he advanced boldly, and, stepping over a fallen chestnut-tree, looked into the hole. A savage growl and a rustling of dry leaves indicated the presence of some large animal; of what species, however, the undaunted hunter was not able to decide. Again he approached his head to the cavity, and was again saluted with a



THE BEAR'S DEN.

growling and gnashing of teeth that might have shaken the firmest nerves. This time he saw distinctly two fiery eyes glaring at him from out of the darkness. Henry cocked his piece deliberately, but found that the proximity of the chestnut log prevented him from drawing a sight upon the animal. The dogs, dumb with the intensity of their excitement, stood by with bristles erect and tails as stiff as spikes. Henry got on his knees, and, leaning back on the fallen tree, leveled his gun as well as he could; the animal, in the mean while, tearing the leaves and making the rocks tremble with its furious cries. The glaring eyes seemed to approach the opening. There was a moment's pause. Then came the crash of the rifle—a terrific yell—and through the smoke a huge she-bear rushed out upon the hunter. He sprang to his feet, and made a vigorous but ineffectual push at her with his gun. With one stroke of her paw she hurled the feeble weapon fifty feet into the air, and with another blow felled the stalwart Dutchman as if he had been a green weed. He fell with his back across the log, and before he could draw a weapon from his belt the tremendous beast was upon him.

“Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown,

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel.'

With her fore paws she hugged him round the shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides, and drawing up her hind feet with repeated efforts, endeavored to rip him open. Fortunately, the oiled jacket worn to keep out the water now served a better purpose. The tough duck foiled the claws of the bear, which, as often as she ripped, slipped over the smooth surface, and spent their force upon the hunter's legs and boots. All this passed so rapidly that Henry had only time to gasp, 'Ach, mein Gott—Vatch—Dick! zu Hilf!' At these words the dogs rallied from their sudden amazement. Watch seized the bear by the ear at the same moment that Dick took hold of her hind leg. Following that instinct which induces this animal always to assail the last offender,



THE STRUGGLE.

she released the half-squeezed Dutchman, and turned her fury upon the dogs. Away they went, tumbling over the rocks, slippery with snow, and crashing through the tough undergrowth as if it had been dried grass, the wary curs adroitly shunning the face of their ponderous enemy, and worrying her behind whenever the occasion offered.

“Henry quickly regained his feet, and, unmindful of his hurts and the blood that trickled from his face and legs, ran to recover his gun. He found the piece entirely useless, the muzzle filled with snow, and the ramrod missing. Quick as thought he drew his pistol, and rushed to the scene of action. Both barrels snapped. Just then the bear made a savage rush at Watch; the struggling animals rolled together over a ledge of rock and disappeared from sight. ‘Gott im Himmel! Vatch will be umgebracht!’ screamed the half-frantic hunter. Dashing the uncertain pistol on the ground, he drew the hatchet from his belt and leaped over the ledge into the thick of the fight. The beast again left the dog, and turned fiercely upon her human foe. Henry seized her by the nape of the neck, and struck a determined blow at her forehead. As she turned to bite his arm, the weapon glanced and nearly cut off one of her ears. She turned again to the side where she felt the wound. The next moment the vengeful hatchet was buried deep in her brain, and she sunk at the victor’s feet without a struggle or a groan.

“After a brief but fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving, Henry’s first movement was to embrace his faithful allies and examine their wounds. To his great relief, he found these to be mere scratches; and then seating himself, had time to consider the body of his late antagonist more calmly. She was an animal of the largest size, very fat, and covered with a coat of the glossiest black in most admirable condition. The rifle-shot had passed through her muzzle about an inch below her eyes, inflicting a wound which served rather to enrage than disable her. From appearances, he also concluded that she was a mother, and, after a short repose, gathered up his scattered weapons and returned to the den. On approaching the spot, he heard faint cries from within, which gave assurance that he had not been mistaken in his conjectures.



THE DEATH-BLOW.

“With a spirit untamed by the desperate encounter from which he had just escaped with his life, he did not hesitate to engage in what then seemed to him a new peril. Unsheathing his knife, he held it behind him like a dog’s tail, and backed himself down into the den, at the risk of meeting the he-bear on his way. In fact, it is not generally known that the he-bear, brute that he is, leaves his mate during this period of domestic trouble, and finds himself a comfortable den at some distance off, where he may rest undisturbed by the cries of his infant progeny or the grumbling of his spouse. The idea is not altogether an unnatural one, yet nobody but a bear would ever act upon it.

“Luckily for Henry, the old gentleman was absent, and he got to the bottom of the den without opposition. There he found two young ones carefully covered up with dried leaves and moss ;



ENTERING THE DEN.

so well concealed that if they had kept quiet it would have been difficult to find them.

“The cubs were blind, like young puppies, and as their eyes were not opened for five days after, it is supposed they were not more than three or four days old at the time of their capture. They were about the size of half-grown kittens, six inches in length, and perfectly formed as the adult, except, as is the case with all young animals, the head was disproportionately large. Their coats were soft, of the glossiest black, with tawny marks about the ears, and a square white spot on the breast. Although handled with the greatest tenderness, these little wretches, whose eyes had never seen the light, with a wonderful and unerring instinct quickly discriminated between the touch of a stranger and that of their dam. No sooner were they taken up than they uttered the most atrocious cries, and fought with surprising energy.

“As our hero brought these new trophies to the light, he saw a mountaineer approaching who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of the gun and the barking of the dogs. The newcomer cheerfully lent his assistance in transporting the prize to the Dutchman’s cabin. Then, when his blood cooled, Henry, for the first time, took note of his own hurts, which were by no means

trifling. His face had received some slight scratches, and his legs and knees were badly torn with wounds that cost time and trouble to heal. But what of that? The bear had fat upon his shoulders full three inches deep, and netted a hundred and sixty pounds of good meat. Besides keeping wherewithal to grease his own gridle, he sold enough to the neighbors to keep his family comfortable for two months.

“That day’s work brought Henry both meat and honor. The fame of his achievement was noised abroad in the land, and none knew better how to appreciate it than the mountaineers among whom he dwelt. The fury of a she-bear with cubs is proverbial, and the boldest hunter shakes his head doubtfully when there is a question of meeting one under those circumstances. I once knew a man, one not wanting in pluck neither, who, at the sight of two cubs playing in the woods, shouldered his rifle and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. While the unskillful undertook to make a jest of his timidity, those who knew the forest better did not severely blame his prudence. The feeblest cry from one of those uncouth little jokers would have brought upon him an enemy against whose ferocity neither lead nor steel are considered as sure protection.

“Formerly Henry was nobody but “that Dutch basket-maker;” now he is “the man that killed a she-bear in single fight,” and, for the nonce, the hero of Morgan County.

“About a month after this event I visited Henry’s cabin. He was temporarily absent, but his two dogs stepped out from their comfortable kennels on either side of the door and welcomed me with friendly greeting. Within, his blooming spouse suckled the younger babe, while the elder occupied a cradle at her side, conjointly with the young bears. One of these amused himself sucking the infant’s thumb, while the other seemed to prefer its big toe. Occasionally the little savages became so earnest in this sport that the heir of Herbel was fain to express his displeasure by screams and kicks, and the mother would toss the offending cub out of the cradle. Without noticing the rebuke in the slightest degree, it would coolly climb back to its place, and fasten upon toe or finger with renewed pertinacity.



THE NURSERY.

“When aware of my presence, the matron laid her child upon the table, and, begging me to keep the bears from it, ran out to call her husband. Presently he came in, and, when we had exchanged salutations, he seated himself, and addressed the cubs in the following words:

“‘Ah! koom, guten fellers—ya—poor leetle Fritzee—koom zu papa—ya—ya—koom den.’

“Whereupon the whelps scrambled out of the cradle, and had an exciting climbing-match up the basket-maker’s legs. His horny thumb, as first prize, was seized by the winner; while Fritzee, as if to console himself for the loss of the race, made desperate efforts to obtain the honor of a kiss from his master.

“Then a pan of milk was set on the hearth, and the young bruins exhibited an example of greediness, compared with which the



DIVERSION.

behavior of a pig at a trough would be considered deliberate and polite. They leaped with their fore paws into the pan, and thrust their noses in the milk up to the eyes. When it was gone they glued their lips to the bottom, and had to be forcibly dragged from the pan. They then seized their hairy paws, saturated with the milk, and sucked them dry.

“After amusing myself for some time with the antics of these

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THE CUBS FEEDING.

young creatures, I accompanied Henry to the scene of the combat, and on the ground received from him the details given in the foregoing narrative. His torn garments, his scars, the traces of blood on the rocks, and the furrows made by the bear's claws in the chestnut log, all testified to the fury of the struggle and the fidelity of the narrator.

“On our return to the cabin, I dined with my host on boiled squirrel and sour-cROUT. Then the bear's skin was produced, and Henry proceeded to trace thereon further records of the fight. There was the shot-hole through the nose, which, to use Henry's expression, ‘only made her big mad.’ In one hind leg were seventeen holes from the teeth of the intrepid Watch. Yellow Dick's incisors were credited with eleven holes in the other leg. Here the left ear was half severed by the hatchet; and here, precisely in the centre of the forehead, was the fatal blow that spilled her life. The dogs, as may be supposed, were most interested listeners to this discourse, and, whenever their prowess was particularly alluded to, would rap the floor emphatically with their bob-tails, saying, with intelligent glances and motions of the head, as distinctly as if they had the power of speech,

“‘True, Sir, every word of it. That happened just as master says.’

“Nor do I believe I am drawing too much on my imagination when I tell how that Dick, when he perceived there was no mention made of certain honorable scars on his face and breast, modestly stepped forward and rubbed his face against Henry's hand in a manner to attract attention to them; or how Watch, after waiting patiently for a considerable time, got up, and, smelling very significantly about the auricular tufts on the hide, seemed to say, ‘I think, Mass Henry, you forgot to tell the gentleman how I took the bear by the ear when she had you down.’

“The skin was one of the finest I had ever seen, and I prevailed on Herbel to sell it to me. Its history, too, had invested it with peculiar interest. It was not only a superb bear-skin, ornamental and useful for many purposes, but, in my eyes, it was as the robe of Cæsar, pierced by the weapons of his slayers. I forgot the triumph of the living in sympathizing admiration for the dead brute. When the little bears carelessly nosed this relic of their faithful parent, and rolled in wanton gambols over the soft fur, I was touched to the heart.

“Thoughtless and inconsistent man! canst thou feel no link of sympathy between the human and the brute? Lovest thou those tender babes and her that bore them, yet hast no tear for that savage mother, who met death so fearlessly in defense of her helpless young?”

CHAPTER XVI.

FINALE.

For some time past Porte Crayon had exhibited no anxiety to bring the journey to a conclusion, but seemed rather to dread the approaching day that would bring his vessel into port and deprive him of his command. Notwithstanding his ingenious delays and easy drives, that day at length arrived. In the cool of the morning they drove off from the Berkeley Springs at a sweeping trot, and that evening they would sup in Crayon Hall.

It was the 20th day of November, and nature had completely doffed her summer garments, yet still the purple haze of the Indian summer softened the harsher features of the landscape, and the genial rays of the midday sun tempered the chill breezes of autumn. Porte Crayon looked affectionately at his wards:

“Girls, we’ve had a charming trip, have we not? How much superior in all respects to a winter’s campaign in the city! Instead of returning with sallow faces and impaired health, with heads and trunks stuffed with tawdry vanities, fevered with heartless dissipation, shallow sociability, and artificial pleasures, the recollection of which brings no real gratification, yet is sufficient to make the healthful quiet of your country house dull and distasteful, how marked a contrast your present appearance and feelings present! What rustic bloom now mantles your cheeks! How plump and buxom—”

Here Mr. Crayon’s speech was interrupted by a shower of apple cores and chestnut hulls, which forced him to dodge behind the curtain of the carriage. He still continued:

“What though the sun with ardent frown
Has slightly tinged your cheeks with brown?”

What buoyancy and grace in your every movement! how light

and elastic your steps! And then what glorious recollections are ours! what pictures we have seen! How tame would the exhibitions of the National Academy or the Düsseldorf Gallery appear in comparison with the gallery we have visited—all undoubted originals too, painted after no school; infinite in variety, matchless in beauty. And then the store of incident and information we have gathered, such as books can not afford—all fresh, and all our own.”

“To say nothing of the delightful eating and sleeping.”

“I had not forgotten that, Cousin Dimple. The subject, however, was not uppermost in my mind so early in the day.”

“Indeed,” said Minnie, “although the idea of getting home is charming, I can not repress some feelings of regret at the thought that our journey must soon come to an end. I have actually become attached to this old carriage, and there is a fascination about this wandering, half-gipsy life that I never dreamed of before.”

“Through such a country as ours, and with such amiable companions,” replied Crayon, “one might journey pleasantly till the end of time.”

“Wouldn’t one of the company do?” inquired Fanny, with a glance at her brother full of meaning and mischief.

“With good roads and good weather, Cousin Porte, it would indeed be happiness.”

“Not so, Minnie; not so, cousin; I would not stipulate for these. With eternal sunshine and smooth roads the journey might become insipid, and the nobler traits of a manly nature would rust for lack of use. A man of true metal would rather rejoice in any opportunity presented by fortune to struggle with difficulty and brave danger for the sake of those he loved.”

These chivalrous sentiments Mr. Crayon expressed with a fervor and earnestness so unusual to him, that Fanny whispered something to Dora, and they both got into a violent giggle. Our hero cast a glance of displeasure at the merry couple, and cynically remarked that it seemed their manners as well as their looks had caught a tinge of rusticity.

But what white chimneys are these that rise above the leafless grove, and show so fairly against the blue mountain background?

What old-fashioned mansion is that which stands so stately amid the straggling group of whitewashed cottages? The younger cousins clapped their hands for joy. Fanny turned to hide a starting tear as she exclaimed, "There it is! Home at last!"

Porte Crayon stiffened himself against all emotion, while the exquisite lines of Petrarch trembled on his lips:

*"Sento l'aura mia antica,
E i dolci colli veggio apparir."*

The coachman strove mightily to maintain that dignified composure of countenance with which he had resolved to meet the denizens of the kitchen. Manfully he struggled, but his negro nature prevailed at last, and a widespread grin took undisputed possession of his face.

"Mass' Porte," said he, indicating a lowly hut by the road side, half hidden in a patch of broom corn, "Mass' Porte, ain't dat a little house for sich a big nigger as me to be borned in?"

"Ah, Mice, was that your birth-place?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir. Dar's whar' I was borned and riz till I went to serve old missus. But I'se growed so I can't stand up in dat house now. When I goes to see the ole 'ooman I'se 'bliged to set outside."

The door of the hall is closed, and there appears to be no one at the windows.

"Drive on," cried Porte, "and we'll take them unawares."

Just then they passed a group of negrolings huddled in a fence corner. A stare of surprise, a flash of recognition, and the whole troop went off at full speed toward the house.

"Stop, you wretches! Pomp! Cassy! Til! Pop! stop, or I'll cut your ears off! Confound them, they'll blow us, after all!"

The runners never looked behind, but dodged into house and kitchen as if a big dog was after them. Then, in a twinkling, doors and windows thronged with the welcome faces.

"They're all grinning from ear to ear," observed Crayon. "All's well!"

That evening was a merry one at the Hall. Every body talked at once.

"Confound their tongues!" exclaimed Uncle Nat, pinching

Minnie's ear. "What unexampled volubility! You'd 'put a girle round the earth in forty minutes!' An interesting excursion of six weeks' duration, one might suppose, would furnish conversation for at least six months; but, at this rate, it will not last you till bedtime. Do take breath and swallow a little supper, for, by my word, you don't look as if you had been subsisting entirely on air of late."

But at length supper is over, the trunk unpacked, the doll-babies distributed, and the wanderers sleep once more under the shelter of their own roof-tree.



UNPACKING.

In the kitchen, Mice sat over a big hominy-pot, surrounded by a gaping auditory, composed of blacks of all ages and sizes.

"Niggers," said he, with pompous gravity, "I see seed things I

never 'spected to a-seed. I'se been in places whar' I never 'spected to a-been. You niggers go 'way. You knows nothing. Aunt Dilly, hand me dat fried bacon."

"Ugh!" grunted old Tom; "same fool he always was."

Mice took a moderate dip from the hominy-pot.

"I'se seen de onnateral bridge dat stands 'twixt two mountains; no mortar used in de distruction; trees growin' outen de top of it."

"How come trees growin' on a bridge?" interrupted old Tom.

"Kase I seed 'em growin' thar', dat's why. If you don't believe me, ax Mass' Porte. Den I'se seed Ware's Cave."

"What's dat?" exclaimed several voices.

"Dat's a place what hain't no bottom, two or three mile under ground. A place what make you believe in everlastin' torment. You climbs up and down *lathers*, and creeps through places no bigger 'an a rat-hole!"

Old Tom gave a derisive whistle.

"What dat ole Tom Crow whistlin' for? Don't believe me? Ax Mass' Porte."

"Kase why, you want to make me believe you creep through a place no bigger 'an a rat-hole. If you git through yourself, how you git your foot through? Tell me dat; yah! yah! yah!"

"Please God, I ain't gwine to tell nuffin' more till dat old interruption goes away," said Mice, venting his displeasure on the bacon and hominy.

"Please de Lord, I'm gwine to ax Mass' Porte fuss thing tomorrow mornin'."

So Tom took his leave, and left the field to the traveler.

Mice's statements having been substantially verified by Mr. Crayon, he from that day became a man of mark, a genuine African Lion, and made use of his privilege like a true traveler. When the truth got stale by frequent repetition, he drew upon his imagination without restraint or contradiction; for black people are in this respect not very different from white folks: while they require more than legal testimony to induce them to believe the truth, they will swallow lies of any dimensions without salt or pepper.

The last we saw of Mice he was sitting in front of the little cabin among the broom corn, beside an aged matron whom we took for the "old 'ooman." In her wrinkled hands she held a number of "Harper," which she considered with mingled curiosity and delight.

"Well, de laus! he! he! he! Dat is jest de werry spit of him. Well, I never thought to see de profile of dat 'tater head' printed in a book!"

Soon after, the cousins took leave of their friends at the Hall, and returned to their respective homes. Porte Crayon, to all appearance, resumed his ordinary habits of life, though some remarked that he paid more attention to his dress than formerly, and was a less frequent attendant at the saddler's shop, where the villagers met to talk over political matters.



THE SADDLER'S SHOP.

For the rest, the world continues to turn on its axis as usual, and our narrative has at length come to an end.

"And is that all?"

Did you wish it longer, fair querists?

“No, not that precisely; it is long enough, in all conscience; but the conclusion is somewhat unsatisfactory—rather tame, we think. In fact, taking all the circumstances into consideration, and from certain hints dropped by the way, we had a right to expect that something particularly interesting would come of the trip.”

Truly; and did not these interesting sketches with pen and pencil come of it?

“Pshaw! Mr. Editor, you are provokingly slow of apprehension. A story without a love-plot is like a bush without a rose, or a flower without perfume.”

Listen, then, my gentle friends.

In the very depths of the wildest and most secluded region among the mountains of Virginia there lies hidden a deep valley, overshadowed by gloomy hemlocks, and bedded with huge misshapen rocks. Mile after mile the traveler may toil along the rugged way, yet no purling streamlet gladdens the ear tired of silence, no flower blooms to cheer the heart wearied with the savage monotony of the scene. Occasionally, flitting behind the dark trees like a sheeted ghost, a brook leaps from the mountains, tumbling in white cascades, and hastening to hide itself in the crevices of the rocks, where it is seen no more. Thunder-clouds burst over it and pour their floods; but the waters sink, and the weird valley is again dry as a desert. Go on, mile after mile, and it is still the same—all silent as the grave. The loneliness becomes oppressive. The valley is like the valley of the dead. Is there no sound? Listen! one seems, indeed, to hear a hollow moaning, like the night-wind in the forest, a hoarse murmuring deep down in the earth, like the rush of subterranean waters. A feeling of awe and mystery steals over the spirit. Have patience for a little while; go on a little farther; then you will see a broad, bold river burst out suddenly, its crystal waters flashing in the sunshine, roaring and leaping between its flowery banks, rejoicing the lonely valley with the voice of music, and the eye of the wanderer with the freshness of beauty. In some stern, rugged human hearts the course of love is like that mountain stream. Unseen and deep the little fountains mingle their waters, gathering strength in silence and in darkness, until it bursts forth at once a deep, resist-

less river, making the desert heart to bloom like a garden, and the rugged way of life a path of pleasantness.

As for our hero, he still bears himself loftily, still professes to

“Make a pish at chance and sufferance,”

and seems, as ever, scornful of that gentle weakness,

“The dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel’s dream.”

But not without reason has it been said “that speech was given to man the better to conceal his thoughts;” and we regret to say that we do not feel as fully assured of our friend’s sincerity in all things as we did formerly.

On visiting his room one day in his absence, we found on his table a copy of verses recently written. Ere we were aware of it, we had read them.

You ladies, who are more conversant with these matters, may draw your own conclusions. To us they sound like those deep murmurings that half reveal the mystery of that subterranean river ere it breaks forth from its dark prison.

“Summer’s over, Summer’s over,
Sighing breezes whisper now;
And the leafy trees that cover
Misty vale and mountain’s brow,
Like the doomed in Aztec story,
Ere the dreadful sacrifice,
Stand arrayed in robes of glory,
Vying with the rainbow’s dyes.

“Soon shall Autumn winds come rushing,
Dark December’s tempests moan,
And these leaves, in beauty blushing,
O’er the faded earth be strown.
Through the lifeless branches wildly
Winter’s chilling blast will roar,
Till the Spring, returning mildly,
Leaves and blossoms brings once more.

“But the friends who shared our pleasure,
With us roamed for many a mile,
Whose sweet memory still we treasure
Hours of sadness to beguile;
They are gone—is it forever?
Oft Hope’s promises are vain;
Summer’s over, Summer’s over,
And we ne’er may meet again.

“If upon life’s rapid river
One might my companion be,
If in life’s lone valley ever
One sweet flower might bloom for me;
E’en though youth is past recover,
And the time of flowers is gone,
Though the wind sighs, ‘Summer’s over,’
Well my heart would guard that one.”



FINIS.

Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book

of the Revolution ; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions, of the War for Independence. 2 vols. Royal 8vo, Muslin, \$8 00 ; Sheep extra, \$9 00 ; Half Calf, \$10 00 ; Morocco, gilt edges, \$15 00.

A new and carefully revised edition of this magnificent work is just completed in two imperial octavo volumes of equal size, containing 1500 pages and 1100 engravings. As the plan, scope, and beauty of the work were originally developed, eminent literary men, and the leading presses of the United States and Great Britain, pronounced it one of the most valuable historical productions ever issued in America.

The preparation of this work occupied the Author more than four years, during which he traveled nearly ten thousand miles in order to visit the prominent scenes of Revolutionary history, gather up local traditions, and explore records and histories. In the use of his pencil, he was governed by the determination to withhold nothing of importance or interest. Being himself both artist and writer, he has been able to combine the materials he had collected in both departments into a work possessing perfect unity of purpose and execution.

The prime object of the Author in arranging his plan was to reproduce the history of the American Revolution in such an attractive manner, as to entice the youth of his country to read the wonderful story, study its philosophy and teachings, and to become familiar with the founders of our Republic and the value of their labors. In this he has been eminently successful ; for the young read the pages of the *Field-Book* with the same avidity as those of a romance ; while the abundant stores of information, and the careful manner in which it has been arranged and set forth, render it no less attractive to the general reader and the ripe scholar of more mature years.

Explanatory notes are profusely given upon every page in the volumes, and also a brief biographical sketch of every man distinguished in the events of the Revolution, the history of whose life is known.

A Supplement of forty pages contains a *History of the Naval Operations of the Revolution ; of the Diplomacy ; of the Confederation and Federal Constitution ; the Prisons and Prison-Ships of New York ; Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, and other matters of curious interest to the student of our history.

A new and very elaborate Analytical Index has been prepared, to which we call special attention. It embraces eighty-five closely printed pages, and possesses rare value for every student of our Revolutionary history. It is in itself, a complete synopsis of the History and Biography of that period, and will be found exceedingly useful for reference by every reader.

As a whole, the work contains all the essential facts of the early history of our Republic, which are scattered through scores of volumes, often inaccessible to the great mass of readers. The illustrations make the whole subject of the American Revolution so clear to the reader that, on rising from its perusal, he feels thoroughly acquainted, not only with the history, but with every important locality made memorable by the events of the War for Independence ; and it forms a complete *Guide-Book* to the tourist seeking for fields consecrated by patriotism, which lie scattered over our broad land. Nothing has been spared to make it complete, reliable, and eminently useful to all classes of citizens. Upward of THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS were expended in the publication of the first edition. The exquisite wood-cuts, engraved under the immediate supervision of the author from his own drawings, in the highest style of the art, required the greatest care in printing. To this end the efforts of the publishers have been directed ; and we take great pleasure in presenting these volumes as the best specimen of typography ever issued from the American press.

The publication of the work having been commenced in numbers before its preparation was completed, the Volumes of the first edition were made quite unequal in size. That defect has been remedied, and the work is now presented in two volumes of equal size, containing about 780 pages each.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

From numerous Complimentary Letters received by the Author and Publishers, the following are selected as specimens of the opinions of men familiar with the subject, and well known to the Public.

[From the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT.]

BOSTON, 15th October, 1855.

My Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in expressing my very favorable opinion of your "Field Book of the Revolution." I have found it one of the most useful books of reference in my possession, for the period which is covered by it. I have never consulted it, without finding in it every thing which could reasonably be expected from such a work, and generally much that is not to be found elsewhere. Besides collecting all that is contained in the best authorities, your laborious personal examination of the interesting localities, and the tasteful and spirited pictorial illustrations introduced by you, have enabled you to give great distinctness to our knowledge of Revolutionary events and scenes.

I remain, Dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

Edward Everett

[From the President of the United States.]

WASHINGTON, January, 7, 1853.

Dear Sir,

A splendid copy of your Field-Book of the Revolution came to hand on the 15th inst. for which I beg leave to return you my sincere thanks. I have only found time to glance at its contents, and its rich and beautiful illustrations, but I can not doubt that when I shall have more leisure, I shall read the whole work with pleasure and profit. I consider that you have rendered a great service to the country by publishing so interesting and useful a work upon that great event in our national history, and again I beg leave to repeat to you my thanks for the honor you have done me in presenting me this beautiful copy.

Respectfully yours,

Millard Fillmore

[From ROBERT CHAMBERS, Editor of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Chambers's Miscellany, etc., etc.]

LONDON, August, 27, 1853.

I had the pleasure three evenings ago of receiving your letter of the 26th ult. accompanied by the copy of your Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, which you have done me the honor of sending by our common friend Mr. Wilson. When I tell you that I have hardly done any thing since but read and pore over your book—read it for hours in my bed and for hours sitting up—you will see some reason to believe that I am not ungrateful for it. It is indeed a book entirely after my own heart; and large as it is, and occupied as I am, I shall not be content till I have perused it all. The whole story of the American War for Independence engages my warmest sympathies for the patriotic party, and to see so many personal and local traits of the conflict here gathered together, and illustrated so vividly, is a treat of the highest kind. It is but speaking the soberest truth to say, that you have performed, in the most successful manner, a task which your country will never cease to thank you for undertaking, while any sense of the services of the patriots of 1775-1783 remains.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

R. Chambers.

[From Messrs. JACOB ABBOTT, Author of "Young Christian Series," "Abbott's Histories," etc., JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "Memoirs of Napoleon," and GORHAM D. ABBOTT, Principal of the Springler Institute.]

We consider Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, an eminently desirable work for school Libraries throughout the Country, for the following reasons:

1. The subject of it is the foundation of this Republic, a subject on which it is of the highest importance that the youth of this Country should be well informed.
2. The work is written with great care, and is thoroughly reliable in all its statements.
3. The plan and the design of the work are such that it contains a very large amount of instructive and entertaining details, which renders it very attractive in the hands of the young.
4. The maps, plans, and pictorial illustrations, which invests the work with so powerful a charm for youthful readers, are not mere embellishments intended to allure and amuse, but are made the means of conveying accurate and important geographical and historical knowledge. These illustrations, which have been obtained for the work at great expense of time and labor, adapt it, in an admirable manner, to instruct all readers, and young readers especially, and to lead them to form clear, discriminating, and exact ideas of the facts connected with our early history.
5. The moral influence of the work is, in every respect, of the best and most unexceptional character.

Gorham D. Abbott.

Jacob Abbott.

John S. C. Abbott.

[From the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D.]

NEW YORK, January 4, 1853.

My Dear Sir,

I heartily congratulate you on the completion of your valuable and deeply interesting "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," and wish that a copy of it might go into the hands of every American child. An acquaintance with the incidents of our Revolutionary struggle can not but nurture in the minds of our young people an appreciation of that freedom and union which cost our fathers so much. An enlightened patriotism will necessarily result.

As to the artistic illustrations, they need not any man's commendation—they speak for themselves. I, for one, thank you for the book, and hope you may live to make many others about our own dear country quite as good.

Very truly yours,

Francis L. Hawks

[From the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, Secretary of the Navy.]

I have had frequent occasion to admire this work as I saw it in detached parts, and now, having it complete, I find great gratification in the perusal of its beautiful sketches, so rich in the legends of the Revolution, and so artistically illustrated by your pencil. From the rambling, desultory character of your researches, you have the advantage of exciting a constant expectation in your readers of pleasant surprises and most agreeable alternations into the nooks and eddies of history, which receive additional interest from the graceful spirit of the narrative. I have never met a book which more happily supplies a fund of instructive reading for those broken hours (*horæ subsecivæ*) which I am able to gather out of the intervals of business, and none that ever illustrated an historical epoch more fully, in its way, than this. I am sure the Country will appreciate it as it deserves, and will do justice to the ability which you have manifested in constructing it, the extreme accuracy of your patient labor, and the perfect art of the engraved pictures which are so thickly studded over its pages.

With the heartiest good wishes for your success,

I am, my Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

John P. Kennedy

[From JARED SPARKS, LL.D the Historian.]

CAMBRIDGE, March 19, 1853.

I have perused Mr. Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution," during the progress of its publication, and have found myself much interested and instructed by the large collection of facts which the author's extensive researches have enabled him to bring together, and the manner in which he has presented them. As illustrative of local incidents and scenery, with which some of the most important events of the Revolution are connected, and as containing numerous biographical notices of individuals who were actors in these events, the whole work possesses a high value. The details in which the narrative abounds, convey a lively impression of the spirit of the times, and the work, as a whole, may be justly regarded as contributing essential aids to a full understanding of the operations of the war described by more formal and elaborate histories.

Jared Sparks

[From Dr. BECK, Secretary of the Board of Regents of the State of New York.]

Having carefully read Mr. Lossing's work, I cordially unite with others in commending it as one of great value and interest, and worthy of a place in every public and private library in our country.

J. Remy Beck

[From WASHINGTON IRVING.]

I have the work constantly by me for perusal and reference. While I have been delighted by the freshness, freedom, and spirit of your narrative, and the graphic effect of your descriptions, I have been gratified at finding how scrupulously attentive you have been to accuracy as to facts, which is so essential in writings of an historical nature. There is a genial spirit throughout your whole work that wins for you the good-will of the reader.

I am surprised to find in how short a time you have accomplished your undertaking, considering you have had to travel "from Dan to Beersheba" to collect facts and anecdotes, sketch, engrave, write, print, and correct the press—and, with all this, to have accomplished it in so satisfactory a manner. I think it a work calculated to make its way into every American family, high and low, and to be kept at hand for constant thumbing by old and young.

Believe me, my dear sir, with cordial regard,

Yours very truly,

Washington Irving

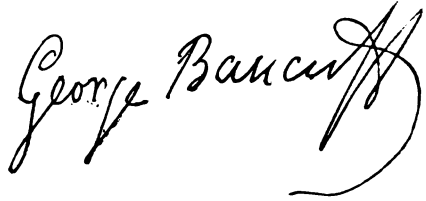
[From the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT.]

NEW YORK, 1st January, 1853.

My Dear Sir,

The good opinion which I expressed to you some time ago of your "Field-Book of the Revolution" has been confirmed by every succeeding number. Your pictured pages are not only charming and instructive from the illustrations, but you have used copious materials; have given your narrative in an unaffected and attractive style, and have brought to your work uniform candor of judgment. I shall be very glad to hear of any success that may contribute toward your remuneration; and I often take occasion to express my high estimate of the merit of your work.

I remain your friend,



[From the Hon. DAVID L. SWIN, President of the North Carolina University.]

I have read with care and increasing interest a considerable portion of Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." In the chapters which relate to those sections of the Union, and the series of events with which I am most familiar, I have detected occasional errors, especially in the names of persons and places, and take it for granted that like inaccuracies may be found in other parts of the work. Errors of this kind no human foresight could, in every instance, have avoided; and in so wide a range of observation in relation to places, events, persons, and dates, it is not merely a matter of congratulation, but surprise, that so great accuracy has been attained by the efforts of a single person. Mr. Lossing has carried to his work rare talent for delineation, both with pen and pencil, untiring industry, and evident anxiety to do justice to every section of our country; and he has succeeded not merely in producing the most accurate and interesting history of the Revolution that has ever been published, but a really magnificent work, which reflects very high credit on the author, the publishers, and the country. It is destined to obtain a very wide circulation, and no young man can read it without having his knowledge of American history greatly extended, his admiration of the great men of the Revolution increased, and his pride and patriotism exalted and strengthened.



[From the Hon. W. W. CAMPBELL, Judge of the Superior Court of the City of New York, Author of "Annals of Tryon County," &c.]

NEW YORK, February 15, 1853.

My Dear Sir,

I most sincerely congratulate you on the completion of your great work, the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." It falls to the lot of few men to render such signal services to their country as you have rendered by the work in question. Few men possess the talent requisite not only to sketch and engrave, but also to describe well; fewer still unite with such talent the indomitable will and untiring energy which have enabled you to traverse the length and breadth of our land, and to meet and surmount every obstacle in the accomplishment of so extensive a work. With the pen, the pencil, and the graver, you have recorded the deeds and traced out the lineaments of our Revolutionary fathers, and have transferred to your pages the outlines of their rude fortresses and hard-fought battle-fields. The men are gone, and the plowshare is driven over the places where they bled. But the soldier lives again, and the scene of his glory reappears in your historical and pictorial pages. As an American citizen and the descendant of Revolutionary men, I return you my thanks, and I trust you will find a generous public to reward you for your toils and expenses.

I am very sincerely your friend,



[From the New York State Librarian.]

ALBANY, January 12, 1853.

My Dear Sir,

It affords me great pleasure to say that I have examined your "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," and approve it most heartily. Independently of its masterly execution, the design of the work is original and excellent. The subject is treated in a familiar, yet dignified manner, the reader rambling with you from point to point celebrated in our Revolutionary annals, and listening to the stories and traditions connected with each spot.

And not only is the subject addressed through the medium of words, but you have brought the exquisite delineation of your pencil in aid of your task. Thus the battlefield, old fort, and homestead, made memorable by some Revolutionary event, are brought to the knowledge of the eye, and rendered, in connection with your picturesque descriptions, doubly interesting and valuable.

To the youth, particularly of our country, the "Pictorial Field-Book" must prove exceedingly valuable, clothing, as it does, our Revolutionary history in the most attractive garb by its scenic delineations and legendary facts.

With my best wishes, believe me, very truly yours,

ALFRED B. STREET, STATE LIBRARIAN.

[From the Regents of the University of the State of New York.]

ALBANY, January 14, 1853.

Sir,

At a meeting of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, held January 13, 1853, on motion of the Secretary of State, it was unanimously

Resolved, That LOSSING'S FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION be placed in the list of books recommended to be purchased by Academies for their libraries.

T. ROMEYN BECK, SECRETARY.

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